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CHAUCEER'S  
TROYLUS AND CRYSEYDE

(FROM THE HARL. MS. 3943)

COMPARED WITH

Giovanni  
BOCCACCIO'S FILOSTRATO

TRANSLATED BY

Wm. Michael Rossetti.

(Those lines of the *Filostrato* that Chaucer translated or adapted are englisht here: those which Chaucer did not use—more than half—are only sununarized.)

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## PREFATORY REMARKS.

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For the first time, readers of Chaucer are now enabled to judge of the precise relation borne by the *Troilus and Cryseyde* of that supreme poet to the *Filostrato* of Boccaccio—which has long been known to be, to a large extent, its original. I have furnished an exact translation of all the lines of the *Filostrato* adapted, with more or less verbal closeness, by Chaucer; also a summary of those portions of the Italian poem which were *not* so adapted. The passages of the *Troilus* which are wholly the work of the Englishman, being unaccompanied by any rendering from the Italian, speak for themselves. It will be perceived that Chaucer is, in many instances, a very accurate translator; in others, he has paraphrased without strictly translating. The details of diversity are full of interest to the minute student.

The *Filostrato* is written in the octave metre termed by the Italians "*ottava rima*" (the measure of Byron's *Don Juan*). Boccaccio is understood to have invented this excellent narrative metre, in which Ariosto, Tasso, and so many other leading poets of his own nation, followed him: by Boccaccio himself the *ottava rima* had first been used in the *Teseide*, prior to the date of the *Filostrato*. The *Troilus and Cryseyde* (I need not say) is written in stanzas of seven lines each—an exquisitely melodious and satisfying metrical form, too seldom employed: the natural result is that, when Chaucer takes successive lines from Boccaccio, he mostly gets the matter into a rather smaller space.

The *Filostrato* contains 5704 lines: the *Troilus* is much longer, 8246 lines.<sup>1</sup> The difference, 2542 lines, must of course be counted entirely to the credit of Chaucer. Out of the 5704 lines of Boccaccio, about 2730 have been utilized by Chaucer, leaving 2974 not so utilized. The English poet, less diffuse, has compressed the 2730 lines of the Italian into 2583: hence we obtain the following result:

Total of lines in the <i>Troilus</i>	8246
Adapted from the <i>Filostrato</i> , 2730 lines, condensed into	2583
Balance due to Chaucer alone	5663

This balance is considerably more than double the number of lines as condensed from Boccaccio. It may, therefore, in general terms, be said that something less than a third of the *Troilus* is taken direct from the *Filostrato*, while more than two-thirds are Chaucer's own. Of course, however, even in these two-thirds Chaucer's poem often follows the same general current as Boccaccio's; and some moderate deduction should be made for lines for which the Englishman is indebted to other authors—Boëthius, Dante, and Petrarca, in especial.

The most important point of absolute difference between the Italian and the English poets—the most important both

<sup>1</sup> Professor Morley has said that the *Filostrato* contains 5352 lines, and the *Troilus* 2899 lines additional: this would be a total of 8251. I do not understand these figures; at any rate, they are not correct.

in subject-matter and in scale of treatment—is in the incidents which lead up to the actual amour between Troilus and Chryseis. Boccaccio gives the whole affair simply enough: an assignation made by Chryseis after much urging, and kept by Troilus, and turned to account by both. Chaucer has invented an entirely new series of preliminaries; far more elaborate, and such as almost to leave his Cryseyde in the position of a modest and chaste-minded woman, even after the amour is in full career. At the decisive moment, she has scarcely consented to her own frailty, but has been lured into it. The reader is left to contemplate Cryseyde as loving—Griseida<sup>1</sup> as amorous: though I think some English critics have been too much inclined to ignore the many fine and beautiful qualities which Boccaccio attributes to his heroine, in all the earlier stage of her story, and to treat her as, from the first, by character a courtesan, to whom nothing but an opportunity is wanting. This is, I conceive, not the fact. Boccaccio gives us fully to understand that his Griseida is a noble and decorous lady, who has passed through maiden, married, and widowed life, with a reputation totally and deservedly spotless: she stands a vigorous siege from Troilus, aided by the incessant importunities of her cousin Pandarus. True, from the first she shows symptoms of being not impregnable: she listens, vacillates, deliberates, shrinks, and deliberates again. After a certain interval she makes up her mind to yield, being herself in love with her suitor; and after a further interval she does yield—no doubt advisedly and unregretfully, and not, as the Cryseyde of Chaucer, through a surprise—yet not with any such indecent haste, or any such sensual callousness and want of personal affection for her lover, as to enable us to consider the two women as showing a native and fundamental difference of character or temperament. In short, the action of Griseida is more amorous than that of Cryseyde,

<sup>1</sup> Such is the form of the name in Boccaccio's poem.

but her nature is almost equally loving: the action of Cryseyde is more loving than that of Griseida, but her nature is almost equally amorous. The English poet neither schemes nor affects (if I do not misapprehend) to invent an essentially different character: but he leads up to the crisis by a more artful and more sympathetic course of incident. Besides, we must remember that the career of Chryseis does not stop short at her amour with Troilus: that is succeeded by another and much less condonable amour with Diomed—and, when we come to this, I think there is, in Boccaccio's entire development of the story, a certain simultaneous march and satisfaction to the reader's mind, not wholly in equal measure present in Chaucer's. We may, at any rate, say thus much:—That the more the reader is disposed to accept Cryseyde as a very superior woman to Griseida, the less must he be inclined to acquiesce in the later stage of Chaucer's poem as an æsthetic and emotional response and congruity; while, the nearer the character of Boccaccio's Griseida is kept to an equal level from first to last, the less is the jar upon the reader's sympathy at the close. If, however, we consider Griseida and Cryseyde to be not very diverse in real character, the intrigue with Diomed stands on much the same footing in both poems; and, in the English work, it only corrects, with some disappointment to his sensibilities, the reader's delight in the lovely and loveable vision which the earlier portion of that poem had seemingly presented to him.

The next point of marked divergence between the *Filostrato* and the *Troilus* is in the important personage, Pandarus. In the former narrative, he is a gallant, high-spirited, scheming young knight, the cousin of Chryseis. He is a devoted friend to Troilus; places no particular value, for himself or for others, on the virtue of continence; and, with sufficient off-handedness and candour, sets about badgering and wheedling Chryseis into consenting to the prince's passion. His youth, the undisguised laxity of his

morals, and the genuine depth of his friendship for Troilus, make him the most amiable and least condemnable of pimps. His whole philosophy might be summed up in Shakspeare's distich—

"If the cat will after kind,  
So, be sure, will Rosalind."

He is perfectly self-consistent and natural throughout the poem, without being much of a "character" in the more special sense. To turn him into a character has been, in one word, the great achievement of Chaucer; and never was a creative act of the like kind managed with more splendid ease and instantaneous power. As in the case of Chryseis, the main attributes of this personage are the same as in Boccaccio's poem—especially the redeeming quality of an unselfish and unmeasured love of Troilus, which indeed becomes all the more touching under Chaucer's treatment, by dint of the one simple expedient that he has adopted, of increasing the age of Pandarus. That is, in fact, the essence and the secret of almost all that Chaucer has done for the character. He makes Pandarus the uncle, instead of the cousin, of Cryseyde. Pandarus is still, as we have just noted in the *Filostrato*, gallant, high-spirited, scheming, a devoted friend, a loose moralist; but all these qualities have to take a different complexion from the change of age and of relationship. The brilliant young man of fashion (as we might term Boccaccio's Pandarus) becomes a battered middle-aged man of the world; his buoyancy and rapidity of character take on a certain aspect of fatal facility; his scheming approaches nearer to treachery—both because he more cunningly undermines the honour of Cryseyde, and because his position as her uncle places him almost in the position of her "guide and philosopher" as well as "friend"; his loose morals, natural to a young man whose passions master him in his own as well as in his friend's cause, become a distinct blunting of the moral sense—a contented adoption

of the ignoble as a rule to live and die by. Above all, his experience of life, and his callous *bonhomie*, have given him a great fund of conversation; and he is never at a loss for an argument, an illustration, a proverb, a quotation, or a jest. This gift of copious and cynical speech is treated by Chaucer with inimitable art, because inimitable nature, and in such wise as to make his Pandarus one of the most complete pieces of character-painting in our literature. With all his defects, still the soft-heartedness of Chaucer's Pandarus, and his utter devotion to Troilus—he is ready at any moment to be drowned in tears in the cause of his niece or his friend—place him distinctly above mere contempt: they make him a pathetic and almost a respectable figure in fiction, no less than a deeply humorous one.

The origin of the story of which Boccaccio has made a masterpiece, and Chaucer (not to speak of Shakspeare after him) a greater masterpiece still, is even yet somewhat obscure. It has been traced up to Benoît de Sainte-More, a cleric, probably Norman by birth, who composed, towards 1184, a poem named the *Roman de Troie*.<sup>1</sup> He professed to take his story from a Latin translation after Dares, attributed traditionally to Cornelius Nepos; but this profession has no sufficient foundation, so far as the episode of Troilus and Chryseis is concerned. Guido dalle Colonne, a Sicilian physician, wrote in 1287 his *Historia Trojana*, appropriating details from Benoît de Sainte-More with a liberal hand. Next after him comes Boccaccio, who for the first time invents Pandarus as a personage in the action.

<sup>1</sup> There are some valuable details regarding this matter in the Introduction of Mm. L. Moland and C. d'Héricault to a volume of the *Nouvelles Françaises en Prose du XIV<sup>e</sup> Siècle*—Paris, Jauret, 1858. M. Joly has lately (1871) completed in two sections his edition of *Benoît de Sainte-More et le Roman de Troie, ou les Métamorphoses d'Homère et de l'Epopée gréco-latine au Moyen-âge*. This contains the text of the *Roman de Troie*, with many dissertations. It is a monument of industry, and a mine of erudition: the Chaucerian student may be deeply grateful to M. Joly—and many other literary investigators will be no less his debtors.

It may be expedient to say here a little—a very little—about the successive development of the incidents of the story, up to Boccaccio's treatment of it: his and Chaucer's can be studied at length in the ensuing pages. Dares simply mentions Briseis (or Briseida) among other denizens of the Grecian camp whose persons he describes. Of her he speaks as follows: "*Briseidam formosam, altâ staturâ, candidam, capillo flavo et molli, superciliis junctis, oculis venustis, corpore æquali, blandam, affabilem, verecundam, animo simplici, piam.*" In Benoît de Sainte-More's poem, the course of the episode runs thus. Calchas, having deserted from Troy to the Greeks by order of the gods, and having left behind him his daughter Briseida (termed "*la pucele*" in verse 12977, and therefore, it must be presumed, not a widow, as in Boccaccio and Chaucer), takes advantage of an exchange of prisoners, after the capture of Antenor by the Greeks, to reclaim her. The loves of Troilus and Briseida are not described at length, nor the various vicissitudes of them notified: but, now that the lady is to leave Troy, Benoît informs us that she and Troilus are deeply enamoured. Diomed, among other Grecian warriors, receives Briseida from the Trojans, and forthwith begins making love to her; and she from the first seems anything but ill-disposed towards him. Soon afterwards, in an engagement, he overthrows Troilus, and sends his charger to Briseida. Diomed gives himself up more and more desperately to his passion: the lady holds off for a while, but finally acknowledges him as her knight, and Troilus has little or nothing more to hope for. Another battle, advantageous to the Trojans, is fought: Troilus wounds Diomed well-nigh to death, and reviles him and Briseida in terms which seem to show that the anguish of betrayed love has, in the Troilus of Benoît de Sainte-More, given way to its indignation. Briseida, on the other hand, is made amiable in her very fickleness, which many readers may

be minded to condone. The mortal danger of Diomed is what breaks down the last barriers to her heart, and she can now no longer make any secret of her love, but resolves to be wholly his. Her monologue to this effect ends at verse 20330; and, though the poem goes on to the formidable number of 30108 lines, we hear henceforth no more of her, nor of Diomed as related to her, nor (save in one instance soon afterwards) of Troilus in the character of her deserted and incensed lover. It will thus be perceived that, in the Briseis narrative of Benoît, the more substantial subject-matter is the Briseida-Diomed amour, to which the Briseida-Troilus amour forms rather the proem; whereas, in the Chryseis narrative of Boccaccio and Chaucer, the main interest by far centres in the Cryseyde-Troilus amour, to which the Cryseyde-Diomed amour forms but the sequel, and, even in that connection, is but little developed except in so far as it wedges the iron into the soul of Troilus.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> M. Joly believes that Benoît de Sainte-More was the original inventor of this story of Troilus and Briseida. Troilus he took chiefly from Dares, and gave the personage a fuller and more varied development: Briseida—the "*Cryseyde*" or "*Cressida*" of after times—he wholly invented, in her character as the lady-love of Troilus, and a type of feminine inconstancy. "*L'histoire de Troilus et de Briseida . . . est un tableau plein de malice qui vient, d'une façon tout-à-fait inattendue, se mêler au drame. . . . Cette histoire paraît lui appartenir tout entière. C'est vraiment un de ses grands titres à l'attention. . . . Cependant il n'a pas tout-à-fait inventé Troilus. Il en a fait un héros amoureux; mais il était héros avant lui—à Dares en revient l'honneur. . . . Benoît . . . a fait de Troilus le vrai type du chevalier en sa jeunesse et en sa fleur, réunissant la force et la beauté, le courage et le charme,—le plus redoutable sur le champ de bataille, le plus digne d'être aimé. . . . Pour que ce vaillant chevalier fût tout-à-fait selon le cœur du moyen-âge, il fallait quelque chose encore. Benoît le sait bien, et à toutes ses perfections Troilus en joindra une dernière: il sera amoureux. Dares n'avait songé à rien de semblable. . . . Il fournissait, il est vrai, à Benoît le nom et un aimable portrait de Briseida: '*Briseidam formosam*' [*&c.* as in our text]. . . . Il n'a eu évidemment en vue que la captive d'Achille. . . . Pour Benoît les choses vont autrement: le portrait de Briseida probablement l'a charmé, et, comme c'est la seule femme qu'il rencontre en dehors de la famille de Priam, la seule aussi qui soit libre d'aimer Troilus, il en a fait la fille de Calchas. . . . Remarquons que le*



Chaucer does not, in any part of his poem, say aught of his obligations to Boccaccio, but professes to follow "myn antour callyd Lollius" (B. 1, st. 57), whom he mentions also in the *House of Fame*. Lollius has puzzled everybody that has concerned himself with Chaucer's poem: it appears to me that the most reasonable (assuredly a very ingenious) suggestion is that made, or rather repeated, in 1868 (*Athenæum*, Oct.), by Dr R. G. Latham—that Chaucer has, by some blunder or confusion, got the name Lollius out of Horace's line

"Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli."<sup>1</sup>

Some suspicion may arise that Chaucer supposed the *Filostrato* to be the work, not of Boccaccio, but of Petrarch. His mention of Lollius, above cited, introduces a translated passage which he interpolates out of Petrarch; and the writer of a French prose version of the *Filostrato*, Pierre Seigneur de Beauveau, whose production dates probably in the very latest years of the fourteenth century, and therefore at no great distance of time from Chaucer's, states positively that he works from "ung petit [livre] en langue ytalienne que on appelle *Fillostrato*, lequel jadis fut fait et composé par ung poethe Florentin nommé *Petrearque*." But, even assuming that Chaucer did attribute

poète ne fait qu'indiquer l'amour de Troilus: il ne nous le montre avec Briséida que pour la lui enlever aussitôt. . . . Le personnage que le poète a tenu à peindre c'est Briséida: ce qu'il voulait mettre en relief ici ce n'était pas l'amour tendre et dévoué, mais la coquetterie et la légèreté féminines. . . . Ce qui n'était qu'un épisode deviendra une source poétique, où puiseront quelques-uns des poètes les plus fameux de l'Italie et de l'Angleterre. Mais, en développant l'histoire, Boccace, Chaucer, et Shakspeare, en changeront tout-à-fait le caractère."

<sup>1</sup> It has been said, in opposition to Dr Latham's surmise (with which M. Joly concurs) that Chaucer's knowledge of Latin was inconsistent with his misapprehending the meaning of this line, clearly marked as it is by the cases of the substantives. No doubt there is some force in the objection. But would it not be possible that the line might have been known to Chaucer chiefly (if not solely) in some translation where the true relation of the substantives would be far less patent? Is any such translation known, and how does it render the line in question?

the *Filostrato* to Petrarch, this does not bring us nearer to an explanation of the name Lollius.

The confusion which Chaucer produced by speaking of Lollius was increased by Lydgate in speaking of *Trophe*. Lydgate, in the prologue to his translation of Boccaccio's *Falles of Princes*, says of Chaucer that

"In youth he made a tranalacion  
Of a boke whiche called is *Trophe*  
In Lumbarde tonge, as men may rede & se,  
And in our vulgar, long or that ye devyde,  
Gave it the name of *Troylous and Cresseide*."

The relation of the title *Trophe* to the title *Filostrato* has exercised the minds of commentators almost as much as the relation of the name Lollius to the name Boccaccio. Mm. Moland and d'Héricault think that *Trophe* means (Fr.) *trufe*, (Ital.) *truffa*,—i. e. cozening, betrayal, in allusion to the falsehood of Chryseis to Troilus. Professor Morley thinks it represents the Greek word *τροπή*,—i. e. turning, inconstancy, with the like allusion. M. Joly surmises that Lydgate meant, and perhaps wrote, *Strophe*, in reference to the metrical form of Boccaccio's poem. To me it seems that all these conjectures, however plausible, are wide of the mark; and that a perusal of the words of Boccaccio himself supplies the true explanation.<sup>2</sup>

The Greek word *φίλοςτρατος* really means "Army-lover": but Boccaccio did not so understand it. He gave it a passive instead of an active meaning, and supposed it to signify "Love-vanquished." Here are his words, at the opening of his proem: "*Filostrato* is the title of this book; and the reason is because this name agrees excellently with the purport of the book. *Filostrato* means 'a man vanquished and prostrated by love'; such as one can see Troilus to have been, whose love is in this book recounted. For he was so strongly conquered by love, in loving Chryseis, and was in such affliction at her departure,

<sup>2</sup> My suggestion to this effect was first published in the *Athenæum* for 26 September 1868.

that little was wanting but that death should seize him." The like conception re-appears in a speech which Boccaccio puts into the mouth of Troilus (Bk 5, st. 56). "Then, thinking on this, he added: 'Long<sup>1</sup> hast thou made the story of me, O Love, if I would not hide me from myself, and if memory well reports to me the truth of it. Wherever I go or stay, if well I mark, I discern full a thousand signs of thy victory which thou hast had triumphal over me, who once jeered every lover.'" The question remains: "Can we connect the title *Filostrato*, in the sense of 'Love-vanquished,' with the title *Trophe*?" I think we can. It seems to me that *Trophe* is simply the word Trophy, spelled in a slightly different manner. A Love-vanquished man might very well be synonymized into a "Trophy of Love"; a man held up to view as a monument of Love's potency, or one whose powers of resistance to Love—his arms and armour, to keep up the simile suggested by Boccaccio's own words—have been reft from him by Love the conqueror, and hung up as a trophy. If the reader dissents from this interpretation, I must remind him that it has at least one merit—it makes, for the first time, the assertion of Lydgate consistent, from a certain point of view, with the actual and known facts of the case. That the original of Chaucer's *Troilus* is named *Trophy* (i. e. is named *Filostrato* in a sense which may be rendered by the word Trophy) is a truth: but that it is named Strophe, or *τροπή*, *Truffa*, or anything signifying Inconstancy, is an unmitigated untruth, for in fact it is named *Filostrato*. And why should Lydgate have told this gratuitous falsehood? No explanation is forthcoming.

There would be many other things to say concerning the *Troilus and Cryseyde*—perhaps the most beautiful narrative poem, of considerable length, in the English

<sup>1</sup> See the *Troilus*, B. 5, st. 84, and the collation there from the *Filostrato*.

language. That Chaucer is not the sole person entitled to the credit of its invention and narration has long been known, is in these pages demonstrated with full detail, and must be allowed for in anything that we say or that others feel on the subject. But, even after this has been admitted, our obligation to Chaucer remains where it was: we still have to thank him for presenting English readers with one of the most delightful of English or of possible poems—an "entire and perfect chrysolite." The *Troilus and Cryseyde* of Chaucer is peculiarly memorable and unfailingly fascinating, as combining in itself at once the very topmost blossom and crown of the chivalric passion and gallantry, and the exquisite first-fruits of that humorous study of character in which our national writers have so specially excelled. This is the quality which culminated so superbly in Shakspeare; which had indeed culminated, two centuries before Shakspeare, in Chaucer himself—for there was simply no improving upon the quality of character-painting exhibited in the *Canterbury Tales*, and fore-shown, with no inferior power, in the Pandarus of *Troilus and Cryseyde*. The chivalric passion and gallantry of which we have spoken come in great measure out of Boccaccio's poem into Chaucer's; the humorous study of character comes from himself. And it may be observed that, even as regards the first-named motive power of the work, its passion and gallantry, the poem is at once simple and complex; for here love assumes the form of gallantry and intrigue, while the core and essence of it are passion—life-long and consuming in *Troilus*, but in *Cryseyde* only quick-flaming and transient. That there is some sort of monotony, and a good deal of lengthened diffuseness, in Chaucer's poem, should not in candour be denied: but the beauty, spirit, and tenderness of the treatment, induce the reader willingly to pardon this, and to regard it almost as a quaint and likeable flavouring, and they carry him on from book to book with

equal sympathy and enjoyment. In the more pathetic and moving passages, where the sorrows or the bliss of love supply the poet's inspiration, the very sound of the delicious verses holds one under a spell.

These few words of tribute and gratitude to Chaucer could hardly be withheld from any preface to the *Troilus and Cryseyde*. My personal business, however, would have been confined to such points as bear directly upon

the relation of the *Troilus* to the *Filostrato*. Leaving, therefore, all else to the accomplished Chaucerian scholars who have undertaken the work, I may here appropriately conclude my ancillary part in it—only adding the account which Lydgate, in his *Troy Book*, gives of the *Troilus and Cryseyde*.

W. M. ROSSETTI.

London, February 1871.

# LYDGATE ON CHAUCER AND HIS "TROYLUS."

(From Arundel MS 99, leaf 96, col. 2.)

Troilus and Cryseyde at their parting are so  
 "Disconsolat / al the longe nyght  
 ¶ That in good feith / yif I shulde a right  
 the processe hool / of her bothe sorwe  
 That they made / tyl the next morwe  
 ffro poynt to poynt / it to speceffye  
 It wolde me / ful longe Occupye  
 Of euery thyng / to make mencion  
 And tarye me / in my translacion  
 yif I shulde / in her woo procede  
 But me semyth / that it is no nede  
 ¶ Sith my maister Chauucer here afor  
 In this mateer / hath so wel hym born  
 In his book / of Troylus and Cryseyde  
 which he made / longe or that he deyde  
 Rehersyng first / how Troylus was Contrayre  
 ffor to assende / vpon lovys stayre  
 And how that he / for al his Surquedye  
 Afftir he Cam / Oon of the Companye  
 Of lovys folk / for al his Olde game  
 whan Cupyde / makid hym ful tame  
 And brought hym lowe / to his subieccion  
 In a temple / as he walkt vp and don  
 whan he his gyys / and his hookys leyde  
 Amyd the Eyen / Cerclyd of Cryseyde  
 which on that day / he myght nat a-sterre  
 ffor thorough his brest / percyd and his herte  
 he wente hym hoom / pale syke and wan  
 ¶ And in this wyse Troylus first be-gan

To be a servaunt / my maister tellith thus  
 ¶ Tyl he was holpe / afftir of Pandarus [leaf 96, back]  
 ¶ Thorough whoos Comfort / and mediacion 32  
 4 As in his book / is makid mencion  
 with greet labour / first he Cam to grace  
 And so Contvneeth / by certeyn yeerys space  
 Tyl fortvne gan / vpon hym frowne 36  
 8 That she fro hym / mvt goon out of towne  
 al sodeynly / and nevyr hym afftir see  
 lo here the ffyn / of false felicittee  
 lo here the Ende / of worldly brotylnesse 40  
 12 Of flesshly lust / lo heer the vnstabylnesse  
 lo here the double varyacion  
 Of worldly blysse / and transmvacion  
 This day in myrthe / and in woo to-morwe 44  
 16 ffor ay the ffyn / allas of Ioye is sorwe  
 ¶ ffor now Cryseyde / with the kyng Thoas  
 ffor Anthenor / shal goo forth allas  
 vnto Grekis / and evere with hem dwelle 48  
 20 ¶ The hool stoory / Chauucer kan yow telle  
 yif that ye lyst / no man bet a lyve  
 nor the processe / half so weel descryve  
 ffor he oure ynglyssh / gylte with his sawes 52  
 24 Rude and boystous / first be Olde dawes  
 That was ful fer from al perfeccion  
 And but of litel raputacion  
 Tyl that he Cam / and thorough his poetrye 56  
 28 Gan oure tonge / firste to magneffye  
 And adourne it / with his Elloquence

To whom honour / laude and Reverence		Among othir / in the hihest sete	
Thorough out this lond / yove be and songe	60	¶ My maister Galfryde / as for a chef Poete	
So that the laurer / of youre ynglyssh tonge		that euere was yit / in oure langage	72
Be to hym yove / for his excellence		The name of whom / shal pallen in noon Age	
Right as whylom / by ful hiñ sentence		But euere y-liche / with-oute Eclipsyng shyne	
Perpetuelly / for a memoryal	64	And for my part / I wyl neuere fyne	
¶ Of Columpna / by the Cardinal		So as I Can / hym to magneffye	76
To Petrark' fraunceys / was yoven in ytaile		¶ In my wryting / pleylnly tyl I dye /	
that the Repoort / nevir afftir fayle		And god I preye / his soule brynge in Ioye <sup>1</sup>	[1996, bk, col. 2]
Nor the honour / dirked of his name	68	¶ And wheer I lefte / I wyl ageyn to Troye /"	
To be Registred / in the hous of flame			

<sup>1</sup> At the end of his Troy Book, Lydgate again returns to Chaucer's praise. After denouncing the ignorant backbiters and fault-finders, Lydgate says (I quote from Pynson's ed., A.D. 1513, *sign.* D iii *back*, as the Arundel MS 99 has lost its end):

For vnto them / my boke is nat dyrect  
But to suche / as haue in effect  
On symple folke / full compassyon  
That goodly can / by correccyon  
Amende a thyng / that hyndre neuer adele  
Of custome aye / redy to say wele

**F**Or he that was grounde / of well sayinge  
In all his lyfe / hyndred no makynge  
My mayster Chaucer / that founde full many spot  
Hym lyst nat pynche / nor grutche at euery blot  
Nor meue hym selfe / to parturbe his reste  
I haue herde tolde / but sayde alway the beste  
Suffrynge goodly / of his gentyllesse

Full many thyng / embraced with rudenesse  
And if I shall / shortly hym descryue  
Was neuer / none / to this daye alyue  
To reken all / bothe yonge and olde  
That worthy was / his ynkehorne for to holde  
And in this londe / if there any be  
In borugh or towne / vyllage or Cyte  
That connyng hath / his tracys for to sewe  
Where he go brode / or be shet in mewe  
To hym / I make a dyreceyon  
Of this boke / to haue inspeccyon  
Besechynge them / with theyr prudent loke  
To race and scrape / thorough out all my boke  
Voyde and adde / where them semeth nede  
And though so be / that they nat ne rede  
In all this boke / no rethorykes newe  
¶ Yet I hope / they shall fynde trewe  
The storye playne / chefly in substaunce



## Filostrato

[The summary of those parts of the poem that have not been adapted by Chaucer is enclosed in square brackets. In this summary, the marks of quotation " " are given when I translate a passage literally; the marks " " when I so translate a passage that forms a speech; the marks ' ' when I summarize (without exactly translating) a speech.—W. M. R.]

### BOOK I. STANZA I.

[Boccaccio dedicates his poem to his lady—"nobilissima donna"; traditionally reputed to be the same Fiammetta who is named in other writings of his, and who is identified with Maria, a natural daughter of King Robert of Naples, married to a nobleman of advanced age. He says that he will not invoke Apollo or the Muses in commencing this poem, which relates the woe of Troilus for the departure of Chryseis, and which he writes during the much-deplored absence of his own lady.]

(5)

39 Thine be the honour, and mine be the toil.

TROILUS.

1

## Troilus and Criseyde.

[Harl. MS. 3943.<sup>1</sup> The first 10 stanzas (on leaf 1) are in a late 15th-century hand.]

[<sup>1</sup> 'Bought in Mr Rawlinson's Sale of MSS 1784. pr. No. 658. This has been collated by W<sup>m</sup>. Thomas esq<sup>r</sup>.' On the flyleaf.]

[Proem of eight stanzas.]

(1)

<b>T</b> He double sorow of Troilus to telleñ	[leaf 1]	1
that was kyng Pryamys sonne of Troye		
In lovyng how his aventuris felleñ		
Frome wo to wele and aftirwarde oute of Ioye		4
my purpose is or I parte you froye		
Thesiphon þou helpe me for to endite		
these wofuñ wordes þat wepyn as I write		7

(2)

<b>T</b> O the clepe I thou goddesse of turmente	8
thou cruel wighþe that sorowist euer in peyne	
Helpe me that am the sorye Instrumente	
That helpith lovers as I can to pleyne	11
for wel it sitt the sothe for to seyne	
vn-to a wofuñ wighþe a dreery chere	
And to a sory tale a sory chere	14

(3)

<b>F</b> or I þat god of louys seruauantis serve	15
Ne dare to love for myn vnliklynesse	
Pray for spede though I shulde sterve	
so ferre I am frome his helpe in derknesse	18
but natheles myght I do yit gladnesse	
To my lover or my love availe	
Haue he thanke & myn be the travaile	21

## (6)

- 41 And you lovers, I pray you hearken.  
 43 And, if it happens that in your heart you feel  
 44 Any pitiful spirit aroused,

- 45 I pray you that ye pray Love for me,  
 46 Through whom I, mournful like Troilus.

## (4)

- But ye lovers that bathen in gladnesse 22  
 If any drope of pitee in you be  
 Remembre you for olde passid heuynesse  
 for goddis love and on aduersitee 25  
 that other suffren thynke how somtyme þat ye  
 fownde how love durst you displese  
 Or ellis ye wonne it with grete ease 28

## (5)

- And preyth for them that been in the caas 29  
 Of Troylus as ye may affir here  
 that love them bryng in hevyn to solaas  
 And for me praieth þat god so deere 32  
 he yeve me myghte to shewe in some manere  
 some peyn or woo suche as lovis folke endure  
 In troylus vnseely Aventure 35

## (6)

- PRaith for them that eke ben dispeired [leaf 1, back] 36  
 In love þat nevir nyȝ Recouerid be  
 And eke for them þat falsely ben appaired  
 thorough wikkid tungis be it he or she 39  
 Or thus biddith god for his benyngnyte  
 To graunte theym soone out of this worlde to pas  
 That ben dispeired out of their lovis gras 42

## (7)

- And biddith eke for them þat ben at ese 43  
 In love þat god them graunte perseueraunce  
 And sende them myȝit their loves so to plesse  
 that it be to them worship and plesaunce 46  
 And so hope I my sowle best to Auaunce  
 To pray for them þat lovis servauntis be  
 And write their woo & lyve in Charite 49



(7)

49 The Grecian kings were around Troy,  
 50 Strong in arms.

53 Ever they more invested it from day to day;  
 54 All accordant in one same resolve—  
 55 To revenge the outrage and rape  
 56 Of Queen Helen, made by Paris.

(8)

57 When Calchas, whose lofty science  
 .  
 58 Had already merited to hear  
 59 Every confidence of the great Apollo,

62 Knew and saw, after a long war,  
 63 The Trojans dead, and the city destroyed.

(8)

And for to haue of them compassion 50  
 As though I were þeir own broþer dere  
 Now listenyth euery wight with goode entencion  
 for I will now go streight to my matere 53  
 In whiche ye shaþ the double sorowe here  
 Of Troylus in lovyng of Crisseide  
 And how þat she forsoke hym or she deide 56

(9) [*The Story.*]

IT is wel wist how þe Grekis strong 57  
 In armes with a thousand<sup>1</sup> shippis went [<sup>1</sup> *MS Mt*]  
 To troy wardis & the Cite long  
 Assegid wel .x. yer<sup>r</sup> or they stynt 60  
 And in dyuerse wise and in on Intent  
 The Ravysshynge to vengyn of Heleyn  
 full besyly thay diden their peyn 63

(10)

Now fih it so þat in the town ther<sup>r</sup> was 64  
 Dwellyng a lorde of grete Auctoritee  
 A gret Dyvyne þat clepid was Calcas  
 That in science so experte was he 67  
 Knew wel that Troy distroied shulde be  
 by Aunswer<sup>r</sup> of his god that highite thus  
 Deiphebus or Appollo Delphicus 70

(11)

<sup>1</sup>To whan þis Calcas knew by calkelyng<sup>r</sup> [*leaf 2*] 71  
 And eke by answers of this Apollo  
 That grekis shold such a peple bryng<sup>r</sup>  
 Thurgh which þat Troy must be for-do 74  
 he cast a-none out of the touñ to go  
 ffor wele wist he byfor þat Troy shold  
 Destroyed be 3e wold ho so nold 77

<sup>1</sup> The older hand of the MS. (? 1440 A.D.) begins here. The first ten stanzas are written in the same hand as the end of the volume is.

## (9)

65 Wherefore secretly to depart  
 66 Resolved he, provident and wise ;  
 67 And, taking place and time for fleeing,  
 68 He wended his way to the Grecian host :  
 69 Whence he saw many coming to meet him,  
 70 Who received him with glad visage,—  
 71 Hoping for utmost and good counsel from him  
 72 In every accident or peril.

## (10)

73 Great rumour was there when it was heard  
 74 Through all the city generally  
 75 That Calchas had fled therefrom ;  
  
 78 And [that he had] as a traitor done wickedly ;  
 79 And, for the most part of the people, they hardly  
 80 From going with fire to his houses. [withheld]

## (11)

81 Calchas had left in all this mischance,  
 82 Without letting her know anything about it,  
 83 A daughter of his,  
  
 85 A widow,

86 Named Chryseis ;  
 86 To my thinking,  
 86 As [discreet &c.] as any other that was born in Troy.  
 84 So beautiful and so angelic to see  
 85 Was she, that she appeared not a mortal thing.

## (12)

Wherfor to departe al softly 78  
 he toke his ful purpos in this wyse  
 And to þe grekis oost ful pryvily  
 he stale anone & þei in curteys wyse 81  
 Dede hym worship and servise  
 hoppyng in hym kunnyng hem to rede  
 In euery peril which þat was to drede 84

## (13)

Grete rumour gan whan it was ferst aspyed 85  
 Thurgh al þe toun and generally was spokyn  
 That Calcas traytour fled was & alyed  
 To her foos & woldyn fayn be wrokyn 88  
 On hym þat had his troupe þus falsly brokyn  
 And sworyn þat he & al his kyn at onys  
 were worthy brent boþe felt and bonys 91

## (14)

Now had Calcas left in þis mischaunce 92  
 Vnknowyng of this cursyd dede  
 his doghtir þat lyvid in grete penaunce  
 ffor her lyf she was þerfor in drede 95  
 Ne in al þis world she nyst not what to rede  
 ffor bothe a wydowe was she & allone  
 Of eny frend to whom she durst mone 98

## (15)

Cryseyd was þis lady name a right 99  
 As to my dome yn al troyes Citee  
 So fair was none for ouer euery wight  
 So angelik was her natyf beute 102  
 That lyke thing inmortel semyd she  
 As doth a perfit heuenly creature  
 That doun was sent in scorne of nature 105

## (12)

89 Who, hearing the menacing rumour  
 90 For her father's flight, very sorrowful  
 91 As she was amid so much dubious fury,  
 92 In a mourning garb, and tearful,  
 93 Threw herself on her knees at the feet of Hector;  
 94 And with voice and aspect very piteous,  
 95 Excusing herself, (and accusing her father,)  
 96 Finished her speech begging for mercy.

## (13)

97 Hector was pitiful of his nature.  
 98 Wherefore, seeing the great plaint of her  
 99 Who was more beautiful than creature else,  
 100 He comforted her somewhat with kind speech,  
 101 Saying: "Let with evil hap  
 102 Thy father go who has so offended us;  
 103 And thou, secure and cheerful, without annoy,  
 104 Remain in Troy with us while thou pleasest.

## (14)

105 "The pleasure and honour thou wilt,  
 106 As if Calchas were here, be assured,  
 107 Thou shalt always have from us all."  
 109 She thanked him much for this,  
 110 And more she would, but it was not allowed her.  
 111 Wherefore she rose, and returned  
 112 To her house, and there was at rest.

## (15)

113 There she stayed with such household  
 114 As it befitted her honour to keep,  
 115 While she was in Troy;  
 119 And beloved was she,  
 120 And honoured, by every one that knew her.  
 116 Nor did she need to care  
 117 For son or daughter,  
 118 As it had never been her lot to have any.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The reader will observe Chaucer's deliberate departure from Boccaccio in this particular: Chaucer says that he has no informa-

## (16)

This lady which that herd al day at ere [leaf 2, back] 106  
 her fadris shame his falsnes and tresoun  
 (wel ny out of her wyt for pure fere  
 In wydewys habyt large of samyte broun 109  
 Byfor Hector on knees she felt a doun  
 with chere & voys ful pytous & wepyng  
 his mcrey bad herself excusyng' 112

## (17)

Now was þis Ector pitous of nature 113  
 And saw how she was sorowful bygone  
 An that she was so faire a creature  
 Of his gladnes he gladid her anone 116  
 And seyde lete þour fadir tresoun gone  
 To sory hap & 3e þour self in ioi  
 Dwellith whil þow good lyst in troy 119

## (18)

And al þe honour that men may do þow have 120  
 As thogh þour fadir dwellyd al here  
 3e shul have. & þour body shul men save  
 As ferforth as y may enquire & here 123  
 And she hym thonkyd oft in humble chere  
 And ofter wold if it had be his wille  
 And toke her leve went home & held her stille 126

## (19)

And in her hows abode with such meyne 127  
 As to her honour nede was to holde  
 And while þat she dwellyd yn þat citee  
 Thurgh out in al with yong & eke with olde 130  
 fful wel bylovyd & folk wele of her tolde  
 (But whethir she childryn had or none  
 I rede not þerfor y lete hit gone 133

tion as to whether or not Cryseyde had any children. The affected uncertainty seems to serve little purpose, save that of the professed

## (16)

- 121 Things went on in the way of war  
 122 Between the Trojans and Greeks very often.  
 125 Many times the Greeks (if the story  
 126 Errs not) went most fiercely  
 127 Even on to the fosses, and pillaging around :  
 123 Sometimes the Trojans sallied from the city  
 124 Vigorously against the Greeks.

## (17)

- 129 And, although the Trojans were shut in  
 130 By their Grecian enemies, it ensued not  
 131 That therefore should ever be intermitted  
 132 The divine sacrifices, but there were held  
 133 In every temple the wonted rites.  
 134 But with greater and more solemn honour  
 135 Than any other they honoured Pallas  
 136 In everything, and more than any else tended her.

## (18)

- 137 Wherefore, the lovely time having come which  
 138 Reclothes the meads with grass and flowers,

derivation of the *Troilus and Cryseyde* from authentic sources, or that of the quaint confidential *bonhomie* which the English poet so gracefully adopted. Recent Chaucerian compatriots and commentators—Mr Robert Bell and Professor Morley—have lifted up such frequent hands of correct and holy horror at the moral obliquities of Boccaccio, in this *Filostrato*, as compared with Chaucer, that it may be fair to inquire whether the Italian does not here show the superior delicacy. Boccaccio tells us at once that

## (20)

- The thingis felle as þei done of werre 134  
 Bytwix hem of Troy & grekys ful oft  
 ffor some day boght þey of Troy hit dere  
 And oft foundyn þe Grekis al vnsoft 137  
 The folk' of Troy & þus fortune a loft  
 And vndur eft gan hem to whilyn boþe  
 Aftir her cours ay while þey weryn wroþe 140

## (21)

- Bvt how this touñ come to destruccioun [*leay s*] 141  
 Ne fallith not now to purpos me to telle  
 ffor why it were a long digressioun  
 Of my matere & for yow long to dwelle 144  
 But þe troianys gestes as þei felle  
 In homere or in daris or yn dyte  
 who so can may rede hem as þey wryte 147

## (22)

- [But though that Grekes hem of Troie shetten] [*East. 1299*]  
 And her Citee bysegedyn all aboute  
 The old vsage nold they of troy lettyn  
 As for to honour her god and to loutyn 151  
 But alpermoost in honour out of dout  
 They had a relique hight Palladioun  
 That was her trust abovyn euerychoñ 154

## (23)

- And so byfel whan comyn was þe tyme 155  
 Of apparaille whan clopid is the mede  
 with newe grene of ioly veer þe pryme

the lady had no children ; therefore, in her subsequent amours, she cannot have been transgressing any maternal obligations, or entailing any slur upon the offspring of her marriage-bed. Chaucer preferentially leaves the whole question uncertain. It may be added that Benoît de Sainte-More, whose *Roman de Troie* furnishes the groundwork of Boccaccio's poem, and thence of Chaucer's also, seems to put forward his "Briseida" as never having been married at all : he terms her more than once "la pucele."

- 141 The Trojan fathers prepared  
142 The wonted honours to the fated Palladium.

143 To which feast

- 143 Both ladies and knights  
144 Went together, and all with good will.

(19)

- 145 Among whom was the daughter of Calchas,  
146 Chryseis, who was in a sombre habit;<sup>1</sup>  
147 Who, as much as the rose conquers  
148 The violet in beauty, so much was she  
149 More than other lady beautiful,—and she alone  
150 More than other made the great feast glad.

<sup>1</sup> "In bruna vesta"; literally, in a *brown* habit. But this is one of the many passages in old Italian writers which show that this *bruna* is to be understood as *dark, sombre, black*.

<sup>2</sup> "Negli atti altiera, piacente, ed accorta." There is in these epithets an aroma which the English does not readily preserve.

- 151 Standing in the temple very near the door  
152 In her air lofty, pleasing, and apt.<sup>2</sup>

(20)

- 153 Troilus was going as young men  
154 Are wont to do, looking about here and there  
154-5 In the great temple, and ranging with his companions,

And swete smellyng<sup>r</sup> flouris whit & rede 158  
In meny wyse shewyd as y rede  
The folk<sup>r</sup> of Troy aftir her obseruaunces olde  
Palladions feest wentyn for to holde 161

(24)

And to þe temple in all her best wyse 162  
In general went euery manere wight  
That thryfty was to heryn her servise  
And þat so meny a *thousand* lusty knyght 165  
So meny a fressh lady & maydyn bryght  
fful wele byseyn the moost & eke þe leest  
3e bothe for þe seson & eke for þe feest 168

(25)

Among<sup>r</sup> þe which was this Cryseyda 169  
In wydowis abyte blak<sup>r</sup> but natheles  
Right as our chef *lettre* ys now A.  
In bewte ferst so stood she makeles. 172  
Her goodly lokyng gladyd al þe pres  
Nas neuere seyn thing<sup>r</sup> to be praysid derre  
Ne vndur blak<sup>r</sup> cloud so bright a sterre 175

(26)

As she was as þei seydyn echeon [leaf 2, back] 176  
That her byheld in her blak<sup>r</sup> wede  
And yet she stode ful low & stil alone  
Byhynd oþer folk<sup>r</sup> in litil brede 179  
And ny þe dore ay vndur shamys drede  
Symple of<sup>r</sup> beryng<sup>r</sup> & deboner of chere  
With a ful seure lokyng<sup>r</sup> & a manere 182

(27)

Davñ Troyllus as he was wont to gyde 183  
his yonge knyghtis lad hem vp & doun  
In that large temple on euery syde

156 Looking at the pretty women ;<sup>1</sup>  
 159 Being a man who liked one  
 160 No better than the other, and enjoyed his liberty ;  
 157 And he began to praise now this one, now that,  
 158 Disparaging also some of them.

## (21)

161 Indeed, at whiles, thus going about,  
 162 Seeing some one who looked hard  
 163 At some lady, sighing within himself,  
 164 He laughing pointed him out to his companions,  
 165 Saying: "That wobegone fellow has cast off  
 166 His liberty, so grievous was it to him,  
 167 And has handed it over to *her* :  
 168 Mark how vain are his thinkings!"

[Troilus continues with some severe reflections on the  
 levity of women ; saying that he has suffered woefully from  
 it aforetime, not without amorous enjoyment as well—but  
 he is now out of all such agitations, lives in peace, and can  
 afford to smile at other less fortunate men.]

## (25)

198 Without imagining that then for him  
 199 Was hastening the dart of Love, which so transfixed  
 him.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This item is not given in the edition of the *Filostrato* to which I mostly confine myself—*Opere Volgari di Giovanni Boccaccio, corrette sui Testi a penna. Vol. 13. Firenze, per Ig. Moutier, 1831.* It is from another edition, *Il Filostrato, Poema di Gio. Boccaccio, ora per la prima volta dato in luce. Parigi, presso Franc. Ambr. Didot il Maggiore. 1789.* This last-named edition was produced by Fra Luigi Baroni, and is portentously slipshod. I have to thank Mr Henry Bradshaw, of King's College,

Byholdyng' ay the ladies of þe touñ 186  
 Now here now þere for no deuocioun  
 had he to none to revyn hym his rest  
 But gan to prayse & lak' whom hym lest 189

## (28)

And in his walk' ful fast he gan to wayte 190  
 If knyght or sqwyer of his cumpany  
 Gan for to sike or lete his eyen bayte  
 On eny woman þat he couth aspye 193  
 he wold smyle and hold it folye  
 And sey hym thus a lord she slepith soft  
 ffor love of the whan þow turnyst oft 196

## (29)

I have herd told of þour lyvyng' 197  
 30 louers & þour lewde obseruaunce  
 And such a labour have folk' in wynnyng'  
 Of love and in kepyng with doutaunce 200  
 And whan þour prey is lost wo & penaunce  
 O verrey folys may ye no thing se  
 Kan none of yow yware by other be 203

## (30)

And with þat word he gan cast vp his brow 204  
 Askauns lo is þis not wysely spokyn  
 But trowe ye not þat love þo lokyd row  
 ffor þat despite & shope to bene y-wrokyn 207  
 yes certis lovis bow was not y-brokyn  
 ffor be myn heed he hit hym at þe fulle  
 And yet as proud a pocok' he can pulle 210

Cambridge (among other courtesies), for warning me against it. Many of its variations have (it seems) no authority whatever: but, in the present instance, it would appear that Baroni followed some MS. corresponding with that which Chaucer consulted, while the very superior edition of Moutier has followed some other MS. to a different effect.

<sup>2</sup> These two lines are also from Baroni's edition.

193 Oh blindness of mortal minds!  
 194 How often do effects ensue  
 195 All contrary to our proposing!

## (31)

O blynd world o blynd intencion [leaf 4] 211  
 how oft falle al þe effectis contrarie  
 Of surquyde and such presumpcion  
 ffor caght is proud & also deboner 214  
 Daun Troylus is clumbyn on þe staire  
 And lytil wenith þat he must decendyn  
 But alday faylith that þes folys wenyn 217

## (32)

As proud bayard gynnyth for to skip 218  
 Out of þe wey so prikith hym his corn  
 Til he a lasshe have of þe longe whip  
 Than thenkith he how y prounce al byforð 221  
 fferst in the trays ful fat & new y-shorð  
 3et am y but an hors and horsis lawe  
 I mote endure and as my feris drawe 224

## (33)

So ferd it by þat fers and proud knyght 225  
 Thogh he a worthy kyngis sone were  
 he wend no thing had had such myght  
 Ayens his wil þat shold his hert stere 228  
 Ye with a loke his hert was ful fere  
 þat he þat now was moost yn pryde above  
 Wax sodenly moost seruauant vnto love 231

## (34)

For thy ensauple takith of this man 232  
 Ye wyse proud & worthy folkys alle  
 To scorne love which þat so sone can  
 The fredom of þour hertys to hym thralle 235  
 ffor euere was and euer shal by-falle  
 That love is he þat althing can blynd  
 ffor may no man vndo þe lawe of kynd 238

(26)  
 201 Thus therefore Troilus, going jeering  
 202 At one and another, and often

(35)  
 That þis be soth hath preved & doth yet 239  
 ffor this trow y ȝe knowyn al & some  
 Men redith not þat folk han gretter wyt  
 Than þei þat have with love be most y-nome 242  
 And strengest folk be þerwith ouercome  
 The worthiest & grettest of degre  
 This was & is and ȝet men may it se 245

(36)  
 And trewly hit syt wele to be so [leaf 4, back] 246  
 ffor alþerwysest han therwith be plesyd  
 And they þat han be althermoost in wo  
 with love have bene comfortyd and esyd 249  
 And oft it hath the crewel hert apesyd  
 And worthy folk made worthier of name  
 And causith moost to drede vys & shame 252

(37)  
 Now seth it may not goodly be withstond 253  
 And is a thing so vertuous of kynd  
 Ne grucchith not to love for to be bond  
 Seth as hym self lest he may yow bynd 256  
 Betir is þe wand þat bowyn wole & wynd  
 Than þat that brestith þerfor y ȝow rede  
 Now folowith hym þat so wele may ȝow lede 259

(38)  
 But for to telle forth in especiaff 260  
 As of this kyngis sone of whom y told  
 And levyn al oþer thinges collaterafl  
 Of hym thenk y my tale forth to hold 263  
 Bothe of his ioy & of his caris cold  
 And al his workis as touchyng þis matere  
 ffor y hit bygan y wil ther-to refere 266

(39)  
 With-in þe temple went he forth playing 267  
 This Troylus with euery wight about



- 203 Taking a look now at this lady, now at that,  
 204 By chance it happened that, among the people,  
 205 His roving eye reached piercing  
 206 To where was the charming Chryseis.

(27)

- 209 She was tall,<sup>1</sup> and to her stature  
 210 All her members answered well:  
 211 And in her looks  
 212 She showed a womanly loftiness.

(28)

- 217 That action pleased Troilus, the self-intent  
 218 Which she showed,<sup>2</sup> a little piqued;  
 219 With her arm she had drawn the mantle aside  
 214 From her face, making room for herself:  
 219 As though she said, "May one not stand here?"<sup>3</sup>  
 220 And he gave himself the more to marking her looks,  
 221 Which, more than any others, seem to him worthy  
 222 Of high praise.

<sup>1</sup> Chaucer does not make Chryseis tall: see, in addition to the present passages, Book 6, st. 116. He has followed the authority of Benoit de Sainte-More, and his successor Guido delle Colonne; whereas Boccaccio adheres to the aboriginal description of "Briseis" given by Dares the Phrygian.

<sup>2</sup> "Al tornare Ch'ella fe in se": literally, "at the returning into herself which she made."

<sup>3</sup> This "As though she said" follows on properly after "a little

- On this lady and now on that lokyng'  
 whethir she were of toun or without 270  
 And vp-on cas byfel þat þurgh þat rout  
 his eye perceyvid and so depe hit went  
 Til on Cryseyd hit smote & þer it stent 273

(40)

- And sodenly wax wondur sore astonyd 274  
 And gan her better byhold in bysy wyse  
 O verrey god þoght he wher hast þou wonyd  
 þat art so fayr and goodly to devise 277  
 þer with that his hert gan sprede and rise  
 And soft he sykyd lest men myght hym here  
 And caght ayen his ferst pleying chere 280

(41)

- She nas not with þe leest of her stature [leaf 5] 281  
 But al her lymys so wele answeyng'  
 weryn to womanhode that creature  
 Nas neuere lasse mannyssh in semyng' 284  
 And eke the pure wyse of her mevyng'  
 She shewyd wele þat men myght in her gesse  
 honour astate and womanly noblesse. 287

(42)

- Tho Troylus right wondur wele with-alle 288  
 Gan for to lyke her mevyng' & her chere  
 which sumdel deynous was for she lete falle  
 her loke a lytil on syde on such manere 291  
 Askauns what may y not stondyn here  
 And aftir þat her lokyng' gan she light  
 That neuere thoght hym seth so good a sight 294

piqued"; the two intermediate lines being above interpolated from the preceding stanza. In my interrogative translation "May one not stand here?" I have conformed to Chaucer: both the editions I know of the Italian, however, punctuate the phrase affirmatively—"There is no staying here." The Italian words would remain identically the same, whether purporting interrogation or affirmation.

(29)

225 Nor did he perceive—he that was so sage  
 226 A little while before in censuring others—  
 227 That Love dwelled within the beaming  
 228 Of those beautiful eyes, with his darts.

(30)

233 This lady under the black mantle pleasing  
 234 Troilus more than any other, he, without saying  
 235 What motive so long kept him there,  
 238 Without disclosing aught to any one,  
 237 From afar gazed, and gazed as long  
 239 As the honours to Pallas lasted.

(30, 31)

240 Then, with his companions, he quitted the temple :  
 245 For that which he had shortly before spoken  
 246 (Lest the disparaging talk of others should be turned  
 247 If perhaps the fire were known [against him  
 248 Into which he had fallen),  
 244 Keeping his desire well concealed.

(43)

And of her loke in hym þer gan to qwykyn 295  
 So grete desire with so strong affeccioñ  
 That in his hertis botme hit gan to stykyn  
 Of her his fixe and depe inpressioñ 298  
 And þogh he arst had powrid vp & doun  
 he was so glād his hornys in to shrynk'  
 vnnethis wist he how to loke or wyuk' 301

(44)

Lo he þat lete hym self so cunnyng' 302  
 And scornyd hym þat loves peynes dryen  
 was ful vnware that love had his dwellyng'  
 with-yn the sotil stremys of his eyen 305  
 þat sodenly hym thoght he shold dyen  
 Right with her loke þe spirit of his hert  
 Blessid be love þat can þus folk conuert 308

(45)

She þis in blak' likyng to Troylus 309  
 Oueral thing' he stood to byholde  
 Ne his desire ne wherfor he stood þus  
 he neithir chere made ne woord tolde 312  
 But from ferre her manere to byholde  
 On opir thing' some tyme his loke he cast  
 And oft on her whil þat þe servise last 315

(46)

And after this not fully al a-wapyd [leaf 3, back] 316  
 Out of þe temple al esyly he went  
 Repentyng' hym þat he had euere y-iaped  
 Of lovis folk lest fully the dissent 319  
 Of scorne fil on hym but what he ment  
 lest it were wyst on eny manere syde  
 his woo he gan dissymylyn & eke hyde 322

## (32)

249 When Chryseis<sup>1</sup> had thus left the noble temple,  
 250 Troilus returned to the palace.  
 253 The better to hide the love-wound,<sup>2</sup>  
 251 He there in joyous life,  
 252 With [his companions], stayed a long while.  
 254 He took a great spell of jeering at lovers

## (47)

Whan he was þus fro þe temple departyd 323  
 he streight a-none vn-to þe paleys turnith  
 Right wiþ her look' thurgh shotyn & dartid  
 Al feynith he in lust þat he soournith 326  
 And al his speche & chere he vnournith  
 And ay of lovis seruauantis euerywhile  
 hym self to were at hem he gan to smyle 329

## (48)

And seyde a lord so þe lyve al in lyst 330  
 Ye lovyers for þe kunnyngest of þow  
 That serwith moost ententiflich and best  
 hym tyt þerof as oft harme as prow 333  
 þour hire is qwyte a-þen þe god wote how  
 Noght wele for wele but scorne for good servys  
 In feiþ þour ordre is reulyd in good wyse 336

## (49)

In no certeyn bene al your obseruaunces 337  
 But hit a sely fewe poyntis be  
 Ne no þing askith so grete attendaunces  
 As doth þour lay & þat know al þe 340  
 But þat is not þe worst so mote y the  
 But told y which were þe worst y leve  
 Al seyde y soth þe wold at me greve 343

## (50)

Bvt take þis þat þe louers oft eschewe 344  
 ffor good or done of good intencion  
 fful oft thi lady wole hit mysconstrew  
 And deme hit harme in her opynion 347  
 And ȝet if she for oper encheson  
 Be wrope ȝet shalt þow have a groyn anon  
 lord wel is hym þat may be of þow one 350

<sup>1</sup> Chaucer, as we see, transfers this to Troilus.

<sup>2</sup> This line, in strictness, belongs immediately to the next but two, "He took a great spell," &c.

<sup>1</sup> "Che altro lo *stringesse*,"—Chaucer's word "*distreynyd*."  
<sup>2</sup> Chaucer's line, it will be observed, differs from this, yet seems to have a certain dependence upon it.

254 Then, affecting  
 255 That something else called him off,<sup>1</sup>  
 256 He told every one to go whither he would.

## (33)

257 And, all being gone, all alone  
 258 He went to his chamber, where he sat down  
 259 Sighing, at the bed's foot;  
 260 And began to think over the pleasure  
 261 Which he had had that morning in the looks  
 262 Of Chryseis, and in the true  
 263 Beauties of her face, numbering them.

## (34)

265 He highly commended her air and stature,  
 266 And esteemed her of very great heart;<sup>2</sup>  
 267 And great fortune  
 268 He reputed it to be loved by such a lady;  
 269 And all the more if, by long care on his part,  
 270 He might procure that, as much as he loved her,  
 271 So much he might by her be loved,  
 272 Or at least not be rejected as a servant.

## (35)

273 Imagining that travail or sighing  
 274 Could not be lost for such a lady;  
 275 And that his desire ought to be  
 276 Much praised, were it ever known  
 277 By any, and hence his pangs  
 278 Less blamed, being discovered—  
 279 This argued the happy youth,  
 280 Ill apprehending his future weeping.

## (51)

Bvt for al þis whan þat he saw his tyme [1046] 351  
 he held his pees non oþer bote hym gaynyd  
 ffor love bygan his fetheris for to lyme  
 That wele vnnethe vn-to his folk' he feynid 354  
 þat oþer bysy nedis hym distreynyd  
 ffor wo was hym þat what to do he nyst  
 But bad his folk' to go wher þat hem lyst 357

## (52)

And whan þat he in chambre was alone 358  
 he doun vp-on his beddis feet hym set  
 And fast' he gan to sike & eke to grone  
 And þoght on her so ay wip-out let 361  
 þat as he sate & woke his spirit met  
 þat he her saw in þe temple & al þe wyse  
 Right of her loke & gan hit newe avise 364

## (53)

Thus gan a mirroure of his mynde 365  
 In which he saw al holy her figure  
 And þat he couþ wele in his hert fynde  
 hit was to hym a right good auenture 368  
 To love such on & if he dede his cure  
 To servyn her ȝet might he fal in grace  
 Or ellis for one of her seruauntis pace 371

## (54)

Ymagynyn' þat travail & game 372  
 Ne myght for so goodly on be borne  
 As she ne hym for his desire ne shame  
 Al were it wyst but yn prise & vpborne 375  
 Of alle louers wel more þan byforne  
 Thus argumentyd he in his bygynnyng'  
 fful vnausid of his wo comyng' 378

## (36)

281 Wherefore, disposed to follow up this love,  
 282 He thought he would work discreetly ;  
 283 Proposing for the first to conceal his ardour  
 285 From every friend and dependant,  
 286 Even if this were not finally needful ;<sup>1</sup>  
 287 Reflecting that love confessed to many  
 288 Earns as recompense annoy and not joy.

## (37)

289 And, beyond these, many other things—  
 290 Whether for avowing, or whether for attracting  
 291 The lady to him—he proposed to himself :  
 292 And hence joyful he gave himself to singing,<sup>2</sup>—  
  
 295 Hoping well ; and he wholly set himself  
 294 That he would love Chryseis alone.

<sup>1</sup> "Se ciò non bisognasse ultimamente." I understand the meaning of this to be as I have rendered it ; but the punctuation of the Italian editions indicates some different sense—being (I suppose) "unless indeed this [*sc. avowal*, although only concealment has been actually mentioned before] should become needful ; ultimately reflecting," &c. Chaucer's line appears to follow this same sense.

<sup>2</sup> "E quindi lieto si diede a cantare." Nothing seems to be meant by Boccaccio beyond "singing—chaunting tunes" in light-heartedness. But Chaucer turns it into the composition of a song or poem ; which he thereupon proceeds to insert, adapting it, not from Boccaccio, but from the 88th sonnet of Petrarch.

[*This song is a translation of the 88th sonnet of Petrarch:—*

'S'amor non è, che dunque è quel ch' i' sento ?  
 Ma s' egli è amor, per Dio, che cosa e quale ?  
 Se buona, ond' è l'effetto aspro mortale ?  
 Se ria, ond' è sì dolce ogni tormento ?

## (55)

Thus toke he purpos lovys craft to sewe 379  
 And pogh't he wold wirche al privily  
 fferst to hide his desire al in mewes  
 ffrom euery wight born al vtterly 382  
 But he might ought recoueryd be perby  
 Remembring' hym þat love to wyde y-blow  
 Yeldith litil froyt pogh' swete sede be sow 385

## (56)

And ouer al þis myche more he thoght [*leaf 8, back*] 386  
 what to speke and what to holdyn yn  
 And what to artyn her to love he soghit  
 And on a song' anone right to bygyn 389  
 And gan lowd on his sorow þo to wyn  
 For with good hope he gan þer to assente  
 Cryseyde for to love and not repente 392

## (57)

And of this song not only þis sentence 393  
 As wryt myn antour callyd lollus  
 But eke save þat our spechis differens  
 I dare wel seyn in al that Troylus 396  
 Sayd in his songe lo euery word right þus  
 As y shal seyn & ho so lyst it here  
 lo next þis vers he may hit findyn here 399

*The Song of Troylus.*

## (58) [i.]

Yf no love is good what fele y so 400  
 And if love is what þing & which is he  
 If love be good fro whens comith my wo  
 4 If he be wykkyd a wondur thinkith me 403  
 Whens euery turment and aduersite  
 That comith of love may to me sauery think'  
 For more thrust y the more þat y drynk' 406

[*Petrarch's 88th Sonnet continued.*]

S'a mia voglia ardo, ond' è 'l pianto e'l lamento?  
 S'a mal mio grado, il lamentar che vale?  
 O viva morte, o diletto male,  
 Come puoi tanto in me s'io nol consento?

E s'io'l consento, a gran torto mi doglio.  
 Fra sì contrari venti, in frate barca  
 Mi trovo in alto mar, senza governo.

Sì lieve di saver, d'error sì carica  
 Ch'ì medesimo non so quel ch'io mi voglio,  
 E tremo a mezza state, ardendo il verno.'

## (38)

297 And to Love he said at whiles  
 298 With piteous speaking: "Lord, now  
 299 The soul is thine that used to be mine:  
 300-2 Which pleases me, because thou hast given me to  
       serve—  
 301 I know not whether to say a woman or rather a  
       goddess.

## (39)

305 "Thou, true Lord, abidest in her eyes,  
 306 As in a place worthy of thy virtue:  
 307 Wherefore, if my service at all pleases thee,  
 308 I pray thee procure from those the saving  
 309 Of my soul."

## (59) [ii.]

And if y yn myn owne lust brenne 407  
 Fro whens comith my weylyng' & my pleynt  
 If harne agre me 3e wherto þan y pleyne  
 8 I wote ner why vnwery þat y feynt 410  
 O qwyk' dethe o swete harne so qweynt  
 How may y se in me such quantite  
 But if y consēt þat hit so be 413

## (60) [iii.]

And if þat y consente y wrongfully 414  
 Compleyne ywis. þus possyd to and fro  
 11 All sterles with yn a bote am y  
 Middis þe see bytwix wyndis too 417  
 That yn contrarie stondyn euer mo  
 Alas what þis is a wondre maladye  
 14] For hete of cold for cold of hete y dye 420

## (61)

And to þe god of love þus seyde he [leaf 7] 421  
 with pytous voys o lord now your is  
 þe spiryt which that oght euere youris be  
 3ow þonk' y lord þat have broght me to þis 424  
 But whethir goddes or woman she is  
 y-wis y note which þat 3e do me serve  
 But as her man y wil ay lyve and sterve 427

## (62)

3e stondyn yn her eyen myghtily 428  
 As in a place vn to 3our vertue digne  
 wherfor lord if my servise or y  
 May likyn 3ow so beth to me benigne 431  
 For myn astate rial here y resigne  
 In to her hond & with wel humble chere  
 Bycome her man as to my lady dere 434

## (40)

313 Spared not the royal blood  
 317 The burning love-flames ;  
 314 Nor virtue nor greatness of soul,  
 316 Nor prowess ;  
 319 But, catching the new lover,  
 320 Burned his every part.

## (41)

321 So much more from day to day, with thinking  
 322 And with the pleasure thereof, did he now purvey  
 323 The dry fuel within his proud heart,  
 324 And from the beautiful eyes he imagined he drew  
 325 Sweet water for his severe burning :  
 326 Wherefore he cunningly sought  
 327 Many times to see them, nor perceived  
 328 That all the more by them was the fire lit up.

## (42)

332 Day and night, and in all directions,  
 333 He always went thinking of Chryseis ;  
 334 And " Her excellence and delicate face,"  
 335 He said, " surpass Polyxena  
 336 In every beauty, and Helen likewise."

## (43)

337 Nor did any hour of the day pass by  
 338 But that he said to himself a thousand times :  
 339 " O bright light that enamours my heart,  
 340 O beautiful Chryseis, would to God  
 341 That thine excellence, which discolours my face,  
 342 Would move thee a whit to pity of me !  
 343 None other but thou can make me glad."

## (63)

If hym ne deynd spare blood riht  
 The fere of wherfro God me blesse  
 Ne hym forbare in no degree for aht  
 his vertu or his excellent prowesse  
 But held hym as þral low in distres  
 And brent hym in sundry wyse so newe  
 That syxty tyme a day he lost his hewe

## (64)

So mych day fro day his own thoght  
 For list to her gan quykyn and encrece  
 That euery other charge he set at noght  
 For-thy ful oft his hoot fere to sace  
 To se her goodly look' þan gan he prece  
 For þer by to be esyd wele he wende  
 And ay þe ner he was þe more he brende

## (65)

For euere ner þe fere þe hatter he is  
 This troupe knowith al þis cumpanye  
 But were he ferre or nere y dare sey this  
 By night or day by wysdom or folye  
 his hert which þat is his brestis eye  
 was euere on her þat fairer was to sene  
 Than were Eleyne or Polixene

## (66)

Eke of þe day þer passyd not an hour [leaf 7, back] 456  
 That to hym self a .Mf. tyme he seyde  
 God goodly to whom serve y labour  
 As y best can now wold god Cryseyd 459  
 3e wold on me rewe or þat y deyde  
 My dere hert alas myn hele and hewe  
 Al my lyst is lost but 3e on me rewe 462

## (44)

345 Every other thought had fled away—  
 346 Of the great war and of his own well-being;<sup>1</sup>  
 347 And in his breast was heard only  
 348 That one.  
 350 Solely to cure the love-wounds  
 351 Was he concerned.

## (45)

353 The hard battles and dire assaults  
 354 That Hector and his other brethren made,  
 355 Followed by the Trojans, from his amorous thoughts  
 356 Little or nothing moved him;  
 357 Although often, in the most perilous  
 358 Assaults, him before the others they saw  
 359 Work marvellously in arms.

## (46)

361 Nor to this did hate of the Greeks move him,  
 362 Nor desire that he had of victory  
 363 To free Troy;  
 364 But longing for glory,  
 365 That he might be the more acceptable, caused all this.  
 367 He became so fierce and strong in arms  
 368 That the Greeks dreaded him like death.

## (47)

369 Love had already taken sleep from him,  
 370 And diminished his food, and so multiplied his  
       musings  
 371 That already in his countenance  
 372 Pallor gave evident sign thereof.

[Yet he put a smiling face on his distresses; and bystanders attributed these to his anxiety concerning the war.]

<sup>1</sup> "Salute." Chaucer's rendering, "*sauacion*," would seem to mean "salvation" in the ecclesiastical sense, and so does "salute" constantly; but not, I think, in the present instance—rather (in the

## (67)

Al opir dedes weryn fro hym fled 463  
 Bothe of the sege and his sauacion  
 Ne in his desire non opir fantasye bred  
 But argumentis to this conclusiō 466  
 That she on hym wold have passioñ  
 And he to be her man whil þat he may dure  
 lo here his lyf & from þe delyt his cure 469

## (68)

The sharp shourys fil of armes prone 470  
 That Ector or his brethryrn dedyn  
 Ne made hym onys þerfor morne  
 And yet was he wher so men went or ridyn 473  
 Found one þe best & lengest to abydyn  
 Ther peril was and dede eche such travaile  
 In armys that to thenk it is mervaille 476

## (69)

Bvt for non hate he to þe grekys had 477  
 Ne also for þe rescous of the toun  
 Ne made hym þus in armes for to mad  
 But only lo for this conclusioun 480  
 To likyn her þe betre for his renoun  
 Fro day to day in armys so he sped  
 That al þe grekis as þe deth hym dred 483

## (70)

[<sup>2</sup>And fro þis forth þo reft hym loue his slepe 484  
 And made his mete his fo and ek his sorwe  
 gan multiplie that who so toke keepe  
 It shewed in his hewe boþe eue and morwe 487  
 þer-for a tittle he gan him for to borwe  
 Of oper siknesse / lest men of him wende  
 þat þe hote fir of loue him brende<sup>2</sup>] 490

direct sense of the word) "well-being, health."

<sup>2</sup> [From MS. Harl. 2280, leaf 6, back. Not in Harl. MS. 3943.]



(48)

377 And which it was is not quite certain to us—  
 378 Whether Chryseis perceived it not,  
 380 Or dissembled the knowing it:  
 381 But this is very clear and manifest,  
 382 That she seemed to care nothing  
 383 For Troilus or for the love he bore her.

(49)

385 Hence did Troilus feel such woe  
 386 That it could not be told; sometimes fearing  
 387 That Chryseis might be taken by another love,  
 388 And, on account of that despising him,  
 389 Would not receive him as her servant;—  
 390 Scheming in himself full a thousand methods,  
 391 If he can see to make her feel  
 392 Honourably his hot desire.

(50)

393 So, whenever he had any space,  
 394 He went lamenting to himself of love,  
 395 Saying inwardly: "Troilus, now art thou caught,  
 396 Thou that wast wont to jeer at others.  
 397 None of them was ever so consumed as thou. [scorn  
 399 Now art thou taken in the snare which thou didst so  
 400 In others, and hast not warded off from thyself.

(51)

401 "What will be said of thee among other lovers,  
 402 Were this thy love known?  
 403 They will all jeer at thee, [discretion  
 404 Saying among themselves: 'Here now is the man of  
 405-6 Who used to be biting against our sighs and amorous  
 407 Be Love praised for it, [plaints:  
 408 Who has now brought him to such a pass!'

(71)

And seyð he had a feure & ferd a mys 491  
 But how it was certeyn y can not sey  
 If þat his lady vndirstode not this  
 Or feynyð her she one or twey 494  
 But wele rede y þat by no manere wey  
 Ne semyd hit as she of hit roght  
 Or of his peyne or what so eueþ he þoht 497

(72)

But than felte Troilus suche wo [*leafs, in the late hand again*] 498  
 þat was welnygh woode / for aH his drede  
 was this þat she hym had in love so  
 That of hym she wolde haue taken hede 501  
 For that hym thought he felte his hert blede  
 Ne of his wo ne durst he nat begynne  
 To tell her for aH this worlde to wyne 504

(73)

But whan he a space frome his care 505  
 thus to hym silf fuH ofte he ganne compleyn  
 And saide foole now arte þou in the snare  
 that somtyme Iapedist at lovers peyn 508  
 Now arte þou hent now gnowe thyn own cheyn  
 Thow euer wer' wonte eche lover' reprehende  
 Of thing frome which þou canst þe nat diffende 511

(74)

What wiH now eueryche louere say of the 512  
 If this be wist but euer in thyn absence  
 laugh in skorne and say now ther' goth he  
 That is the man of so grete sapience 515  
 and helde us lovers leste in Reuerence  
 now thankid be god he may go in the dawnce  
 Of them þat love list feþly to Auaunce 518

## (53)

409 "And wert thou now, O woful Troilus,  
 410 Since it was fixed that love thou must,  
 411 Captived by one who but a little only  
 412 Should feel of love, that thou be comforted!  
 413 But she thou weapest for  
 414 Stands thus,  
 415 Cold as ice freezes in the open air,  
 416 And I like snow at the fire dissolve!

## (54)

425 "And were I now but arrived at the port  
 426 To which my ill-fortune carries me!  
 427 This would be to me grace and great comfort,  
 428 For, dying, I should be rid of all pain.  
 429 But, if my trouble, which no one has noticed  
 430 As yet—if it be discovered—full  
 431 Will my life be of a thousand scorns a day,  
 432 And I shall be called crazier than any.

## (55)

433 "Oh help me, Love! And thou for whom  
 434 I weep, caught more than ever any,  
 435 Oh be pitiful a little to him  
 436 Who loves thee far better than his life!  
 437 Turn now thy beautiful face towards him!  
 440 Oh deny me not this grace!"

## (57)

449 Then said he many other words,  
 450 He wept and sighed, and her name  
 451 He called.  
  
 454 To her  
 455 None of it reached: whence his torment  
 456 Multiplied every day a hundredfold.

## (75)

But O thow wofull Troilus god wolde 519  
 Sith thou must love thorough thy Destyne  
 That besett on suche one þat shulde  
 Knowe aȝ thy woo aȝ lakkid hir pitee 522  
 but as colde in love towardis the  
 Thy bodie is as froste in wyntris moone  
 And thou fordone as froste in snow soone 525

## (76)

God wolde I were arryued in the porte 526  
 Of Deth to which my sorow wiȝ me ledo  
 O lorde to me it were a gret comfote  
 Than were I quytt of all languysshying in drede 529  
 for be my hid sorowe y-blown in brede  
 I shaft Iapid ben a thousande tyme  
 more than he of whos foly men Ryme 532

## (77)

But now helpe God and ye swete for whome [leaf 8, back]  
 I pleyn taught ye neuer wighȝe so fast  
 O mercy dere herte & helpe me frome  
 the deth for I wiȝ while þat my liff may last 536  
 more than my silf wiȝ love you in last  
 And wiȝ som frendly looke gladith me swete  
 Yeve neuer no thyng mor' ye me behete 539

## (78)

These wordis and fuȝ many other mo 540  
 he spak & clepid euer in his compleynt  
 Crisseide for to telle hir his woo  
 Tiȝ nyȝ that he in salte teris dreynte 543  
 Aȝ was for nought she herde nat his compleynt  
 And whan þat he bithought hym of this foly  
 A thowsande fowle his sorowe gan multiply 546

## BOOK II STANZA 1.

- 1 Troilus being in this wise one day alone,
- 2 Pensive in his chamber,
- 3 There came in a young man of Troy :<sup>1</sup>
- 5 Who, seeing him on his bed
- 6 Lying at length and all in tears,
- 7 "What is this," he cried, "dear friend ?
- 8 Has the bitter time already so vanquished thee ?"

<sup>1</sup> Boccaccio here adds "of high lineage and very valiant ;" but does not for the moment give the name of Pandarus—it appears in the reply of Troilus.

## (II. 2)

- 9 "Pandarus," said Troilus, "what fortune
- 10 Has brought thee hither to see me die ?
- 11 If our friendship has any strength,
- 12 Be pleased to depart hence ;
- 13 For I know that painful more than any other
- 14 Thing it will be to thee to see me die :
- 15 And I am not to remain any longer in life.

## (79)

BEwaillyng thus in his chambre allone	547
A frende of his pat clepid was Pandare	
Cam in vnware & herde hym thus grone	
And sawe his frende in suche distres & care	550
Allas quod he who causith all this fare	
O mercy god what vnhatt may this mene	
have now so soone Grekis made you lene	553

## (80)

Or hast þou som Remors of conscience	554
And erte now fallen in some Devocioun	
And wailist for thi synne and thyn offence	
And hast for ferde caught attricioun	557
god saue them þat haue besiegid our town	
And so can lay our Iolytee in presse	
And bryng our lusty folke in to holynesse	560

## (81)

Thes wordis saide he for þe nonys alle	561
that with som thyng he myght hym Angry make	
And with an Angre to do sorow falle	
As for the tyme and his courage wake	564
But wel wist he as ferre tungenes spake	
Ther nas a man of gretter hardynesse	
than he ner more desired worthynesse	567

## (82)

What cas quod Troylus what auenture	568
hath gydid the to se my langwysshynge	
That am refusid of enery creature	
But for þe love of god at my praying	571
Go hens a wey for certis my deyng	
Wole þe dissesse and y mote nedis dey	
Therfor go hens ther is no more to sey.	574

[leaf 9: the old hand begins again]

## (II. 3)

17 "Nor think thou that Troy besieged,  
 18 Or travail of arms, or any fear,  
 19 Is cause of my present distress :  
 20 This is my least care among others.  
 21 Something else constrains me to long even to die,  
 22 Whence I lament my misery.  
 23 What this may be, friend, concern not thyself ;  
 24 For I keep it unspoken for the best, and tell thee  
     not of it."

## (II. 4)

25 The pity of Pandarus then increased.  
  
 27 Wherefore he continued : " If our friendship,  
 28 As was wont, is now a pleasure to thee,  
 29 Discover to me what is the cruelty <sup>1</sup>  
 30 Which makes thee so wishful to die :  
 31 For it is not a friend's act to keep aught  
 32 Hidden from his friend.

## (II. 5)

33 "I will share with thee these sorrows,  
 34 If I cannot give comfort to thy distress ;<sup>2</sup>  
 35 Because it is right with a friend  
 36 To share everything, distress and gladness :  
 37 And I think thou knowest well  
 38 Whether I have loved thee, through right and wrong."

## (II. 6)

41 Troilus heaved then a great sigh,  
 42 And said : " Pandarus, since thou art fain  
 43 Yet to hear my pangs,  
 44 I will tell thee briefly what undoes me :  
 45 Not that I hope that to my desire  
 46 Any end or quiet may be set by thee,  
 47 But solely to satisfy thy great beseeching,  
 48 Whereto I know not how I should give a denial.

<sup>1</sup> Note the difference in the turn of the sentence, as adapted by Chaucer.

## (83)

Bvt if thow wene y be þus sike for drede 575  
 hit is not so and therfor scorne me not  
 Ther is a nopir thing y take of hede  
 Mor þan oght the grekys han yet wroght 578  
 which cause is of my deth for sorow & þoght  
 But þogh y tel hit not the now at leest  
 Be thow not wroth y hide hit for the best 581

## (84)

Pandare that ny malt for wo & rouþe 582  
 fful oft seyð alas what may þis be  
 Now frend quod he if euere love or trouthe  
 hath bene or is bytwix the and me 585  
 Ne do thow neuer such a cruelte  
 To hyde fro þi frend so grete a care  
 Wost þow not wele þat it am y pandare 588

## (85)

I wil partyn with þe al thy peyne 589  
 If hit be so y do the eny comfort  
 As is frendis right for to seyne  
 To entrepartyn wo as gladly as disport 592  
 I have and shal for trew or fals report  
 In wrong & right y lovid þe al my lyve  
 hyde not fro me thy woo but telle it blyve 595

## (86)

Tho gan þis sorowful Troylus to syke 596  
 And seyð hym þus god leve it be my best  
 To telle hit þe seth it may the like  
 yet wole y tel it þe or þat myn hert to-brest 599  
 And wele wote y þow may do me no rest  
 But lest þow deme y trust not to the  
 Now herk frend for þus hit stant with me 602

<sup>2</sup> And here again.

## (II. 7)

49 "Love, against which he who strives  
 50 Is the sooner taken, and he struggles in vain,  
 51 So kindles my heart with a lovely face  
 52 That, for that, I have put far from me  
 53 Every other; and this so much perturbs me  
 54 (As thou mayst see) that hardly  
 55 Have I a thousand times withheld my hand  
 56 From taking away my life.

## (II. 8)

57 "Let it suffice thee, my dear friend,  
 58 To hear this of my sorrows, which never  
 59 Before did I reveal: and I implore thee by God  
 61 That thou discover not this desire to others,  
 62 For great annoy might thence ensue to me.  
 63 Thou knowest what thou didst wish: go, and leave  
 64 Me here to battle with my woe."

## (II. 9)

65 "Oh!" said Pandarus, "how couldst thou  
 66 So long keep such a fire hidden from me?  
 67 For I would have given thee counsel or aid,  
 68 And found out some means for thy repose."  
 69 To whom said Troilus: "How  
 70 Should I have had it from thee? For I have always  
     seen thee wobegone                      [therefrom:  
 71 For love, and thou know'st not how to help *thyself*  
 72 How then dost thou think to content me?"

## (II. 10)

73 Pandarus said: "Troilus, I acknowledge  
 74 That thou sayst the truth. But it often happens  
 75 That he who knows not to protect himself from the  
     poison  
 76 Can by good counsel keep others safe:  
 77 And the blear-eyed has ere now been seen to go  
 78 Where the clear-sighted goes not well:  
 79 And, though a man may not adopt good counsel,  
 80 He may be able to give it in others' peril.

## (87)

Love a-yens þe which ho so offendith    [leaf 9, back] 603  
 hym self moost altherlest availleth  
 which dispair so sorowfully me offendith  
 That streight vn to þe deth myn hert sailleth 606  
 Therto desire so brennyng' massailith  
 That to be sleyn hit were a gretter ioy  
 To me þan kyng' to be of grece and troy 609

## (88)

Svffiseth this my ful frend Pandare 610  
 That y have seyde for now wost þou my wo  
 And for þe love of god the cold care  
 So hide it wele y told it neuer to mo 613  
 ffor harmys might folowyn mo þan two  
 If it were wist but be þow in gladnes  
 And lete me sterve vnknew of my distres 616

## (89)

How hast þou þus vnkyndeleche and longe 617  
 hid this fro me þow fole quod Pandarus  
 Peraenture þow mayst aftir such on longe  
 That myn avys anon may helpyn vs 620  
 This were a wondur þing quod Troilus  
 þow coudist neuere yn love þi self wisse  
 how devil mayst þou þan bring' me to blys 623

## (90)

þe Troillus herke me quod Pandare 624  
 Thogh I be nys hit happith oftyn so  
 That one þat excesse doth ful evil fare  
 By good counceil can kepe his frend þer fro 627  
 I have my self sene a blynd man go  
 Ther as he felle that loke cowd wyde  
 A fole may eke a wyse man oft gyde 630

## (91)

A wheston is no kervyng instrument 631  
 But hit makith sharp kervyng toles  
 And þat þou wost y have oghit mysawent  
 Eschew þow þat for such þing to þe scole is 634  
 Thus oght wyse men be ware by folis  
 If þow so do þi wit is wele by-waryd  
 By his contrarie is euery thing declarid 637

## (92)

For how myght euere swetnes have be know [leaf 10] 638  
 To hym þat neuere tastyd bitternes  
 Ne no man wote what gladnes is y trow  
 That neuere was yn sorow ne distres 641  
 Eke white by blak shame by worthines  
 Eche set by oper more for oper semith  
 As men may se so thes clerkis demith 644

## (II. 11)

81 "I have loved with evil fortune.

['My unrequited love still endures; I am so unlucky  
 in it because I did not—as you have done—keep it secret.']

## (93)

Seth þis of two contraries is a lore 645  
 That y have in love so oft assayed  
 Greunaunces me oght to know wel þe more  
 Counceyllyn þe of þat þou art dysmayed 648  
 And eke þow oghtist not ben evil a-payd  
 Thogh y desire with þe for to bere  
 Thin hevy charge hit shall þe lesse dere 651

## (94)

Y wote wel þat it farith þus by me 652  
 As to thi broþere Parys an hyedesse  
 which þat y-clepid was Tynome  
 wrote y a compleynt of her hevynes 655  
 3e sey þe lettre that she wrote y gesse  
 Nay neuer yet quod Troylus  
 No quod Pandare herkenith it was þus 658

- (II. 13)
- 103 " And I, as thou knowest, against my will  
104 Love, nor can my sorrow be diminished nor increased.

- (II. 11)
- 87 " Nor shall there ever be  
88 Any to know what may be told me by thee.

- (II. 12)
- 89 " Therefore, my friend, feel sure  
90 Of me, and tell me who is cause to thee  
91 Of this so distressful and hard life;  
92 Nor ever be in fear of my reprehending  
93 Love; for  
95 Love cannot be reft from the heart,  
96 Unless for long while unknit, of itself.

(95)

Phebus that first foundour art of medicine 659  
Quod she & couth in euery wightis care  
Remedy & rede by herbes he knew fyne  
Yett to hym self his cunnyng was ful bare 662  
ffor love hym had boundyn in a snare  
Al for þe doghtir of kyng Amete  
þat his craft ne coud his sorowis bet 665

(96)

Right so fare y vnhappy for me 666  
I love one best & þat me smertith sore  
And yet peratintre can y redyn the  
And not my self reprove þow me nomore 669  
I have no cause y wote wele to sore  
As doth an hawk þat listith for to pley  
But to þi help yet sumwhat can y sey 672

(97)

And of o thing right sikir mayst þow be [leaf 10, back] 673  
That certeyn for to deyen in the peyne  
That y shal neuermore discouere the  
Ne be my troupe y kepe not restreyne 676  
The from thy love þogh it were Eleyne  
þat is þy broþeris wyf þogh þat y wist  
Be what she be and love her as þe lyst 679

(98)

Therfor as frend fully y me assure 680  
And tel me plat what is thencheson  
And final cause of wo þat þow endure  
ffor doutith no thing myn intencion 683  
Nis not to yow of reprehencion  
To speke now seth no wight may byreve  
A man to love til that hym lest byleve 686

## (99)

And wytith wele that both to be vices 687  
 Mistrowyn aȝ or ellis al to leve  
 But wele y wote the mene no vice is  
 ffor to trust sum wight is a preve 690  
 Of troupe & for þi wold y fayn remeve  
 Thy wrangr conceyte & do þe sum wight trist  
 Thy wo to tel to me if the lyst 693

## (100)

The wise seith wo is hym þat is alone 694  
 ffor and he fal he hath non help to rise  
 And seth þou hast a felaw tel þi mone  
 ffor this certein is not þe next wise 697  
 To wynnyn love as techyn vs þe wyse  
 To walwe and wepe as dede Neobe þe qwene  
 whos teris yet in þe marble bene ysene 700

## (II. 13)

97 "Leave thine anguish, leave sighing,  
 98 And by speaking mitigate the pain :  
 99 Thus doing, the pangs pass off.

## (101)

Let be þi wepyng & þi dreriness 701  
 And lete vs lessyn wo wiþ oþer speche  
 So may þi woful tyme seme lesse  
 Delite not in wo thy wo to seche 704  
 As done þes folis that sorow seche  
 with sorow whan they have misauenture  
 And list not to seche hem oþir cure 707

## (102)

100 "And the burning also diminishes much  
 101 When he that is a lover  
 102 Sees companions to himself in the like desires."

Men seyn to wrecche is consolaciō 708  
 To have a noþer felaw in his payne  
 That oȝlit be wele our opyniō  
 ffor boþe þow and I of love we pleyn 711  
 So ful of sorow am y þe soþe to seyn  
 That certeynly no more hard grace  
 May sit on me for why þer is no space 714



## (103)

A god wil þou art not agast of me	715
lest y wold þe of þi lady begile	
Thow wost þi self whom þat y love parde	
As y best can seth gone long while	718
And seth þow wost y do it for no wyle	
And seyst y am he þow tristist most	
Tel me sum what seth þat my wo þou wost	721

## (II. 15)

121 Troilus remained for awhile in suspense.

[He confesses that the lady he loves is a relative of Pandarus. Shamefaced and overcome, he falls back on the bed, hiding his countenance.]

## (104)

ȝet Troylus for al þis no word seyð	722
But long he lay stil as he dede were	
And aftir þis with sighyng he vpbrayd	
And to Pandaris vois he bent his ere	725
And vp his eyen cast he þat in fere	
was Pandarus lest þat in frenesie	
he shold falle or ellis sone die	728

## (105)

And cried a-wake ful wondurly & sharpe	729
what slumbrist þow as yn a litargie	
Or arte þow lyk an asse vn to an harpe	
That herith soun whan men on strengis pley	732
But in his mynd of þat no melody	
May synkyn in to gladyn for þat he	
So dul is in his bestialite	735

## (106)

And with þis Pandare of his woordis stynt	736
And Troylus no thing ȝet hym answerd	
ffor why to tellyn was not his entent	
To no man for why þat he so ferd	739
ffor hit is seyð men makyn oft a yerd	
with which þe maker is hym self ybetyn	
In sundry maner as þes wise men tretyn	742

## (107)

And namely in his counceil tellyng<sup>1</sup> [leaf 11, back] 743  
 That touchith love þat oght to be secre  
 ffor of hym self it wole y now out spring<sup>1</sup>  
 But if hit þe bet gouernyd be 746  
 Eke it is craft some tyme to seme sle<sup>1</sup> [1. See]  
 ffor thy with<sup>2</sup> yn effect men huntith fast [2. fro thyng which]  
 Al this in hert gan Troylus cast. 749

## (108)

But natheles whan he had herd hym crie 750  
 Awake he gan sighyn wondur sore  
 And seyð frend þogh þat y stil lye  
 I am not defe now pees & crye no more 753  
 ffor y have herd þi wordis & thi lore  
 But lete me myn infortune waylyn  
 ffor thy prouerbis may not me avaylyn 756

## (109)

Ne othir cure canst þow for me 757  
 Eke y nel be curyd y wol dye  
 what know y of þe qwene Neobe  
 let be þin old ensaumpis y þe prey 760  
 Nay quod Pandare therfor y sey  
 Such is delite of folis to be-wepe  
 Her wo but seche bote þei ne kepe 763

## (110)

Now know y that reson in the faillith 764  
 But telle me if y wist what she were  
 ffor whom þat al þis mysaventure aylith  
 Trist þow þat y told it in her ere 767  
 Thy wo seth þow darst not þi self for fere  
 And her hysoght on þe to have somme roupe  
 why nay quod he by god & by my troupe 770

## (111)

What not as bysily *quod* Pandarus 771  
 As þogh myn owne lyf lay on þis nede  
 why no *parde* sir *quod* Troylus  
 And why for þat þow sholdist neuere spede 774  
 wost þow þat wel / þe þat is out of drede  
*Quod* Troylus for al þat euere ye conne  
 She wole to no such wrecch as y be won 777

## (112)

*Quod* Pandarus alas what may þis be [leaf 12] 778  
 That þow despayrid art thus causeles  
 what liueth not þi lady benedicite  
 how wost þow so þat þow art graceles 781  
 Such evil is not al wey boteles  
 why put not þus impossible thi cure  
 Such thing to come is oft in auenture 784

## (113)

I graunt wele þat þow endurist wo 785  
 As sharp as doth the Siciphus in helle  
 whos stomake foulis tyrin euermo  
 That hightyn vulturus as bokis telle 788  
 But y may not endure that þow duelle  
 In so vuskilful an opinioun  
 That of þi wo is no curacioun 791

## (114)

But ones nelt þow for þi coward hert 792  
 And for thin yre and folisshe wilfulnes  
 And wantrowist to telle of þi sorowis smert  
 Ne to thyn owne help do bysines 795  
 As mych as speke o word more or lesse  
 But lyst as he that lyst of no þing recche  
 what woman could love such a wrecche 798

## (115)

What may she demyn oper of thi dethe	799
If þow thus dy and she note whi it is	
But þat for fere is yoldyn vp thi brethe	
ffor grekis have bysegid vs y-wis	802
lord such a thong þan þou shalt have for þis	
þus shul we seyn and al þe toun at onis	
The wrecche is dede the devil have his bonis	805

## (116)

þou mayst alone here wepe knele & cry	806
But love a woman that she wote it noght	
And she wole qwyte hit þat þou shalt not fele	
vnknow vnkyst & lost þat is vnsoght	809
what meny a man hath love ful dere a-boght	
Twenty wyntir þat his lady wist	
þat neuer yet his lady mouth he kyst	812

## (117)

What shold he þerfor hym self dispeire	[leaf 12, back] 813
Or be recreaunt of his owne tene	
Or sle hym self albe his lady feire	
Nay nay but enere in one be fresshe & grene	816
To serve and loue his dere hertis qwene	
And thenk it is a guerdon her to serve	
A Mf fold more þan he can deserue	819

## (118)

And of that word toke heed Troylus	820
And þoght a-none what foly he was yn	
And how that sothe hym seyde Pandarus	
þat for to sle hym self myght he not wyn	823
But done vnmanhode and syn	
And of his dethe his lady not to wyte	
ffor of his wo god wote she knew but lyte	826

## (119)

And with þat þoȝht he gan ful sore to aike	827
And seyð alas what is me best to do	
To whom Pandare answerd if the like	
The best is þat þow telle me thi woo	830
And haue my troupe but if þow fynd it so	
I be thi bote or þat it be ful long	
To pecis do me drawe & sethyn hong	833

## (120)

Ye so seist þow quod Troylus þo alas	834
But god wote it is not þe rathir so	
fful hard were it to helpyn in þis cas	
ffor wele fynd y þat fortune is my fo	837
Ne al the men that ride kun or go	
May of her cruel wil þe harme withstond	
ffor as her lyst she pleyth wiþ fre & bond	840

## (121)

Quod Pandarus þan blamyst þou fortune	841
ffor þow art wrothe now at þe ferst y se	
wost þou not wele that fortune is comune	
To euery manere wight in some degre	844
And þow hast discomfort lo parde	
That is her ioyes motyn ouergone	
So mote her sorowes passyn euerichone	847

## (122)

For if her whele stynt eny þing to turne	[leaf 12] 848
That sesid fortune for to be	
Now such wele by no wey may soiourne	
what wost þow if her mutabylyte	851
Right as thy self lest wil do by the	
Or þat she be not fer fro thy helpyng	
Þerauntur þow hast cause for to syng	854

<sup>1</sup> (l. 168) "Valore"—which might with equal verbal accuracy be translated "worth" or "valour." I think "high spirit" expresses the general conception fairly; but it is not always, in such cases, easy to decide.

## (II. 16)

127 "If she whom thou lovest were my sister,  
128 Thou shalt, to my ability, have thy pleasure of her.

## (II. 17)

129 "Rise up: tell me—tell who is this:  
130 Tell it me fast, so that I may see a way  
131 To thy comforting."

[II. 17. 'Is the lady an inmate of my own house? If she is the one I am thinking of, I suspect you will be consoled within a week.' Troilus still remains bowed down with shame, but at last prepares to speak. He says that love has no regard of persons: it has even been seen that brothers have loved their sisters—sisters their brothers—daughters their fathers—daughters-in-law their fathers-in-law—stepmothers their stepsons.]

## (II. 20)

157 "Love—and this grieves me much—  
158 Has possessed me for thy cousin,  
159 I say for Chryseis." And, having said this,  
160 Weeping he fell prostrate on the bed.

## (II. 21)

161 When Pandarus heard her named,  
162 He said thus laughing: "My friend,  
163 I pray thee by God, be not disconsolate.  
164 Love has there bestowed thy desire  
165 Than where he could not have allotted it better:  
166 For she in truth is worth it, if I  
167 Understand character, or greatness  
168 Of soul, or high spirit,<sup>1</sup> or beauty.

## (123)

And perfor wost þou what y the bysecho 855  
lete be þi woo & turnyng<sup>1</sup> to þe ground  
ffor who so lyst have helyng<sup>1</sup> of his leche  
To hym byhouith ferst vnwry his wound 858  
To Cerberus yn heñ ay be y bound  
wer it my sustir for wham þou makist þis sorow  
By my wil she shold be þin to morow 861

## (124)

Loke vp y sey telle me what she is 862  
Anone þat y may go about thy nede  
Know y oght her for my love teñ me þis  
Than wold y hope þe rathir for to spede 865  
Than gan þe vayne of troylus to blede  
ffor he was hit & wax al rede for shame  
A ha quod Pandare here bygiunith a game 868

## (125)

And with þat word he gan hym for to shake 869  
And seid thef þow shalt her name telle  
But þo gan sely Troylus for to quake  
And þogh men shold have led hym to helle 872  
And seyð alas of al my wo the wellle  
Than is my swete fo callyd Cryseyd  
And wel ny with þe word for fere he deyð 875

## (126)

And whan þat Pandare herd her name neuene 876  
Tho was he glad and seyð frend so dere  
Now fare a right for Iouis name in hevene  
love hath byset þe wele be of good chere 879  
ffor of good name wysdom & manere  
She hath y-now and eke of gentilnesse  
If she be fair þou wost þi self y gesse 882

## (II. 22)

169 "No woman was ever more high-spirited,<sup>1</sup>  
 170 None was more cheerful and better-spoken,  
 171 None more attractive nor more gracious,  
 172 None of greater soul, among as many  
 173 As ever lived: nor is there any so lofty a thing  
 174 That she would not undertake as far forth  
 175 As any king.

[II., st. 23, l. 1. "One only thing, beyond the aforesaid, has my cousin, that may be somewhat contrary to thee: she is the correctest of women [*più che altra donna onesta*], and the one who most looks down upon love. But, if this is our only obstacle, believe me, I, with my sugared words [*parollette*], will so deal with it as to content thee.]

<sup>1</sup> "Valorous;" I do not think it at all indicates "bounteous" of her estate," as rendered by Chaucer.

## (127)

Ne y neuere saw a more bounteuouse [leaf 12, back] 883  
 Of her astate ne glader of speche  
 A frendlier ne a more graciouslye  
 ffor to do wele ne lasse had nede to seche 886  
 what for to done and al this bet to eche  
 In honour to asfere as she may strecche  
 A kyngis hert semith by her a wrecche 889

## (128)

And for þi luke of good comfort þow be 890  
 ffor certainly the ferst poynt is this  
 Of noble corage and wele ordeyne  
 A man to have pees wiþ hym self y-wis 893  
 So oghtist thow for good it is  
 To love wele and in worthy place  
 The oght not to clepe hit hap but grace 896

## (129)

And also thenk' and þerwiþ glade the 897  
 That seth þi lady vertuous is al  
 So folowith hit þat þer is some pite  
 Almong al the oþer vertus in special 900  
 And for-thy se þat þow in special  
 Requere not þat is a-ȝens her name  
 ffor vertu strecchith not hym self to shame 903

## (130)

Bvt wele is me þat euere y was born 904  
 That þow byset art in so good a place  
 ffor be my trouthe in love y durst have sworn  
 The shold neuer betyd so fair a grace 907  
 And wost þow why for þou were wont to chace  
 At love in scorne & for despyt hym calle  
 Seynt Idiote lord of þes folis alle 910

## (131)

How oft hast þou made þi nice iapis	911
And seyð þat loves <i>seruauntis euerychon</i>	
Of nycete be verrey goddis apys	
And some wold monche her brede alon	914
lying in bed and make hem for to grone	
And some þow seydist had a blaunch feuere	
And praydist god he shold neuere keuere	917

## (132)

And some of hem toke on hem for the cold	[leaf 14] 918
More þan y-now so seydist þou ful oft	
And some have feynid oft tyme & told	
how þei wake whan her love slepe soft	921
And þus þei have broght hem self a loft	
And napeles were vndur at the last	
Thus seydist þow and ympedist ful fast	924

## (133)

þet seydist þou that for the more part	925
Thes faytours wold speche in generall	
And þoghtyn þat it was a sikir art	
ffor faillyng for cesyng ouer al	928
Now may y iape of þe if þat y shal	
But natheles if that y shold dye	
þat now þou art none of þo y durst sey	931

## (134)

Now bete þi brest & sey to god of love	932
Thi grace lord for now y me repent	
If y mispak for y my self y love	
Thus sey wiþ al þin hert in good entent	935
<i>Quod Troylus</i> a lord y me consent	
An pray to þe my iapis to foryeve	
And y shal euermore whil þat y lyve	938



## (135)

Thow seist wele quod Pandare & now y hope	939
That þou the goddis wrothe hast al apesid	
And seth þou hast wept meny a drope	
And seid such þing wiþ which þi god is plesid	942
Now wold god neuere but þow were esyd	
& þenk wel she of whom rist al thy wo	
here aftir may thy comfort be also	945

## (136)

For thilk ground þat berith þe wedis wyk	946
Berith eke þes holsom herbis & ful oft	
Next þe foul nettle roghe and thik	
The lilie wexith white smothe & soft	949
And next þe valey is the hil a loft	
And next the derk night þe glad morow	
And also ioy is next þe fine of sorow	952

## (137)

Now loke þat þou attempre be thy bridih	[leaf 14, back] 953
And for the best ay suffre to the tyde	
Or ellis alle our labour is on ydih	
he hastith wele þat wisely can abyde	956
Be diligent & trew and alwey hide	
Be lusty fre perseuere in thy servise	
And al is wele if þow work on þis wise	959

## (138)

But he þat partyd is in euery place	960
Is nowher hool as writyn clerkys wyse	
What wondir is þogh such on have no grace	
Eke wost þou how it farith of love servise	963
As plante a tre or herbe in sundry wise	
And on þe morow pul it up as blyve	
No wondir is þogh it may neuere thrive	966

## (II. 24)

185 "Thou mayst well see therefore that Love has set thee  
 186 In a place worthy of thy desert :  
 187 Then stand fast in the deed proposed,  
 188 And have good hope of thy well-being,—  
 189 Which I think will soon ensue,  
 190 If thou with thy plaints refuse it not :  
 192 And I will employ herein all my wits.

[II., st. 24, l. 7. "'Thou art worthy of her, and she of thee.

## (II. 27)

209 "I think for certain that every woman, in wish,  
 210 Lives amorous.

II., st. 25. "'Suppose not, Troilus, that I do not clearly see that such amours are unbecoming to a lady of character; or that I am blind to what will be the result to myself, and to her and hers, if such a thing ever reaches the mouth of the vulgar; a thing which, through our folly, has become opprobrious, whereas it used to be true honour, being done for love. But, seeing that desire is impeded

[turn to p. 37, at top]

## (II. 28)

219 "I can give the like comfort to both ;  
 218 I can please her, and both of you ;  
 217 Perceiving thee wise and discreet,  
 220 [And] since you will both have to keep it secret,  
 221 And it will be as though it were not."

## (139)

And seth god of love hath þe bystowid 967  
 In place digne vn to thy worthines  
 Stond fast for to good port þou hast rowyd  
 And of thy self for eny hevines 970  
 hope alwey wele for but if drerines  
 Or ouer hast our bothe labour shend  
 I hope of this to make a right good ende 973

## (140)

And wost þou why y am lasse aferid 974  
 Of þis matere with my nece to trete  
 For þis have y herd sey of old lerid  
 was neuere man ne woman yet bygete 977  
 þat was vnapt to suffre lovis hete  
 Celestial or ellis love of kynd  
 For þi some grace in her y hope to fynd 980

## (141)

And for to speke of her in speciall 981  
 her bewte to bythenkyn & her þouthes  
 hit sit her not to be celestiaht  
 As ȝet/ þogh her bothe lest and couthe 984  
 But Troilus hit sat her wel right nouþe  
 A worthy knyght to love and cherice  
 And but she do y hold her but a vice 987

## (142)

Therefor y am & wole al day be redy [leaf 18] 988  
 To payne me to do ȝow þis servise  
 For þowe ȝow to plesse this hope y  
 her-aftirwardis for ye be bothe wyse 991  
 And kun it counceil kepe in such wyse  
 þat no man þerof shal the wyser be  
 And so we may be gladyd al thre 994

[*continuation of II, st. 25, on p. 36*]

in action, and every like is not known,<sup>1</sup> I think it may be laid down that every lover is entitled to follow his lofty longing, if only he be prudent in deed and seeming—without any shame to those whose shame and honour are their own affairs.]

[II., st. 27, l. 2. “‘Nothing but fear of shame restrains any woman; and, if full medicine can without loss of credit be given to such a malady, foolish is she who does not discard the fear, and I think the pain can't hurt her much. My cousin is a widow, and she desires; and, were she to deny it, I would not believe her.’”]

<sup>1</sup> “Ma, perciocchè 'l disio s'è impedito  
All' operare, e tutto simigliante  
Non conosciuto.”

I am not clear as to the meaning of these lines, or the drift of the argument of Pandarus. I rather understand him to mean: “True love ought not to be thwarted, and congenial souls ought not to be kept apart.” An early instance of the philosophy of “Wahlverwandschaften.”

(II. 29)

225 Troilus hearkened to Pandarus, so contented  
226 In his mind that he seemed to himself  
227 Already well-nigh out of all his torment,  
228 And was the more re-kindled in his love.

[II., st. 29, l. 6-8. Troilus said: “‘I believe what thou sayst of her; but in my eyes the attempt seems too great.’”]

<sup>2</sup> “Ma troppo ne par più agli occhi miei.” Possibly the real meaning is, “But *she* is thereby all the more lofty, in my eyes.”

(II. 30)

233 “Yet how shall the fire wane  
234 Which I bear within?”

[II., st. 30, l. 2-3. “‘I never saw that she was conscious of my love.’”]

237-8 “Through timidity with thee, she will condemn this  
236 She will not believe it if thou sayest it. [passion:]

[“‘And, even if she had it in her heart, yet, to seem chaste in thine eyes,’”]

240 “She will not listen to thee.”

(143)

And by my troupe y have right now of the 995  
A good conseyt in my wit as y gesse  
And what it is y wil now pat þow se  
And thenk seth love of his goodnes 998  
hath þe conuertid out of wykkydnes  
That þou shalt be the best post yleue  
Of al his lay & most his foos greve 1001

(144)

Ensampler se now why þes grete clerkys 1002  
That are althermost a-yens the lawe  
And be conuertid from her wikkid werkis  
Thurgh grace of god pat lest hem to hym drawe 1005  
They are the folk that have most god in awe  
And strengest feithid be y vndirstond  
And kun an errour alþermost withstond 1008

(145)

Whan Troillus had herd Pandare assentyd 1009  
To be his help in lovyng of Cryseyd  
He wax of his wo as who seiþ vnturmentid  
But hatter wax his love & þan he seyde 1012  
With sobre chere al þogh his hert pleyde  
Now blisful Venus now help or þat y sterve  
Of þe Pandare y mow some þonk deserve 1015

(146)

Bvt dere frend how shal my wo be lesse 1016  
Tul þis be done & eke now telle me this  
how wilt þow seyn of me & my distresse  
lest she be wroth þis drede y most ywys 1019  
Or nel not here or trow how it is  
Al þis drede y and eke for the manere  
Of þe her eem she nel no such þing here 1022

## (II. 32)

259 "Leave me to act."

## (II. 31)

241 "And, besides this, Pandarus, I should not wish  
242 Thee to fancy that I desire  
243 From such a lady any dishonour."<sup>1</sup>

[II., st. 31, l. 4. "But I should only wish that she might be pleased to let me love her: this would be to me a sovereign grace, could I attain it. Ask for this, and more I solicit not of thee."]

## (II. 32)

249 To whom answered Pandarus laughing.

[II., st. 32, l. 3. 'I am an adept in love-affairs, and have managed more difficult things in my time.']

255 "This labour shall all be mine,

256 And I will have the sweet end of it be thine."

## (II. 33)

257 Troilus lightly threw himself to the floor  
258 From the bed, embracing and kissing him;  
259 Swearing afterwards that to conquer the Grecian war  
260 In triumph would be nothing to him.

<sup>1</sup> "*Alcuna villania*", as in Chaucer.

## (147)

*Quod* Pandarus þou hast ful grete care [leaf 15, back] 1023  
lest the cherl may fal out of the mone  
Why lord y hate of the þi nice fare  
why entremetist of þat þou hast not to done 1026  
For goddis love y bid þe a bone  
let me alone it shal be for þe best  
wel frend *quod* he þan do right as þe lest 1029

## (148)

But herk Pandare a word for y nold 1030  
That þow in me wendist so grete folý  
That þow my lady desiryn shold  
That towchid harm or vilany 1033  
For dredles me were lever to dy  
Than she of me oght ellis vndirstode  
But þat þat myght sownyn in to good 1036

## (149)

Tho logh Pandare and anon answerd 1037  
And y þi borow fy no wight doth but so  
I roght not þogh þat she stode and herd  
how þat þow seyst but fare wel y wil go 1040  
A deu. be glad god spede vs boþe to  
Yef me this labour and this bysines  
And of my spede be thin al the swetnes 1043

## (150)

þo Troillus gan doun on knees to falle 1044  
And Pandare in his armes hent fast  
And seyð now fy on the grekis alle  
Yet parde god shal euere help at last 1047  
And dredles if þat my lif may last  
And god to fore some of hem shal smert  
& ȝet me athinkiþ þis augunt me stert 1050

262 " My Pandarus, I commend me to thee :  
 263 Thou wise, thou friendly—thou knowest all  
 264 That is needed to put an end to my sorrow."

## (II. 34)

265 Pandarus, anxious to serve  
 266 The young man, whom he greatly loved,  
 267 Leaving him to go where he would,  
 [II. 34, 35. Goes to Chryseis, takes her aside, and be-  
 gins with all sorts of pleasant and cousinly talk.]

## (151)

Now Pandare y can no more sey 1051  
 þow wost / þou canst / þou mayst / þou art al  
 My lyf my deth hole in thy hand y ley  
 help now *quod* he yes be my trouþ y shal 1054  
 God ȝeld þe frend and þis in special  
*Quod* Troylus that thou me recomaunde  
 To her þat may me to deþe comaunde 1057

## (152)

This Pandarus tho desirous to serve [leaf 16] 1058  
 his ful frend þo seyð in this manere  
 Fare wele and þenk' y wil þi thonk deserve  
 have here my troupe & þou shalt wel here 1061  
 And went his wey thenkyng on þis matere  
 & how he best might her byseche of grace  
 And fynd a tyme ther to and a space 1064

## (153)

For euery wight þat hath an hows to found 1065  
 Ne rennip not the wrik' to bygyn  
 with rakyl hond but he wole byde a stound  
 And send his hertis lyne out fro wip yn 1068  
 Alþerferst his purpos for to wyn  
 As þis Pandare in his hert thoght  
 Ded cast his work wisely or he wroght 1071

## (154)

Bvt Troylus lay þo no lenger douñ 1072  
 But vp a-non vp on his stede bay  
 And in þe feld he pleyed þe lyon  
 wo was þe greke þat met with hym þat day 1075  
 And in þe toun his name sprong for ay  
 So goodly was & gat hym so mych grace  
 þat eche wight hym lovid þat lokyd in his face 1078

(155)

For he bycome the frendliest wight	1079
The gentillest and eke the moost fre	
The trustiest and on the best knyght	
That in his tyme was or myght be	1082
Dede ware his iapis and his cruelte	
His hy port & his maner straunge	
And eche of þo gan for a vertu chaunge	1085

(156)

Now lete vs stint of Troylus a stound	1086
þat farith lik a man þat hurt is sore	
And is sumdel of akyng of his wound	
Ilyssid wel but helid no dele more	1089
And as an esy pacient. the lore :	
Abit of hym þat goth about his cure	
And þus he driueth forth his auenture	1092

[*End of Book I.*]

BOOK II.

[*Harl. MS. 3943, leaf 16, back.*]

(1) [*Proem.*]

Owte of þes blake wawis for to sayle 1  
O wynd wynd the wedir gynnith clere  
For in this see the boot hath such trauaile  
Of my comyng þat vnneþe zet y stere 4  
This see clepe y þis tempestuos matere .  
Of dispair þat Troylus was yn  
But now of hope þe kalendis bygyn 7

(2) [*Invocation.*]

O lady myn that callid art Clio	8
Thow be my spede herafter in my muse	
To ryme wele þis book tul y have do	
Ne nedith here non art for to vse	11
For why to euery lover y me excuse	
That of no sentymetre y this endite	
But of latyn in my tung it write	14

(3)

Wherfor y nel neiþer have þonk' ne blame	15
Of al þis work' but pray yow þus mekely	
disblameth me if' eny word be lame	
For as myn auter seith so sey I	18
Eke if y spak of love vnfelingly	
Ne wondriþ not for no þing of new is	
A blynd man can not iuggyn wele in hewis	21

## (4)

3e know wel þis in fourme of speche is chaunge 22  
 With-yn a thowsand ȝeer and wordis tho  
 That haddyn pris now wondur nyce & straunge  
 vs þinkith hem and ȝet þei spak hem so 25  
 And did aswell in love as men now do  
 Eke for to wynnyn love in sundry ages  
 In sundry londis sundry bene vsages 28

## (5)

Eke ther be scarce in þis place thre 29  
 þat have in love done or seyð lik in alle  
 For to thy purpos this may like the  
 & to me right noght yet al is done or shaft 32  
 Eke some graue in tre some in ston wal  
 Al it betyt but as y have begun  
 Myn autour shal y folwyn if y kun 35

## (6)

And forthy if hit happe in eny wyse [leaf 17] 36  
 That here be eny loue in this place  
 That herkenith as þe story wol devise  
 how Troylus cam to his lady grace 39  
 And þenkyth þus nold y not love purchace  
 Or wondrith of his speche or his doynge  
 I note me semith it no wondur thyng 42

## (7)

For euery wight þat to Rome went 43  
 holt not o patthe ne alwey o manere  
 And yn some lond were al þe game y-shent  
 If that men ferd wiþ love as men do here 46  
 As thus in opyn delyng and in chere  
 In visityng in fourme or seying her sawis  
 For þus men seyn eche cuntre haþ his lawis 49

[*End of the Proem.*]



[*The Story.*]

## (8)

In may þat modir is of al monþes glade	50
That al flouris fresshyn grene and rede	
Be qwyk' ayen þat wyntir dede made	
And ful of bawme is fletyng euery mede	53
Whan phebus doþe his right bemys sprede	
Right so <sup>1</sup> in the white Bulle <sup>1</sup> so it bytyd	[ <sup>1</sup> — <sup>1</sup> corrected]
As y shal syng on mayes day the thrid	56

## (9)

This Pandare for al his wyse speche	57
Felt eke his parte of lovis shottis kene	
That coud he neuere of love so wele preche	
hit made his hewe al day ful grene	60
So shope it þat fil hym þat day a tene	
In love for which ful wo to bed he went	
And made or hit were day ful meny a went	63

## (10)

The swallow Songe. with a sorowful lay	64
whan morow come gan make his waymenting'	
whi she forshapyn was and euere lay	
Pandare a bed half in slombryng'	67
Till she so ny [hym] made her chiteryng'	
how Thereus gan forth her sustir take	
That with þe noyse of her he gan awake	70

## (11)

And gan to calle & dressyn hym to rise	[leaf 17, back] 71
Remembring hym his ernde was to done	
From Troylus and eke his grete emprise	
An cast & knew in good plyte was the mone	74
To do viage and toke his wey ful sone	
vn-to his <u>necis</u> paleys þer by side	
Now Ianus god of entre þow hym gyde	77

Went off to where Chryseis lived. Bk. ii. 34. 4.

## (12)

Whan he was come to his necis place	78
Wher is my lady to her folk seyde he	
And þei hym told & he forþ yn gan pace	
And þere tway opir ladyes sate & she	81
With yn a pavid parlour and þei thre	
herd a maydyn rede hem al þe geest	
Of þe sege of thebes whil hem lest	84

## (13)

Ma dame quod Pandare god ȝow se	85
With al ȝour book and al þe company	
Ey vncle now welcome y-wis quod she	
And vp she roos and by þe hond in hy	88
She toke hym fast and þis night thry	
To good mote it turne of ȝow y mette	
And wiþ þat word she down on bench hym sette	91

## (14)

ȝe nece ȝe shul fare wele the bette	92
If God wole al þis ȝeer quod Pandarus	
But y am sory that y have ȝow lette	
To herkyn of ȝour book ȝe preysin thus	95
For goddis love what seiþ it tel it vs	
Is it of love some good ye may me lere	
vncle quod she ȝour maystresse is not here	98

## (15)

Sith þat þei ȝun laghe & þo she seyde	99
This romauns is of Thebes þat we rede	
And we have herd how þat kyng Layous deyde	
Thurgh Edippus his sone & al þat dede	102
And here we styntyn at þes lettres rede	
how þe bisshop as þe book gan telle	
Amphiorax fil þurgh þe ground of Heft	105

## (16)

<i>Quod</i> Pandarus al þis know y my selue	[leaf 18]	106
And al þe sege of thebes and the care		
For her-of þer be made bokys twelve		
But let be þis and telle me how ye fare		109
Do wey your barbe & shew your face bare		
Do wey your book rise vp let vs daunce		
And lete vs to to may some obseruaunce		112

## (17)

I god forbede <i>quod</i> she be 3e mad		113
Is þat a wydowis lyf so god 3ow save		
3e make me by Iovis sore a-drad		
3e be so wyld hit semith as 3e rave		116
hit sate me wel bet ay in a kave		
To byd and rede of holy seyntis lyvis		
lete maydenis go daunce & yong wyvis		119

## (18)

As euere thrive y <i>quod</i> Pandarus		120
3et coud y telle 3ow a thing to do 3ow pley		
Now vnclere dere <i>quod</i> she telt it vs		
For goddis love is þan þe sege away		123
I am of þe grekis ferd þat y dey		
Nay nay <i>quod</i> he as euere mote y thryve		
hit is a thing wel bet þan such fyve		126

## (19)

3e holy god <i>quod</i> she what þing is that		127
What bet þan such fyve y leve it not ywis		
For al þis world ne can y rede what		
Hit shold be some iape I trowe y-wis		130
And but 3our self telle vs what it is		
My wit is forcarid it al to leve		
As god me help y not what 3e meue		133

## (20)

And y <i>your</i> borow ne neuere shul for me	134
This þing be told to yow so mote y thrive	
And vncle why so why <i>quod</i> she	
By God <i>quod</i> he for þat wole y telle as blyve	137
For prudder woman is þer none on lyve	
And ȝe wist it in al þe toun of Troye	
I iape not so euere have y ioy	140

## (21)

þo gan she wondryn more þan byfor	[leaf 18, back] 141
A M' fold and down her eyen cast	
For neuere seth tyme þat she was bor	
To know a thing desirid she so fast	144
And with a sike she seyde at the last	
Now vncle myn y wole ȝow not displese	
To aske more þat may do yow disese	147

## (22)

So aftir þis with many wordis glade	148
And frendly talis and with mery chere	
Of this & þat þei pleyd & ȝun wade	
In meny vncoupe glad & depe matere	151
As frendis whan þei be met yfere	
Tul she gan ask' hym how þat Ector ferd	
That was þe tounys waif & grekis yerd	154

## (23)

Ful wele y thonk' god <i>quod</i> Pandarus	155
Save in his arme he hath a wound	
And eke his fressh brothir Troylus	
The wyse worthy Ector þe secound	158
In whom þat euery vertu lest abound	
In all troupe and all ientilnesse	
Wysdom honour fredom and worthines	161

## (24)

In good faith Eme quod she it likith me	162
They faryn wele god save hem bope two	
For truly y hold it grete deynte	
A kyngis sone in armys wele to do	165
And to be of good condicions perto	
For grete power & moral vertu here	
Is seldom seyn in o persone y-fere	168

## (25)

In good faip pat is soth quod Pandarus	169
But be myn heed pe kyng hap sonis twey	
That is to mene Ector and Troylus	
That certeynly pogh pat y shold dey	172
They be as voyd of vices dare y sey	
As eny man pat lyvith vndur pe sonne	
her myght is wyde know & what pe konne	175

## (26)

Of Ector nedith no ping to telle	[leaf 19] 176
In al pis world per nys a better knyght	
As he pat is of worthynes welle	
And he wel more vertu hath than myght	179
pis knowip meny a wyse & worthy knyght	
The same prys of Troylus y sey	
God help me so y note not such twey	182

## (27)

By god quod she of Ector pat is sothe	183
Of Troylus pe same ping trow y	
For dredles men telle pat he dothe	
In armys day by day so worthily	186
And berith hym here so gentilly	
To euery wight pat al pris hath he	
Of hem pat me were levest praysid be	189

## (28)

þe sey right wale quod Pandarus	190
For yesterday who so had wiþ hym bene	
Might haue wondrid vp on Troylus	
For neuere yet so þik a swarm of bene	193
Ne flyen as grekis fro hym ded flene	
And þurgh þe feld in euery wightis ere	
þer nas no cry but lo Troylus is here	196

## (29)

Now here now þere he huntyd hem so fast	197
This nas but grekys blood & Troylus	
Now hym he hurt & hym a doun he cast	
Ay wher he went hit was arayed þus	200
he was her deþe & sheld of lyf for vs	
þat as þat day þer durst none wiþstond	
Whil þat he held his bloody swerd in hond	203

## (30)

Ther-to he is þe frendliest man	204
Of so grete astate þat euere y saw in my lyve	
And wher hym lyst best felawship can	
To such as hym thinkiþ able to thrive	207
And with þat word þo Pandarus as blyve	
he toke his leve & seyde y wyl go hekke	
Nay blame have y quod she vnkil þenne	210

## (31)

What eylyth ȝow to be thus werysom	[leaf 19, back] 211
And namely of woman wil ȝe so	
Nay sittith doun by god y have to done	
Wiþ ȝow to of wysdom or ye go	214
And euery wight þat was about hem tho	
That herd þat gan ferre a wey to stond	
Whil þat þei two had þat hem lyst on hond	217

## (32)

Whan þat her tale was broȝt to þe ende 218  
 Of her astate and of her gouernaunce  
 Now quod Pandarus is it tyme y wende  
 But ȝet y sey a-rise and lete vs daunce 221  
 And castith yowr wydowis habit to myschaunce  
 What lyst yow þus your self to disfigure  
 Seth yow is tyd so glad an aventure 224

## (37)

1 "What does this mean?"

## (33)

A wele hypoghit for love of God quod she 225  
 Shal y now wytyn what ȝe mene of þis  
 Nay this thing askith leyser þan quod he  
 And me wold greve right sore y-wis 228  
 If y it told and ȝe it toke a-mys  
 ȝet were it bet my tung for to stille  
 Than sey a sothe þat were ayen ȝour wille 231

## (34)

For nece by þe goddesse minerve 232  
 And iubiter þat makip þe þundir ryng  
 And by þe blesful venus þat y serve  
 ȝe be the woman þat in þis world lyving 235  
 wipout paramour to my wytyng  
 þat y best love & lothest am to greve  
 & þat ȝe wite wel ȝour self y leve 238

## (35)

Iwys myn vncle quod she graunt mercy 239  
 ȝour frendshipe have y found euere yet  
 I am to no man holdyn trewly  
 So mych as yow & have so litil qwynt 242  
 And wip þe grace of god so ferforþ as myȝht  
 As in my gilt y shal neuere offende  
 And if y have or þis y with amende 245

(35)

- 7 And in her beautiful face  
8 He took to looking hard.

(36)

Bvt for þe love of god y 3ow byseche [leaf 20] 246  
As 3e be he þat y most love and trust  
let be to me your frend manere speche  
And sey to me 3our nece what yow lust 249  
¹And with that worde anone hir vncle hir kust¹  
And he seyð gladly leve nece dere [— rather later here]  
Take it for good þat y shal sey 3ow here 252

(37)

Wip þat she gan her eyen doun cast 253  
And Pandarus to cogh bygan a lyte  
And seyð nece alwey to þe last  
how so it be þat some men hem delite 256  
with sotil art or talis to endyte  
3et for al þat in her entencion  
her tale is al for some conclusion 259

(38)

And seth þe ende is euery talis strengthe 260  
An this mater is so behouely  
What shold y peynt or draw it on lengþe  
To 3ow þat be my frend so feithfully 263  
And wip þat word he gan right inwardly  
Byholdyn her and lokyn in her face  
And seyð on such a myrrour good grace 266

(39)

Than poghþ he þus if y my tale endyte 267  
Oghþ hard or make a processe eny while  
She shal no sauour have þerin but lyte  
And trow y wold her in my wil begyle 270  
For tendir wittis wenyn al be wyle  
Wher as þei can not pleylnly vndirstond  
þerfor her wit to servyn wil y fond 273



(36)

Chryseis, who sees him, smiling  
 Said : "Cousin, didst thou never see me,  
 That thou go'st thus scrutinizing me?"<sup>1</sup>  
 To whom replied Pandarus : "Thou well knowest  
 That I have seen thee, and intend to see thee.  
 'You look prettier than ever.'

'Every one has a chance in life, but not a second  
 chance. Do you take yours : it is for me, poor wretch, to  
 be moping.

<sup>1</sup> "Che tu mi vai così *mente tenendo* : " literally "fixing thy  
 mind," like Chaucer's "advise."

(37)

"Because thine is the best-fortuned  
 Face that ever woman had in this world.

'There is one who loves you.' Chryseis blushes, and  
 says : 'Don't make game of me. The man must have very  
 little to think about, and such a thing never occurred to me  
 since the day I was born.' *Pand.* :<sup>29</sup> 'Did you never perceive  
 the fact?' *Chrys.* : 'No; although indeed I do sometimes see

(40)

And lokyd on her on a-vysy wyse 274  
 And she was ware þat he byheld her so  
 And seyð lord so fast 3e me avise  
 What sey 3e me neuere er than tho 277  
 yes yes quod he & bet wole or y go  
 But by my trouthe y þoght not if 3e  
 Be fortunate for now men shul it se 280

(41)

For euery wyght some goodly aventure [leaf 20, back] 281  
 Sumtyme is happy if he can hit receyve  
 And if þat he wole take of hit no cure  
 Whan þat it comith but wilfully it weyve 284  
 No noþer cas þat fortune hym deceyve  
 But right his owne slouþe & wrecchidnes  
 And such a wight is to blame y gesse 287

(42)

Good auenture bele nece have ye 288  
 Ful lightly found & ye kun hit take  
 And for þe love of god & eke of me  
 Takip it anon lest auenture slake 291  
 What shold y lenger processe to yow make  
 Yewe me 3our honde for in þis world is none  
 If þat 3ow list a wight so wel bygone 294

(43)

And y speke of good entencioun 295  
 As y 3ow have told wele here byforn  
 And love as wele your honour & renoun  
 As creature in al þis world yborn 298  
 By all þe othis þat y have 3ow sworn  
 If 3e be wrope þerfor or wene y ly  
 Ne shal y neuere se 3ow eft with eye 301

a man prowling round the house. <sup>uq</sup> 'I have no idea who he is.' Pandarus divines that this cannot be Troilus. <sup>u1</sup> He tells her that the lover to whom he has been referring is far too illustrious a personage to be thus unrecognized, <sup>u2</sup> and eulogizes him on all sorts of grounds.

<sup>u3</sup> *Chrys.*: 'Are you in earnest? Who can have perfect pleasure of me unless he were my husband? Who is the man?' *Pand.*: 'No common man—Troilus.'

(46)

"He is indeed a citizen,  
And not of the lowest, and much my friend.

He lives in plaint, miserable and woebegone,  
So much does the splendour of thy visage burn him:  
And, that thou mayst know who loves thee so much,  
Troilus is he who so greatly desires thee.

(44)

Beth not a-gast ne qwakith not wherto 302  
Ne chaungeþ not for fere so þour hewe  
For hardily the worst of this is do  
And þogh my tale to þow be now as newe 305  
Yet trustiþ me þe shul me fynd trewe  
And were it þing me thinkith vnsittyng  
To þow wold y no such talis bryng 308

(45)

Now my good eem for goddis love y pray 309  
Quod she come of & telle me what it is  
For boþe y am a-gast what þe wol say  
And eke me longith to wytyn it ywis 312  
For wheþir it be for wele or be a-mys  
Sey on let me not in this fere dwelle  
So wol y do now herkenith how y telle 315

(46)

Now nece myn þe kyngis dere sone [line 21] 316  
The good wyse worthy fressh fre  
Which alwey to do wele is his wone  
The noble troylus so lovith the 319  
þat but þe help it hit wole his bane be  
lo here is al what shold y more sey  
Do what yow lyst make hym lyve or dey 322

(47)

Bvt if þe lete hym dy y wole sterue 323  
have here my troupe nece y wil not lyen  
As shold y wiþ this knyfe my throte kerve  
Wiþ þat the teris brest out at his eyen 326  
And seyð if þat þe do us boþe dyen  
þus giltles þan have þe fasshid fayre  
What wyn þe þogh we boþe apaire 329

## (48)

Alas he that is my lord so dere 330  
 þat trew man þat noble worþi knyght  
 That noght desirith but *your* lovely chere  
 I se him dey þere he goth vpright 333  
 And hastiþ hym wiþ al his ful might  
 To be slayn if his fortune assent  
 Alas þat god þou such a bewte sent 336

## (49)

If it so be þat ȝe so cruel be 337  
 þat of his dethe ȝe lyst not to recche  
 That is so trew and worthy as we se  
 No more þan of a iaper or a wrecche 340  
 If ȝe be such ȝowr beaute may not strecche  
 To make amendis of so crueþ a dede  
 Avisement is good ay byfor þe nede 343

## (50)

Wo worþe the fair gemme vertules 344  
 Wo worþ þat herbe also þat doþ no boot  
 Wo worth þat bewte also þat is rowtheles  
 Wo worth þat wight þat tret ech vndur foot 347  
 And ye þat be of bewte crop and rote  
 If þer-wiþ-al in yow be no routhe  
 þan is it harme ȝe lyvyn by my trouþe 350

## (51)

And also þenk wele þat it is no gaude [leaf 21, back] 351  
 For me were leuere that ȝe and y and he  
 Were hangid þan y shold be his bawde  
 As hy as men might on vs se 354  
 I am thyn Eme þe shame were to me  
 As wel as if y shold assent  
 þurgh myn abettyng þat he þin honour shent 357

## (52)

Now vndirstond for y ȝow not require	358
To bynd yow to hym by no byheste	
But only þat ȝe make hym better chere	
Than ȝe have do or this & more feste	361
So þat his lyf be sauid at the leste	
This is al & some & pleyndly our entent	
God help me so y neuere othir ment	364

## (53)

Lo this request is not but skyl y-wis	365
Ne dowt of reson parde þer is none	
I set þe worst lest ȝe dreddyn this	
Men wold wondur to se hym come & gone	368
Ther-a-yens answeye y thus anone	
That euery wight but he be fole of kynd	
Wole deme it love of frendship in his mynd	371

## (54)

What ho wil deme þogh he se a man	372
To temple go þat he þe ymagis etith	
Thenk eke how wele and bysily þat he can	
Gouerne hym self þat he no þing forȝetith	375
þat wher he comith he þank & pris hym getith	
And eke þerto he shal come here so seld	
What fors were it if al þe toun byheld	378

## (55)

Such love of frendis regniþ in al þis toun	379
And couere ȝow in þat mantel euermore	
And god so wis be my saluacioun	
As y have seyde your best is to do so	382
But good nece alwey to stint his wo	
lete your daunger sugryd bene a lyte	
þat of his dethe ȝe be no þing to wyte	385

(43)

- 3 "If thou become his, as he  
4 Has become thine.

(54)

- 7 "Lose no time : reflect that old age  
8 Or death will take away thy beauty."

(56)

Cryseyd which þat herd hym in þis wise [leaf 22] 386  
Thoght y shall fele what he menith ywis  
Now Eme quod she what wold ȝe devise  
What is your rede y shold done of þis 389  
That is wel seyð quod he certeyn best is  
þat ȝe hym love a-yen for his lovyng  
As love for love is skylful guerdonyng 392

(57)

þenk eke how elde wastip euery houre 393  
In eche of yow a partie of bewte  
And þerfor or age yow deuoure  
Go love for old þer wole no wight of þe 396  
Lete þis prouerbe a lore vn-to ȝow be  
To late y was ware quod bewte at last  
And eld dauntith daunger at þe last 399

(58)

"Chryseis then remained dumbfounded, looking at  
Pandarus ; and such she became as at dawn the air is  
discoloured."

The kyngis fole is wont to cryen lowd 400  
Whan þat hym þinkith a woman berip her hy  
So longe mote ye lyve and al prowð  
Til crowis feet be vox vndur your ey 403  
And send yow þan a mirrour in to pry  
In whiche ȝe may se ȝour face a morow  
I kepe þan wisshe yow no more sorow 406

(47)

- 4 And with difficulty she kept back the tears,  
5 Already come to her eyes to fall.

(48)

- 7 "What will others do, when *thou* dost try hard  
8 To make me follow the monarchy of Love?"

(59)

Wip þis he stint & cast a doun his hede 407  
And she bygan to wepe right anone  
And seyð alas for wo why ner y dede  
For of þis world þe faip is al a gone 410  
Alas what shold straunge folk to me done  
Whan he þat for my best frend y wend  
Ret me to love and shold it me defend 413

(48)

1 "I thought, Pandarus, if I  
Had ever fallen into such folly,  
That, if Troilus had ever come into my desire,  
Thou wouldst have beaten me—

5 Not to speak of reproving.

"Well I know that Troilus is great and valorous, and the greatest of ladies ought to be content with him. But, since my husband was taken from me, my liking was ever far from love; and still is my heart in pain of his dire death, and always will be while I shall be in life,—his departure recurring to my memory. And, were any one to have my love, certes I would give it to *him* [Troilus], if merely for fancying he would like it." "But (she continues) you know love is evanescent; leave me to my lot—it is my duty to continue chaste. He can find plenty of other women. Give him this reply, and do your best to keep up his spirits." Pandarus was somewhat nettled, and rose to go. But at last he said: "I have only given you the same advice that I would give to my sister, daughter, or wife if I had one; for Troilus is worth something much higher than your love, and is now brought to a dreadful

(60)

Alas y wold have trustyd doutles 414  
If y thurgh my disauenture  
had lovid oþer hym or Achilles  
Ector or eny othir creature 417  
3e nold han had no mercy ne mesure  
On me but alwey had me in reprefe  
This fals world alas ho shal it leve 420

(61)

What is þis al þe ioy & al þe fest [leaf 22, back] 421  
þat 3e of so made is þis my blisful cas  
Is þis þe verrey mede of 3our byhest  
Is this al þis peyntid proces alas 424  
Right for þis o lady myn pallas  
þou in þis dredful cas for me purvey  
For so astonyd am y that i dey 427

(62)

Wiþ þat she gan ful sorowfully to syke 428  
A may it be no bet quod Pandarus  
By god y shal no more come here 'is wyke  
And god to-forn þat am mistrowid þus 431  
I se wel þat 3e set lyte of vs  
Or of our deþe alas y woful wrecche  
Might he 3et lyve of me is not to recche 434

(63)

O cruel god o despitous Marte 435  
O furious ire of heft on 3ow I cry  
So lete me neuer out of þis hous departe  
If y ment harme or eny vilany 438  
But seth y se my lord mote nedis dye  
And y with hym here y me shrive & sey  
þat wikkydly 3e done us boþe to dey 441

pass. <sup>54</sup>He is most secret, faithful, and loyal, and you are his sole desire; and you, still young in widow's weeds, are permitted to love.' "Lose no time: reflect that old age or death will take away thy beauty." <sup>55</sup>'Alas!' said Chryseis, 'thou speakest true; thus do the years bear us onward little by little; and most people die ere completing the path marked out by the heavenly fire. But let us now leave the thought of this; and tell me whether I can still have solace and pastime in love, and [in what manner, &c.],' "49—56. (Here Boccaccio seems to make Chryseis give in rather readily to a very common-place reflection made by Pandarus as to the flitting of youth and beauty. Perhaps we are to understand that her previous resistance was not quite so doughty as in her words it appeared.)

## (64)

But seth it likiþ þow þat y be dede 442  
by neptunus þat god is of þe see  
Fro þis forþ shal y neuere etyn brede  
Til y myn own hert blode may se 445  
For certeyn y wil dey as sone as he  
& vp he start & forth his wey he raghit  
Til she ayen hym by þe lape caught 448

## (65)

Cryseyde þat welny starf for þat fere 449  
So as she was þe frelyest wight  
þat might be & herd eke wip her ere  
& saw þe sorowful earnest of þe knight 452  
And in his prayer eke saw non vnright  
And for the harme eke þat might fal more  
She gan to rewe & drede her wondur sore 455

## (66)

And þoghit þus vnhappis fallyn þik' [leaf 23] 456  
Al day for loue in such maner cas  
And men be cruel in hem self & wyk'  
And if þis man here sle hym self alas 459  
In my presence hit nel be no solas  
What men wold of yt deme y can not sey  
hit nedip me ful slely for to pley 462

## (67)

And wip a sorowful syke she seyð thrie 463  
A Lord me is bytid a sory chaunce  
For myn astate lith yn a iupardye  
And eke myn emys lyf in balaunce 466  
But natheles wip good gouernaunce  
I shal so done myn honour for to kepe  
And eke his lyf & stynt for to wepe 469

(68)

Of harmys two þe lasse is for to chese 470  
 Yet have y lever make hym good chere  
 In honour than myn emys lyf to lese  
 3e sey 3e me no thyng requere 473  
 No y-wis quod he myn own nece dere  
 Now wele quod she & y wole do my peyne  
 I shal my hert a-3ens my lyst constreyne 476

(69)

Bvt þat y nel not holdyn hym in hond 477  
 Ne love no man þat can no wight ne may  
 A3ens his wille but ellis wol y fond  
 Myn honour safe plese hym fro day to day 480  
 Ther-to nold y not ones have seyð nay  
 But þat y drede as yn my fantasy  
 But cesyd cause ay cecith malady 483

(70)

Bvt here y make a protestacion 484  
 That in þis proces if ye depper go  
 That certeynly for no saluacion  
 Of 3ow þogh ye starve bothe two 487  
 þogh al þe world on o day be my foo  
 Ne shal y neuere on hym have oþer rouþe  
 I graunt wele quod Pandare by my trouþe 490

(71)

Bvt may y trust wele to 3ow quod he [leaf 22, back] 491  
 That on þis thing þat 3e have hight me here  
 Ye wol it holdyn trewly to me  
 3e doutles quod she myn vncler dere 494  
 Ne þat shal y have cause in þis matere  
 to pleyne or after 3ow to preche  
 Why no parde what nedith more speche 497



(55)

6 "And tell me . . . .

7 . . . . . in what manner

8 Thou first found'st it out of Troilus."

Pandarus here gives a fictitious narrative of how Troilus implored Love to inspire some (unnamed) lady with pity of him. It would be all the more glory to Love to light his flame in a widow's breast.

(56)

1 Then Pandarus smiled, and answered :

2 "I will tell thee, as thou wouldst know it.

3 The other day, things being in a calm

4 Through the truce then made, a fancy took

5 Troilus that I with him through shady woods

6 Should go for pastime.

(56-57)

'We began talking of love. Then he sang to himself.  
I was not close by, but strained to overhear him.

And, as far as I can remember,

He plained to Love of his torment,

Saying : 'My lord'—

(72)

þo fillyn þei in other talis glade 498

Til at þe last o good eme quod she tho

For love of god þat vs bothe made

Tel me how first 3e wist of his wo 501

Wote none of it but 3e he seyde no

kan he wel speke of love y pray

Tel me for y þe betir shal me purway 504

(73)

þo Pandarus a litil gan to smyle 505

And seyde be my troupe y shal 3ow telle

This opir day not gone ful long while

Wip in þe paleys in a gardyn by a welle 508

[Line blank in MS.]

[caret]

So forth we spekyn of an ordinaunce

How we the grekys myghtyn disaunaunce 511

(74)

So aftir þat bygun we for to lepe 512

And cast wip our dartis to and fro

Til at þe last he seyde he wold slepe

And on the gras a-down he leyde him tho 515

And yn a fere gan rennyn to and fro

Til y herd as y walkyd alone

how he bygan ful sorowfully to grone 518

(75)

þo gan y stalk hym softly behynd 519

And sikirly the sothe for to seyn

As y gan clepe a-3en to my mynd

Right þus to love he gan hym to pleyn 522

he seyde lord have routhe vp-on my peyn

Al have y be rebel in myn entent

Now mea culpa lord y me repent 525

(61)

" And, having said this, sighing hard,  
He bowed his head, saying I know not what.

(76)

O god þat at thy disposicion	[leaf 24] 526
ledist forth thyn by iuste purviaunce	
Of euery wight my lowe confession	
Accepte in gre and send me penaunce	529
As likith the but from deseraunce	
þat may my gost al-vey departe fro þe	
Thow be my sheld for thy benigneite	532

(77)

For certis lord so sore hath she me woundid	533
That stood in blak wip lokyng of her eyen	
That to my hertis botme it is soundid	
Thurgh which y wote þat y must nedis dyen	536
þis is þe worst y dare me not bywryen	
And wele þe hattere bene þe gledis rede	
þat men hem wryen with assbyn pale as lede	539

(78)

Wip þat he smote his heed a-doun a-none	540
An gan to motre y note ner what trewly	
And y wip þat gan still a-vey to gone	
And lete þer-of as wist no þing had y	543
And come aȝen a-none & stode hym by	
And seyde a-wake ȝe slepyn al to long	
Hit semith not þat love doþ ȝow long	546

(79)

þat slepyn so þat no man may yow wake	547
Who sey euer or þis so dul a man	
ȝe frend quod he do ȝe ȝour hedis ake	
For love & lete me lyve as y can	550
But þogh he for wo was pale & wan	
Yet made he þo as freshe contaunce	
As þogh he shold have led þe newe daunce	553

(62)

"But no opportunity for this occurred to me  
Till to-day, when I found him all alone ;  
Entering his chamber, in doubt  
Whether he was there, he was on the bed ;  
And, seeing me, he turned aside.

(62)

6 Whereof I conceived some suspicion ;  
7 And, coming nearer, I found he was weeping  
8 Sore, and sorely he lamented.

(63)

"I comforted him the most I could ;  
And, with new art and wily device,  
I got out of his mouth what ailed him,  
First giving him my faith in pledge.

(63-64)

"This pity moved me, and for him I come  
To thee.  
What wilt thou do? Wilt thou remain unbending,  
And leave him—who has no care of himself  
Through loving thee—to come to so dire a death?

(80)

This passid forþ til now þis opir day 554  
hit fel þat y come rennyng a-lone  
In-to his chaumbre & fond how he lay  
Vp on his bed but man so sore grone 557  
Ne herd y neuere none & þat was his mone  
Ne wist y not for y was comyng'  
Al sodenly he left his compleynyng' 560

(81)

Of which y toke sumwhat suspencion [leaf 24, back] 561  
And ner y come & fond he wept sore  
And god so wys be my savacion  
As neuere of þing had y roupe more 564  
For neiþer wiþ engyn ne wiþ lore  
vnneþis might y fro þe depe hym kepyn  
þat ȝet fele y myn hert for him wepyn 567

(82)

And god wote neuere seth þat y was bōrn 568  
Was y so bysy no man to preche  
Ne neuere was to wight so depe sworn  
Or he me told ho myght be his leche 571  
But now to ȝow rehercyn al his speche  
Or al his woful woordis for to sowne  
Bid ȝe me not but ȝe wol se me swowne 574

(83)

Bvt for to save his lyf & ellis not 575  
And to none harme of ȝow þus [am] y dryvyn  
And for þe love of god þat vs hath wroght  
Such chere hym doþe þat he & y may lyvyn 578  
Now have y plat to ȝow my hert shryvyn  
And seth ȝe wyte þat myn entent is clene  
Take hede þer-of for y non evil mene 581

(43)

" Well is the gem set in the ring,  
 If thou art wise as thou art beautiful.  
 Nor was ever donzel  
 So well joined to any damsel  
 As thou with him, if thou be wise :  
 Blessed thou if thou but know it ! "

Chryseis : " ' God so make him joyful and healthy,  
 and me also, as pity for him has come on me through thy  
 talking. I am not cruel, as thou fanciest, nor bare of pity.'  
 And, stopping awhile, after a great sigh, being already  
 heartstruck, she pursued : ' Ah me ! I see whither thy  
 pitying wish draws thee : and I will do it, for satisfy thee  
 I must, and he is worthy of it. Be content if I look at him.  
 But, to avoid shame, and worse perchance, pray him to be  
 discreet, and to do what shall be no discredit to me, nor  
 yet to himself.' " Pandarus pledges himself to this.

(68)

1 Pandarus being gone, alone

2 Into her chamber went Chryseis fair ;

Within her heart revolving every least word  
 And statement <sup>1</sup> of Pandarus.

<sup>1</sup> " Novella "—item of *news*, narrated fact. Perhaps this word  
 was in Chaucer's mind, rather wrested from its true bearing, when,  
 in st. 87, he spoke of " the newe cas."

(84)

And right good thrift y pray to god have 3e 582  
 That have such on caght in-to 3our nette  
 And be 3e wys as 3e be fair to se  
 Wel in the ring is þan þe rubie sette 585  
 Ther wer neuere two so wele y-mette  
 Whan 3e be his al hole & he is 3oures  
 þat mighty god us graunt to se þo houris 588

(85)

Ther-of spak y not a ha quod she 589  
 As help me god 3e shende euery dele  
 A mercy dere nece a-none quod he  
 What so y spak y ment but wele 592  
 By mars þe god þat helmyd is of stele  
 Now be not wrope my blood my nece dere  
 Now wele quod she foryevyn be hit here 595

(86)

With þis he toke his leve & home is went [leaf 26] 596  
 3e lord she was glad and wel bygone  
 Cryseyde a-ros & neuere she stent  
 But streight to her chambre went a-non 599  
 And sate þere as stil as eny stone  
 And euery word gan vp & down to wynd  
 That he had seyð as it cam to her mynd 602

(87)

And wax sumdele astonyed in his poght 603  
 Right for þe newe cas but whan þat she  
 Was ful avisid þo fonde she right noght  
 Of perill why she oght a-ferd to be 606  
 For a man may love of possibilite  
 A woman so his hert may to-brest  
 And she not love a3en but if her lest 609

(88)

Bvt as she sat alone & boght thus	610
In þe skye roos a skarmishe al wip-out	
And men cried in þe strete tho Troylus	
hap right now put to flight þe grekis rout	613
Wip þat gan aȝ þe meyne for to shout	
A go we sene cast vp the latis wyde	
For þurgh þis strete he must to paleys ride	616

(89)

For oper wey is fro þe ȝatis none	617
Of Cardanus þer opyn is the cheyne	
Wip þat come he & al his folk anone	
An esy pas ridyng in routes tweyne	620
Right as hit happid sothe to seyne	
For which men sey may not destourblid be	
That shal betyde of necessite	623

(81)

And with all leisure  
Alone with Pandarus he went, to see the beauty  
Of Chryseis.

(90)

This Troylus sate vp on his bay stede	624
Al armyd save his heed richely	
And woundid was his hors & gan to blede	
On which he rood a pas ful softely	627
But such a knyghtly sight trewly	
As was on hym was not wip-out faile	
To loke on Mars þat god is of bataill	630

(91)

So lyke a man of armys & a knyght	[leaf 25, back]	631
he was to sene fulfild of hye þrowesse		
For bope he had body and myght		
To do þat thing as wel as hardynesse		634
And eke to se hym in his gere hym dresse		
So fresshe so yung so weldy semyd he		
hit was an hevyn on hym for to se		637

(82)

She stood at a window,  
And perhaps expected what happened :  
She did not show herself severe or harsh  
Towards Troilus, who was gazing on her ;  
But alway, along the right breast,  
Looked towards him modestly.

(82-83)

Troilus rendered thanks to Pandarus and to God.  
Chryseis, charmed with his air, no longer remained luke-  
warm or hesitating, but " desires him above all other bliss ;  
and much regrets her lost time, when she knew not of his  
love."

(84-88)

Troilus gets discreet glances at Chryseis ; she, equally  
discreet, " showed herself to him from time to time, lovely  
and cheerful." This could not last long without renewed  
pangs to Troilus. He often poured out his soul to Pan-  
darus, and invoked the absent Chryseis to have pity on  
him. " ' Oh were I but with thee one winter's night,<sup>1</sup> and  
then to stay a hundred and fifty in hell ! ' "

<sup>1</sup> " Winter's night " because (no doubt) the nights are long in  
that season.

(71-78)

" This man is handsome, noble, wise, and discreet,  
Who loves thee,—and fresher than a garden-lily ;  
Of royal blood and of highest valour.

(72)

6 " Hearest thou not the anguish of his plaint ? "

<sup>2</sup> This is a line from Dante's *Inferno*.

(92)

His helm to-hewyn was in xx places 638  
That by a tissewe hing his bak behind  
his sheld to-dasshyd was wip swerd & macis  
In which men might meny an arwe fynd 641  
That thrillid hath bope nerf and rynd  
And ay þe peple cried here comiþ our ioy  
And next his broþer holder vp of troy 644

(93)

For which he wax a litil rede for shame 645  
Whan he so herd þe peple on hym crien  
þat to byhold it was a noble game  
how sobrelly he cast a-doun his eyen 648  
Cryseyd anon gan al þe chere aspyen  
And lete it in her hert so softly synk  
þat to her self she seyde ho 3eviþ me drink 651

(94)

For of her owne þoght she wax al rede 652  
Remembring her right þus lo þis is he  
Which þat myn vncle swerith he mote be dede  
But y on hym have mercy or pite 655  
And for þat þoght pure ashamyd she  
Gan in her hede pul & þat as fast  
Whil he & al the peple for-by þast 658

(95)

And gan to cast & rolle it vp & doun 659  
Wip-in her þoght his excellent prowesse  
And his astate & also his renoun  
His wit his shap & eke his gentilnesse 662  
But most her pauour was for his distresse  
Was al for her & thoght it were routhe  
To sle such on if þat he ment but trouþe 665

## (96)

Now myght some envious ianglyn þus [leaf 26] 666  
 This was a sodeyn love how might þis be  
 That she so lightly lovyd Troylus  
 Right for the ferst sight parde 669  
 Now who þat seith so neuere mote he the  
 For euery þing a bygynnyng' hath nede  
 Or al be wroght wip-out eny drede 672

## (97)

For y sey not þat she so sodenly 673  
 Yaf hym her love but she bygan encline  
 To like hym þo & y have told þow why  
 And aftir þat his manhood & his pine 676  
 Made love wip-in her hert for to myne  
 For which by ~~proceesse~~ & by good servise  
 he wan her love & in no sodeyn wise 679

## (98)

And also blisful venus wel arayed 680  
 Sate in her vij. hous of hevyn þo  
 Disposyd wele & wip aspect payed  
 To help sely Troylus of his wo 683  
 And soth to sey she nas not his fo  
 To Troylus in his natiuyte  
 God wote þat wele þe sonner sped he 686

## (99)

Now lete vs stynt of Troylus a throw 687  
 That ridip forth and lete vs turne fast  
 vnto Cryseyd þat hing' her heed ful lowe  
 Ther as she sate alone and gan to cast 690  
 Wher-on she wold apoynt her at þe last  
 If it so were her eme nold sese  
 For Troylus vp on her for to prese 693

(100)

And lord so she gan in her hert argue 694  
 Of this matere of which y have now told  
 & what to do best were & what teschewe  
 That plytid she ful oft in meny fold 697  
 Now was her hert warm now was it cold  
 And what she poghȝt sumwhat y shal write  
 As to me myn autour lest for to endyte 700

(101)

She poghȝt first þat Troylus persone [leaf 26, back] 701  
 She knew by sight & eke his gentilnes  
 And seyde þus al were it not to done  
 To graunte hym love al for þe worthines 704  
 hit were honour wiþ pley & wiþ gladnes  
 In honeste with such a lord to dele  
 For myn astate & also for his hele 707

(72)

7 "Oh! how much bliss wilt thou yet have with him,  
 8 If thou love him as he loves thee!

(102)

Eke wele wote y my kingis sone is he 708  
 And seth he hath to se me such delite  
 If y wold vtterlich his sight fle  
 Paraventure he myght have me in dispite 711  
 Thurgh which y myght stond in wors plite  
 Now were y a fole me hate to purchace  
 Wiþ-out nede wher y may stond in grace 714

(103)

In euery þing y wote þer lith mesure 715  
 For thogh a man for drunkenesse  
 He had forbode þat euery creature  
 Be drinkles for al wey as y gesse 718  
 Eke seth y wote for me is his distresse  
 I oghȝt not for þat thing hym dispise  
 Seth hit is so he menith it in good wise 721



(104)

And eke y know of longe tyme agone	722
his thewys and þat he is not nyce	
Ne auauntour certenly he is none	
To wys is he to do so grete a vice	725
Ne as y nel neuere so hym cherice	
That he may make auaunt by iuste cause	
he shal me neuere bynd wiþ such a clause	728

(105)

Now set y a cas thus y-wys	729
Men myght demyn þat he lovip me	
What dishonour were it to me this	
May y hym lette why nay parde	732
I know also & alday here and se	
Men lovyn wymmen al þis toun about	
Be they þe wors nay wiþ-outyn dout	735

(106)

I thenk' eke how able he is to have	[leaf 27] 736
Of al this noble toun the thriftyest	
That woman is so she her honour save	
For out and out he is þe worthiest	739
Save only Ectour which þat is þe best	
& ȝet his lyf lith now in al my cure	
But such is love & eke myn auenture	742

(107)

Ne me to love a wondir is it noght	743
For wele wote y my self so god me spede	
As wold y þat no man wist of þis þoght	
I am one þe fayrest with-outyn drede	746
And goodliest ho so takith hede	
And so men seyn in al þe toun of troy	
What wondur is it þogh he on me have ioy.	749

(70)

3 "I know not yet in all this city  
 4 Any woman without a lover; and most people,  
 5 As I know and see, make love.

(70-71)

'I am losing my time and my youth: to do as others  
 do can be no sin.

(69)

"I am young, beautiful, charming, and gladsome.

2 "A widow, rich, noble, and beloved.

(69)

5 "If perchance honour forbids me this,  
I will be prudent, and will keep my liking so hidden  
That it shall not be known  
That I have ever held a lover in my heart.

(75)

And staying awhile she then turned  
To the opposite side, saying: "Unhappy,  
What wilt thou do?" &c.

(73-75)

'This is no time for marrying. Besides, it is better to  
keep one's liberty, and husbands are by no means so ardent  
as lovers. Stolen waters are sweet. "Then do thou  
heartily receive thy sweet lover, who has certainly been  
sent thee by God, and satisfy his hot desire.'" But next  
came a revulsion of feeling.

(108)

I am myn owne woman wele at ese 750  
I thonk' it god aftir myn astate  
Right yung & stond vntyd in lusty lese  
Wipout ielosity or eny such debate 753  
Shal none husbond sey to me chekmate  
For eiper þei be ful of ielosye  
Or maystreful or lovyn nouelry 756

(109)

What shal y do to what fyn lyve y þus 757  
Shal y not love in cas þat me lyst  
What parde y am not in religious  
& þogh þat y myn hert set at rest 760  
vpon þis knyght þat is the worthiest  
And kepe alwey myn honour & my name  
By al right y may do me no shame 763

(110)

Bvt right as whan þ' sunne shynith bright 764  
In marche þat chaungith oft tyme his face  
And þat a cloud þat put þe wynd to flight  
þe which ouersprad þe sonne as for a space 767  
A clowdy þoght gan þurgh her hert pace  
þat ouer-sprad her opir thoghtis aȝ  
So þat for fere almost she gan to faȝ 770

(111)

That þoght was þis alas seth y am free [leaf 27, back] 771  
Shold y now love & put in iupardy  
Mi sikirnes and thrallyn liberte  
Alas how durst y thenk þat foly 774  
I may wele in othir folk aspy  
her dredful ioy her constreynt & pleynt  
þer loviþ none wip-out boþe care & peyn 777

(75-78)

"Knowest thou not how dreadful  
A life is led languishing with love?"

'Love is full of sighing and jealousy. And then Troilus is too great a man for me, and will soon leave me forlorn. And the thing will be discovered, and I shall lose my reputation. Then let me leave such lovemaking to those who like it.' Next she began to sigh hard, "and could not expel from her chaste bosom the handsome face of Troilus."

(112)

For love is ȝet þe most stormy lyf 778  
Right of hym self þat euere was bygun  
For euere some mystrust or nice strif  
Ther is in love some cloudis in þat suzne 781  
þerto we wrecchyd wymmen ne kun  
Whan vs is wo but sit wepe & think'  
Oure wreche is our owne wo to drink' 784

(113)

Also þes wikkyd tungen be so prest 785  
To speke vs harm eke men be so vntrew  
þat right a-none [as] cesid is her lest  
So se[s]ith love & for to love a new 788  
But harme ydon is don who so it rew  
For þogh þes men for love hem self vnrende  
Ful sharp bygynnyng' brekith oft at ende 791

(114)

How oft tyme may men rede & se 792  
þe tresoun þat to wymmen hath be done  
To what is such love y can not se  
Or wher bycomiþ it whan it is gone 795  
þer is no wight þat wote y trow none  
Wher it bycomiþ lo no wight on it spurniþ  
þat arst was no thing in to no þing it turniþ 798

(115)

How bysy eke if y love y must be 799  
To plesyn hem þat ianglyn of loue & demen  
And koy hem þat thei sey non harme by me  
For þogh þer be no cause ȝet hem semyn 802  
Al be for harme þat folk her frendis quemyn  
And who may stoppe euery wikkid tung'  
Or soun of bellis whil þei ben y-rung' 805

(78)

7 { The first result always recurred,—  
 { Now censuring, now commending.

(116)

And after þat her þoght bygan to clere	[leaf 28]	806
And seyð ho that no thing vndirtakith		
No þing eschewiþ be hit leve or dere		
And wiþ a-noþer þoght her hert quakith		809
þan alepiþ hope & aftir drede awakith		
Now hote now cold but þus bytwix twey		
She rist her vp & went her for to pley		812

(117)

Adoun þe staire a-non right she went	813
Into a gardyn þere wiþ her necis thre	
And vp & doun þei madyn meny a went	
Flexipe & she tarke and Anteigne	816
To pley that it ioy was to se	
And oþer of her wymmen a grete route	
her folowdyn in þe gardyn al about	819

(118)

þis ȝerd was large & raylyd þe Aleyes	820
And shadowyd wele with bloomy bowis grene	
I-benchid new & sandid al þe weyes	
In which she walkiþ arme in arme bytwene	823
Til at þe last Anteigne the shene	
Gan on a troian lay to syngyn clere	
þat it an hevyn was for to here	826

(119) [*Anteigne's Song of Love.*]

She seyð love to whom y have & shaH	827
Be humble suget trew in myn entent	
As y can best lord ȝeve y aH	
For euermore myn hertis lyf to rent	830
For ȝet þi grace no wight sent	
So blisful cause as me my lyf to lede	
In al ioy and seurte out of drede	833

## (120)

þe blisful god have me so wele y-sette	834
In love y-wis þat al þat berith lyf	
Ymagine ne coupe how to be bet	
For lord wip-out ielousy or strif	837
I loue on which is moost ententif	
To servyn wele vnwery & vnfeynid	
þat euere was & lest wip harme distreynid	840

## (121)

As he þat is þe welle of worthinesse	[leaf 22, back] 841
Of trouthe ground mirroure of goodlyhede	
Of wit apollo ston of Sikernesse	
Of vertu rote fynder of lyst & hede	844
þurgh which is all sorow fro me dede	
Iwis y love hym best so doth he me	
Now good thrift have he wher so þat he be	847

## (122)

Whom shold y thonk but þow god of love	848
Of al þis blys which þat y bathe yn	
And þankyð be þow god for þat y love	
This is þe right lyf þat y am yn	851
To fleme al manere vice and synne	
This doth me so to vertu entende	
þat day by day y am in wil amende	854

## (123)

And who þat seith þat for to love is vice	855
Or thraldom þogh he fele in hit distresse	
he is opir envious or nyce	
Or is vnworthy for his shrewdenesse	858
To love for which manere folk y gesse	
Diffamyn love as þei of hym no þing know	
þei spekyn mych but þei bent neuere his bow	861

(124)

What is þe sunne wors of kynd right 862  
 Thogh þat a man for feblenes of eyen  
 May not endure to se on hit for bright  
 Or love þe wors þogh wrecches on hit crien 865  
 Now wele is he worth þat may no sorow drien  
 & for þi who þat hath an hede of verre  
 Fro caste of stonys ware hym in þe werre 868

(125)

Bvt y wip al myn hert & al my might 869  
 As y have wol love vn to my last  
 My dere hert and al myn owne knyght  
 In which myn hert is growyn so fast 872  
 And his in me þat it shal euere last  
 Ah dred y forst to love hym to bygynne  
 Now wote y wele þer is no peyn ther yn 875

[*End of Antaigne's Love-Song.*]

(126)

And of her song right with þat word she stynt [near 87] 876  
 And þerwith-ah now nece quod Cryseyde  
 Who made þis song wip so good entent  
 Antaigne answerid anone & seyde 879  
 Ma dame y-wis the goodliest mayde  
 Of grete astate in al the toun of Troy  
 And led her lyf in most honour & ioy 882

(127)

Forsothe so it semith by her song 883  
 Quod þo Cryseyd & gan þerwip to sike  
 And seyde is þer such blisse among  
 þes lovers as þei kun faire endite 886  
 3e y-wis quod fressh Antaigne þe white  
 For al þe folk þat have or bene on lyve  
 Ne kun wele þe blisse of love discryve 889

## (128)

Bvt wene ȝe that any wrecche wote	890
The parfit blys of love nay y-wys	
ȝei wene al be love if one be hote	
Do wey ȝei wote no þing of this	893
Men must ask of seyntis if it is	
Oȝht fair in hevyn why for ȝei can tell	
And axe of fendis if it be foul in hell	896

## (129)

Cryseyd þer-to her no þing answerde	897
But seyde y-wis it wil be night as fast	
But euery word which þat she of herd	
She put hit in her hert fast	900
And ay gan love her las for to gast	
þat ded her oft sykyn in her hert	
That she wax able sumwhat to conuerte	903

## (130)

The dayes honour & the hevenis eye	904
The nightis foo al þis clepe y the sonne	
Gan wrestyn fast & donward for to wry	
As he þat had his dayes cours y-ronne	907
And whit þingis gan to wexe donne	
For lak of light and sterres to apere	
þat she and al her folk went home y-fere	910

## (131)

So whan it likyd her to go to rest	[leaf 29, back]	911
And voydyd were þo þat voyd shold out		
She seyde þat slepyn wele her lest		
her women sone vn-to her bed her broȝht		914
Whan al was shet þat lay she stil & poȝht		
Of al þe thinges þe manere & þe wyse		
Rehersyn <sup>1</sup> it nedip not for ȝe be wise	[ <sup>1</sup> MS. Rehersyn]	917

(132)

A nyghtyngale vpon a cedre grene	918
vndur þe chambre was þer as she lay	
Ful lowd song a-ȝen þe mone shene	
Perauntur in his briddis wise a lay	921
Of love which þat made her hert gay	
her herkenyd she so long in good entent	
Til at þe last dede slepe her hent	924

(133)

And as she slepe a-non right þo her <sup>1</sup> met	[ <sup>1</sup> MS. h] 925
how þat an Egle fetherid whit as bone	
vndur her brest her long clawis set	
And out her <sup>1</sup> hert rent & þat anone	928
And ded his hert in to her brest gone	
Of which no þing she abasshid ne smert	
And forth he fly wiþ hert left for hert	931

(134)

Now lete we her slepe & forth our talis hold	932
Of Troylus þat is to paleys ridyn	
For þe scarmysse of þe which y told	
And in his chambre syt and hath abydyn	935
Til ·ij· or iij of his messagers ȝedyn	
For Pandare & soghtyn hym so fast	
Tul þei hym foundyn & broghtyn at þ <sup>e</sup> last	938

(135)

This Pandare come lepyng yn at ones	939
And seyð þus who hath be wel y-bete	
To day wiþ swerdis & with slyngstonys	
But Troylus þat hath caglit hym an hete	942
And gan to iape & seyð lord so ȝe swete	
But rise & lete vs sope & go to reste	
And he answerd do we as the leste	945

(79)

Pandarus went to Troilus, and from afar called to him :  
 ' Be of good cheer, for I've already managed a great part of  
 the affair.'



- (79)  
 7 He told him quickly,  
 8 With no demur, how the matter had gone.

(80)  
 As flowrets, bent and shut by nightly frost,  
 When the sun whitens them,  
 All open straight upon their stem;  
 Such, from his wearied powers, became<sup>1</sup>  
 Troilus then:—and, looking up to heaven,  
 He began, like a man of mettle:  
 "Praised be thy supreme goodness,  
 Beautiful Venus, and that of thy son Love!"

<sup>1</sup> These lines are borrowed by Boccaccio almost *verbatim* from Dante: also the next line but one.

## (136)

With al þe hast goodly þat þei myght	[leaf 80]	946
They sped from her soper to her bed		
And enery wight out at þe dore hym dight		
& wher hym list vp-on his wey hym sped		949
Troilus þat þought þat his hert <sup>1</sup> bled	[ <sup>1</sup> MS. ht]	
For wo tul he herd some tydyng		
he seyð frend shal y now wepe or syng		952

## (137)

Quod Pandarus ly stil and lete me slepe		953
And do down þin hood þi nedis sped be		
& chese if þou wilt daunce or syng or lepe		
At short wordis þou shalt trust to me		956
Sir my nece wole do wele by the		
And love þe best by god & be my troupe		
But lak of pursute make it in þi sloupe		959

## (138)

For þus ferforþ have y þi work begunne		960
Fro day to day tul þis day by þ <sup>e</sup> morow		
her love of frendship to þe have y wonne		
And þer-to hap she leyð her feiþ to borow		963
Algate sumwhat y have lessid þi sorow		
What shold y lenger sermon of yt hold		
As ȝe have herd <sup>2</sup> byfor he al hym told	[ <sup>2</sup> MS. hd]	966

## (139)

Bvt right as flouris þurgh cold of nyght		967
I-closid stoupyn her stalkys lowe		
Redressyn hem a-yen þe sonne bright		
And spredyn in her right cours by row		970
Right so gan Troilus his eyen vp to throw		
This Troilus and seyð venus dere		
Thy might þi grace y-heried be it here		973

(81)

- 1 Then he embraced Pandarus a good thousand times ;  
 2 So delighted  
 3 That he would have been no more so if  
 4 A thousand Troys had been given him.

(89)

- 1 "What shall I do, Pandarus ! Thou sayst nought."

(90)

- 2 "Nor have I dissembled,  
 Nor ever shall dissemble, to give succour to thy pains ;  
 And I am always braced  
 To do for thee, not only what befits,  
 But all things whatever.

(140)

And to Pandare he held vp bope his hondis 974  
 And seyð lord al thyn be þat y have  
 For y [am] hole al brostyn be my bondis  
 A thowsand Troyes ho so þat me yave 977  
 Eche aftir opir god so wis me save  
 Ne might so me gladyn lo myne herte  
 But spredith so for ioy it wil to-sterre 980

(141)

Bvt lord how shal y do how shal y lyvin (leaf 20, back) 981  
 Whan shal y next my dere hert se  
 how shal þis long tyme a-wey be dryvin  
 Til þow be ayen at her fro me 984  
 Thow mayst answere abyde abyde but he  
 That hangith by þe nek' þe soþe to seyn  
 In grete disese abydith for the peyn 987

(142)

Al easyly now for þe love of Marte 988  
 Quod Pandarus for euery thing' hath tyme  
 So long' abyde til þat the night departe  
 For also siker as þow lyeest here by me 991  
 And god tofor y wole be þer at pryme  
 And for thy work sumwhat as y sey  
 Or on some oþer wight þis charge ley 994

(143)

For parde god wote y have euere ȝet 995  
 Be redy the to serve & in-to þis night  
 have y not feynid but euere for my wit  
 Done al þi list & shal do wiþ my might 998  
 Do now as y shal sey & fare aright  
 And if þou nelt. wyte al þi self þe care  
 On me is not along' þin evil fare 1001

(90-91)

"I know that, in all matters, six to one,  
 Thou seest better than I: but nevertheless,  
 Were I in thee, I would write  
 The whole of my pain to her with my hand;  
 And hereupon I would beseech her by God,  
 And by love and of her courtesy,  
 That she would have some thought of me.

(91)

7 "And, this being written,  
 8 I will take it to her without delay."

(144)

Y wote wele þat þow wiser art than y 1002  
 A M' fold but if y were as thow  
 God help me so as y wold vturly  
 Right of myne owne honde write her now 1005  
 A lettre in which y wold telle her how  
 I ferd a-mys & her byseche of rouþe  
 Now help þi self & leve it for no slouth 1008

(145)

And y my self shal þerwith to her gone 1009  
 & whan þow wost y am with her there  
 Worthe þou vpon a curser right anone  
 3e hardily right in thi best gere 1012  
 And ride for-by þe place as noght ne were  
 And þou shalt fynd vs if y may sittynge  
 In some wyndow in-to þe strete lokynge 1015

(146)

And if þou list þan mayst þou vs salewe [leaf 81] 1016  
 And vp-on me thow make thi contenaunce  
 But be thi lyf be ware þat þow eschewe  
 To tarien oght god sheld it fro mischaunce 1019  
 Ride forth and hold thy gouernaunce  
 And we shul speke sumwhat of þe y trowe  
 Whan þow art go to do þin eris glowe 1022

(147)

Towchyng this þou art wyse ynow 1023  
 I wote þow wilt it dignlych it endite  
 Or make it with þes argumentis tow  
 Ne scryvenlich or craftly þow it write 1026  
 Biblotte it with teris eke a lyte  
 And if þow write a goodly word al softe  
 Thogh it be good reherce it not to ofte 1029

## (93)

This counsel pleased Troilus much ;  
 But, as a timid lover, he replied :  
 " Alas ! Pandarus, thou wilt see,  
 As it is known that women are shamefaced,<sup>1</sup>  
 That Chryseis will reject the writing that thou shalt take,  
 For shame, with injurious words."

<sup>1</sup> This has no direct equivalent in Chaucer ; but his expression  
 " I am *ashamyd*," &c. may be a sort of reflex from it.

## (94)

To this Pandarus replied : " If it please thee,  
 Do what I say, and then leave me to act ;  
 For, so may Love set me in his peace,  
 I expect to bring thee back an answer thereto  
 Written with her hand ; and, if thou likest not this,  
 Timid and sad thou mayst have to bide.  
 Thou wilt then repent for thy torment ;  
 It will no more be in me to make thee happy."

## (148)

For þogh the best harpoure vp-on lyve 1030  
 Wold vp-on þe best sownyd ioly harpe  
 That euere was wiþ al his fingris fyve  
 Touche euere o strenge or euere o werble harpe 1033  
 Were his naylis poyntid neuere so sharpe  
 he shold make euery wight to dulle  
 To here his gle and of his strokis full 1036

## (149)

Ne iompre eke no discordant thing in fere 1037  
 As þus to vse termis of physik'  
 In lovis termes hold of thy matere  
 The fourme alwey & do þat it be lyk' 1040  
 For if a peyntour wold peynt a pyk'  
 Wiþ assis feet & heed it as an ape  
 Hit cordid not so nere it but a iape 1043

## (150)

This counceil likyd wale to Troylus 1044  
 But as a dredful lover he seyde this  
 Alas my dere brothir Pandarus  
 I am ashamyd for to write y-wis 1047  
 lest of myn innocens y seyde a-mys  
 Or þat she nold hit for despite receyve  
 þan wer y dede þer might no þing me weyve 1050

## (151)

To þat Pandare answerid if þow lyst [leaf 31, back] 1051  
 Do that y sey lete me þer-with gone  
 For by that lord that fourmyd est & west  
 I hope of hit to bryng answerd anon 1054  
 Right of her hond & if þow nelt none  
 lete be & sory mote he be his lyve  
 Ayens þi list þat helpith þe to thrive 1057

(95)

Then said Troilus: "Be  
Thy pleasure done. I am going, and will write:  
And I pray Love, of his courtesy,  
The writing and the letter and the mission  
He make fruitful."  
To his dearest lady he wrote  
A letter quickly, and thus he said.

(96-98)

"I cannot, as is the wont, send you a salutation, for in myself is no salubrity.

"I cannot avoid that which Love wills,  
Who has erst made daring a viler than I;  
And he constrains me to write the words.  
'Your image is always present to me.  
'And me give pardon,  
Prythee, my sweet hope.  
'I well know that never  
Was that for which I come deserved by service of mine.

(103-106)

"Be pitiful as you are lovely: you will understand me.  
I had much else to say, but will only implore of Love  
"that, as I am thine, so some day thou mayst become  
mine, and never be severed from me."

(100, 102, 107)

"From these things, lady, is born a fire  
Which day and night tortures my soul,  
Without allowing me to find stay or pause."  
You alone can console me: for God's sake do it.  
Having therefore written all these things  
In a paper, he folded it orderly.

(152)

*Quod* Troilus depardeu y assente 1058  
Seth þat þe list y wole aryse & wryte  
And blisful god pray ich in good entent  
The viage & þe *lettre* y shal endite 1061  
So spede it and þow *Minerua* it write  
þeue þow me wyt my *lettre* to devise  
& sete hym doun & wrote right in this wyse 1064

(153) [*Troilus's Letter.*]

Ferst gan he her his right lady calle 1065  
his hertis lyf his list his sorowis leche  
his blis & eke his oþer termes alle  
That in such cas þes lovers al seche 1068  
And in ful humble wyse as in his speche  
he gan hym recomaunde to her grace  
To tell al how hit axith mychil space 1071

(154)

And aftir ful lowly he her prayd 1072  
To be not wroth þogh he of his foly  
So hardy to telle to write and seyð  
þat love it made or ellis must he dy 1075  
And pytously gan mercy for to cry  
And aftir he seyð and lyed lowd  
he was litel worth and lesse he cowd 1078

(155)

And þat she shold have his cunnyng' excusid 1079  
That litel was & eke he drad her so  
And his vnworthynes he ay accusid  
And aftir þat þan gan he telle his wo 1082  
And <sup>1</sup>that was infynyte for Ay & oo<sup>1</sup> [<sup>1</sup>→ in a rather later hand]  
And how he wold him alwey in trouþ hold  
And his adew made and gan it fold 1085

[*End of the Letter.*]

(107)

'You alone can console me: for God's sake, do it.  
And on his cheeks all tearful  
He bathed the gem, and then sealed it.  
And first he kissed it a hundred times and more—

Saying: "My letter, thou wilt be  
Blessed, in hand of such a lady shalt thou come."

Pandarus, taking the moving letter,  
Went to Chryseis,—who,

(108)

When she saw him come, leaving  
The company in which she was,

(109)

Said: "What affair  
Now brings thee hither?"

(156)

And wip his salt teris gan he bathe [leaf 82] 1086  
The ruby in his signet & hit sette  
vp-on þe wex deliuerlich and rathe  
Ther-wip a thousand tymes or he lette 1089  
he kyssid þo þe lettre þat he shet  
And seyð lettre a blisful destyne  
The shapyn is my lady shal þe se 1092

(157)

This Pandare vp þerwip & þat be tyme 1093  
On morow & to his necis paleys sterte  
And seid slepe 3e and it is pryme  
And gan to iape & seyð þus myn hert 1096  
So fressh is it thogh love it smert  
I may slepe neuere a mayes morow  
I have a ioly wo & a lusty sorow 1099

(158)

Criseyd whan þat she her vncle herd 1100  
With dredful hert and desirous to here  
þe cause of his comyng þus answerd  
Now by 3our feith myn vncle quod she dere 1103  
What manere wynd gydith 3ow hidir here  
Tel vs 3our wo and 3our penaunce  
how ferforþ be 3e put in lovis daunce 1106

(159)

By god quod he y hope alwey behynd 1107  
And she to laghe as þogh her hert<sup>1</sup> to-brest [1 MS. ht]  
Quod Pandarus loke al wey ye fynde  
Game in myne hood but herkith if 3ow list 1110  
þer is right now come in-to þis toun a gest  
A greke a spye and tellith newe thinges  
For which come y to telle 3ow tydynges 1113

(160)

In-to þe gardyn go we & 3e shul here	1114
Al pryvily of þis a long sermon	
Wiþ þat they arme in arme y fere	
In-to þe gardyn fro the chaumbir doun	1117
And whan þat he so ferre was þat þe soun	
Of his wordis no man here myght	
He seyð þus & out þe lettre plight	1120

(161)

/// "And some answer will make him joyous.  
 /// "Him whom for thee I seem to see  
 Dying, so little hast thou care of him."

Lo he þat is al holy youris fre	[leaf 82, back]	1121
Recomaundith hym as lowly to 3our grace		
And sent to yow this lettre here by me		
Avisith 3ow on hit whan 3e have space		1124
And some goodly answer 3ow purchase		
Or help me god so pleyntly for to seyn		
he may not longe lyvyn for his peyn		1127

(162)

Chryseis remained timorously,  
 Without taking it; and a whit her pleasant  
 Countenance changed.  
 "Oh! leave it not with me, my Pandarus!  
 "Have regard  
 Somewhat for me—not only for the young man.

Ful dredfully þo gan she stonde stiþ	1128
And toke hit not and al her humble chere	
Gan for to chaunge and seyð hym tiþ	
For love of god þat touchiþ such matere	1131
Ne bring me none and also vnclere	
To myn astate have more reward y pray	
Than to his lust what shold y more say	1134

(163)

"Look now whether that which thou askest is befitting.  
 "And see whether I do well in taking it [the letter].  
 "And whether, to alleviate the pains  
 Of another, one ought to do an act dishonest in oneself.  
 "Carry it back, for the love of God!"

And lokith now if this be resonable	1135
And lettith noþer for fauour ne for slouthe	
To sey a sothe now were hit couenable	
To myn astate by god & by your troupe	1138
To takyn it or havyn of hym roupe	
In harmyng of my self or in represe	
Bere it a-3en for hym þat 3e on leve	1141

112 Pandarus, a little perturbed at this,  
Said :

" This is a strange thing to think on—  
That what is most desired by women,  
Of this they all show themselves loth and indignant,  
Before other people.

" Now this deny me not."

113 She took it, and put it in her bosom.

Chryseis smiled, hearing him.

114 She promises to read the letter ; protests that, if she is  
acting amiss, it is done to please Pandarus ; and prays God  
to guide her simplicity. Then Pandarus goes ; and she  
leaves her women.

(164)

Pandare þan bygan for to stare 1142  
And seyð now is þis þe most wondre  
þat euere y say lete be þis nice fare  
To deþe mote y smytyn be wiþ thundre 1145  
If for þe Cite which þat stondith yondre  
Wold y a lettre to 3ow bring or take  
To harme of 3ow what list 3e þus to make 1148

(165)

Bvt þus 3e faryn wel ny al and some 1149  
That he þat most desirith 3ow to serve  
Of hym 3e recchyn lest wher he bycome  
Or whethir he dye or ellis sterve 1152  
But for al þat þat euere y may deserve  
Refuse 3e it not quod he & hent her fast  
And in her bosom down þe lettre cast 1155

(166)

And seyð cast it now a-wey anone (leaf 88) 1156  
That folk may se & gawryn on vs twey  
Quod she y can abyde tul they be gone  
And gan to smyle and seyð hym Eme y pray 1159  
Such answer as 3ow lyst hym purvey  
For truly y nel no lettre wryte  
No than wol y quod he so þat 3e endite 1162

(167)

Therwith she lough and seyð go we dyne 1163  
And he gan at hym self tho iape fast  
And seyð y have so grete a pyne  
For that euery othir day y fast 1166  
And gan his best iapis forþ cast  
And made her so laghe at his foly  
That she for laghtir went for to dy 1169



She went into her chamber.

She read and re-read it with pleasure.

She perceives that Troilus is indeed smitten. This pleases her, for she is the same, altho' she had not allowed it to appear. She says to herself: 'I must find time and place to extinguish this fire. Otherwise people will discover that I am love-lorn; and it is no intention of mine to die, or to make some one else die, when I can heal both to our mutual satisfaction. Next time Pandarus comes, I will show no coyness. "No one shall have to call me pitiless to Troilus: ah, were I but now in his sweet arms, clasped face to face!"—Pandarus returns to Chryseis.

(168)

And whan þat he was come in to þe hall 1170  
Now Eme quod she we wol go dyne anon  
And gan some of her wymmen call  
And gan streight vn-to her chaumbre gon 1173  
But of her bysynes this was one  
Among oþer thynges out of drede  
Ful pryvily þis lettre for to rede 1176

(169)

Avisid word by word in euery lyne 1177  
And fond no lak she þoght he coud good  
And put hit vp & went her for to dyne  
But Pandarus þat in a study stood 1180  
Ar he was ware she toke hym by þ<sup>e</sup> hood  
And seyde 3e were caught or 3e wyst  
I wouche saf quod he doth right as ye lyst 1183

(170)

Tho wysshyn þei and setyn down to ete 1184  
And aftir none ful slely Pandarus  
Gan draw hym to þe wyndow next þ<sup>e</sup> strete  
And seyde nece ho hath arayed thus 1187  
þe 3ondur hous þat stont a foryens vs  
Whiche hous quod she & come for to byhold  
And knew it wele & whos it was hym told 1190

(171)

And fillyn forþ in speche of þingis smale [leaf 22, back] 1191  
And setyn yn þe wyndow boþe tway  
Whan Pandare sawe tyme vn to his tale  
And saw wele her folk were a-vey 1194  
Nece myn quod he tel on y sey  
how like ye þe lettre þat he wrote  
Kan he þer-on for by my trouþ y note 1197

And smiling he said: "Lady, what  
Think'st thou of my friend's writing?"

"3 She immediately turned red,  
Without saying any more but "God knows."  
"Pray," said Pandarus, "think how to content him."

<sup>1</sup> *I. e.* (according to the context in the *Filistrato*) to send a reply in writing.

<sup>2</sup> If Chryseis yields to the pity which she feels for Troilus, we might expect that he would thereby be *much* (not "little") contented. The meaning appears to be that, tho' she is willing to content him as far as circumstances admit, regard for her reputation will make his fruition scanty

And she to him: "I hardly know how to do it."<sup>1</sup>  
Chryseis promises to write, as Pandarus presses her so much.

"But pray God the thing may go well!"

And she, in one corner  
Of her chamber,

Sat down to write in this manner.

"I shall be glad to content you, so far as my honour and chastity may allow. I received your letter; but know not how to meet your wishes, "as I mean to keep well and whole that which is most to be prized in the world—namely, to live and die in honour." To gratify you would be well, if the world were what it ought to be; but, such as it is, so we must use it, or else suffer the consequences.

To the pity which made me feel for thee,  
In my own despite, I must nevertheless yield—  
Whereby thou wilt be little contented by me."<sup>2</sup>

(172)

Therwith al rosy hewyd þo wax she 1198  
And gan to humme & seyð so y trow  
AqwYTE hym wel for goddis love quod he  
My self þe medis wol þe lettre sow 1201  
& held his hondis vp & fil on know  
Now good nece be hit neuere so lyte  
þef me þe labour hit to sow & plite 1204

(173)

þe for y can so write quod she þo 1205  
And eke y note what y shold hym sey  
Nay nece quod Pandare sey not so  
þet at þe lest thonk hym y prey 1208  
Of his good wil & doth hym not to dey  
Now for þe love of me my nece dere  
Refusith not at þis tyde my prayere 1211

(174)

Depardeux quod she god leve al be wele 1212  
God help me so þis is þe farst lettre  
þat euere y wrote þe alle & euery dele  
And in a closet for to vyse her bettre 1215  
She went & bygan her hert vnfettre  
Out of disdeynous prison but a lyte  
And sate her doun & gan her lettre write 1218

(175)

Of which to tell in short is myn entent 1219  
The effect as y can vndirstonde  
She þonkyd hym of al þat he wel ment  
Towardis her but holdyn hym in honde 1222  
She nold not ne make her selfe bonde  
In love but as his suster hym to plesse  
She wold ay fayn to do his hert an ese 1225

128 She folded it, and sealed it, and gave it to Pandarus.

125 'You will make allowances. Were it not derogatory, I  
would willingly do as you wish. Possibly the time will  
126 yet come. Be as patient as you can. "I say no more,  
127 but that I pray God to content thy desire and mine.'"

'But she will change her tone ere long.'

## (176)

She shet it & to Pandare yn to gone [leaf 24] 1226  
þere as he sate and lokyd in to the strete  
And down she set her by hym on a stone  
Of Iaspar on a cussbyn wip gold ybete 1229  
And seyde As wysly help me god þe grete  
I neuere dyd a thing wip more peyne  
þan write þis to which 3e me constreyne 1232

## (177)

And toke it hym he þonkyd her & seyde 1233  
God wote of thing ful lothe bygyune  
Comith ende good & nece myn cryseyde  
þat of hard to hym now be 3e wonne 1236  
Oght 3e be glad by god & 3ondur sonne  
For why men seyn impressions lyght  
Ful redy bene ay lighty to the flight 1239

## (178)

Bvt 3e have pleyd þe tiraunt ny to long 1240  
And hard was it 3our hert for to grave  
Now stynt þat 3e no lenger on it hong  
Al wold ye þe fourme of daunger save 1243  
But hastip 3ow to do hym ioi have  
For trustith wele to long don hardnes  
Causith despite ful oft for distres 1246

## (179)

And right as þei declarid þis matere 1247  
lo Troylus right at þe stretis ende  
Come rydyng wip his x<sup>e</sup> somme y fere  
Al softly and pidiward gan he bende 1250  
þer as þei sate as was his wey to wende  
To paleys ward & Pandare hym aspyde  
And seyde nece y se ho comip here ryde 1253

## (180)

O fle not yn he seyð as y suppose	1254
lest he may think þat ȝe hym eschewe	
Nay nay quod she & wax as rede as rose	
Wip þat he gan her humbly to salewe	1257
Wip dredful chere & oft his hewis newe	
And vp his look debonerly he cast	
And bekkyd on Pandare & forþ he past	1260

## (181)

God wote if he sate on his hors a-right	[leaf 24, back] 1261
Or goodly was byseyn þat ilk day	
God wote wher he was lyk a manly knyght	
What should y drecche or telle of his aray	1264
Criseyd which þat all þis þing say	
To tel in short she lykyd al in fere	
his persone aray his loke & his chere	1267

## (182)

His goodly manere and his gentilnesse	1268
So wele þat neuere seth þat she was born	
Ne had she suche roupe of his distresse	
& how so she hath bene hard here byform	1271
To good hope hath she caght a thorn	
She shal nat pul it out þis next weke	
God send mo suche þornes on to steke	1274

## (183)

Pandare whiche þat her stood fast by	1275
Felt þe iryn hote and he gan to smyte	
And seyð nece y pray ȝow hertily	
Tel me þat y shal axyn now a lyte	1278
A woman þat were of his depe to wyte	
With-out his gilt but for her lak of roupe	
Were it wele do nay quod she by my troupe	1281

## (184)

God help me so quod he ȝe seyn ful sothe	1282
ȝe felyn wele ȝour self þat y ne lye	
lo ȝend he ridith ȝe quod she so he doþe	
Wele quod Pandare as y have told ȝow thrie	1285
lete be ȝour nycete and ȝour foly	
And spekȝ wȝ hym in esyng of his hert	
lete nycete not do ȝow hope smert	1288

## (185)

Bvt þeron was to heve & to done	1289
Considerid al þing wele it may not be	
For why for speche & it were al to sone	
To graunte hym so grete a liberte	1292
Eke pleyndly her entent as seyde she	
Was for to love hym vnwist if she myȝht	
& gwerdon hym wȝ no þing but with sight	1295

## (186)

Bvt Pandare þoȝht it shold not be so	(leaf 25)	1296
If that y may this nyce opinion		
Shal not be hold fully ȝeris two		
What shold y make of þis a long sermon		1299
he must assent on þat conclusion		
Al for þe tyme & whan it was eve		
And al was wele he roos & toke his leve		1302

## (187)

And on his wey ful fast homward he sped	1303
And right for ioi he felt his hert daunce	
And Troilus he fond alone a bed	
That lay as done þes lovers in a traunce	1306
Bytwix hope and derk desperaunce	
But Pandare right at hys in-comyng	
he song as who seith sumwhat y bryng	1309

129, Who soon, seeking for young  
Troilus, went to him with it.

And presented it to him with supreme delight.

Who, taking it, read what was written therein,  
With haste, and sighing,  
Changing his heart according to the words.

But yet at last, pondering within himself  
Well everything that she had written,  
He said inly: "If I understand her,  
Love constrains her; but, like a misdoer,  
She still goes covering herself under shield."  
And the like appeared also  
To Pandarus, with whom he spoke out all;  
Wherefore Troilus takes heart more than his wont,  
Somewhat laying aside his sad distress.

## (188)

And seyð ho is in his bed so sone 1310  
I-beried þus hit am y frend quod he  
Who Troylus nay help me so þe mone  
Quod Pandarus þow shalt arise & se 1313  
A charme þat was sent right now to þe  
The which can hele þe of thyn accesse  
So þat þow do forth thy bysinesse 1316

## (189)

Ye þurgh þe myght of god quod Troylus 1317  
And Pandare gan hym þe lettre take  
And seyð parde god hath help vs  
Have here a lyght & se þes lettres blake 1320  
lord oft gan his hert glade & quake  
Of Troylus whil þat he gan it rede  
So as þe wordis yave hym hope or drede 1323

## (190)

Bvt finaly he toke al for þe best 1324  
þat she hym wrote for sumwhat he byheld  
On which he þoght he myght his hert rest  
Al couerid she þe wordis vndur sheld 1327  
þus to þe more worþi parte he hym held  
That what for hope & Pandarus byhest  
his grete wo foryede he at þe lest. 1330

## (191)

Bvt as we may al day our selvyn se [leaf 85, back] 1331  
The more wode or cole þe more fere  
Right so encres of hoop of what it be  
Therwith encresith eke desire 1334  
Or as an oke comyth of a litil spire  
So þurgh þis lettre which þat she hym sent  
Encresyn gan desire of which he brent 1337

131 From day to day his ardour grew the more;  
And, altho' hope sustained him  
To endure, yet was it heavy to the heart.

Wherefore more than once, from his great fervour  
It may be guessed, he wrote letters.

3 To which sometimes a glad and sometimes a bitter  
Reply came to him,—and often, and rare.

He often complained of Love, and of the procrastination  
of Chryseis. Pandarus frequently used his urgencies with  
her—"who, altho' she listened willingly to him, said: "'I  
can no more: I do towards him as thou badest me, dear  
my brother.'" Pand.: 'This is not enough: you must  
console him and speak to him.' Chrys.: 'Never: I will  
never yield up to him my honour. I will always love him  
as a brother.' Pand.: "'This crown [of chastity] the  
priests praise in those from whom they cannot filch it.  
They all talk like saints; and then they catch you all  
napping. No one will ever know anything about Troilus.'"   
Do good while the chance offers.' Chrys.: 'In aught not  
touching my honour, I am his.' Pand.: 'Then why would  
you have him die?' Chrys.: 'Ah, Pandarus! you are my  
ruin! I shall lose my honour! "Now I can no more:  
since such is thy pleasure, I am content to do his will."   
But, for Heaven's sake, keep it secret, and make Troilus do  
the same.' Pand.: 'No fear of that.' Chrys.: 'As your  
own honour also is at stake, I can believe you will be  
silent.' Pand.: 'When shall Troilus come to speak to  
you? The sooner the better.' Chrys.: "'Thou know'st

TROYLUS.

12

(192)

Wherfor y sey alwey bope day & nyght 1338  
This Troylus gan to desiryn more  
Thurgh hope and dede his myght  
To pres on as by Pandarus lore 1341  
And wrote to her of his sorowis sore  
For day by day he lete her not refreyde  
pat by Pandare sumwhat he wrote or seyd 1344

(193)

And dede also his othir obseruaunces 1345  
That to a lover longyn in that cas  
& after pat his dees turnyd in good chaunces  
So was he outhir glad or seyd alas 1348  
And held aftir his gyltes & his pas  
As aftir which answers as he had  
So were his dayes sory and glad 1351

(194)

Bvt to Pandare was alwey his cours 1352  
And pytously gan alwey to hym pleyne  
And hym bysoght of rede & some socours  
And Pandare pat sawe his wood payne 1355  
Wax wel ny dede the sothe to seyne  
And bysily with al his hert gan cast  
Some of his wo to sle and pat as fast 1358

(195)

And seyd lord & frend & brothir dere 1359  
God wote thy dissesse dope me wo  
But wilt þow stynt al þis woful chere  
And be my troupe or hit be dayes two 1362  
And god to-for ȝet shal y shape it so  
pat þow shalt come vn to a certein place  
þere as þow mayst thy self pray her of grace 1365

that in this house there are women and others with me,  
some of whom will have to go to the forthcoming feast;  
and then I will be with him. He must not be vexed at  
this delay. I will then talk with thee of the manner, and  
of his coming. Only see to his being discreet, and manag-  
ing well to conceal his ardour.'"

## (196)

And certainly y note if þow it woost	[leaf 35]	1366
But þo þat bene expert in love hit sey		
hit is on of þe thingis þat furthriþ most		
A man to have a leyser for to prey		1369
And a sykir place his wo to wrey		
For in good hert yt mote some wo impressen		
To here and se þe giltles yn distresse		1372

## (197)

Parauntir pinkyst þou if it be so	1373
That kynd wold do her for to bygynne	
To have a manere routhe vp on my wo	
Seiþ daunger þan þou shalt me neuere so wyn	1376
So rulith her her hertis gost with yn	
þat thogh she bend ȝet stont a root	
What in effect is þis vn to my boot	1379

## (198)

Thenk her-ȝens þat whan þe sturdy okes	1380
On whiche men hakkyn oft for þe nones	
And receyvid haþ þe gret fallyng strokes	
þe grete sweyft doþ it þan fal at ones	1383
As done þes rokkes or þes mylstones	
For swyfter cours comiþ þing þat is of weighth	
Whan it descendith þan do thingis light	1386

## (199)

Bvt rede þat blowiþ doun with enery blast	1387
lyghtly cesid þe wynd it wil vp ryse	
But so nel not an oke whan it is cast	
hit nedip me not þe long for to wyse	1390
Men shul reioyse of a grete emprise	
Acheve it wiþ & stond wiþ-out dout	
Al have men be þe lenger þer about	1393



## (200)

Bvt Troylus telle me if þe lyst	1394
A thing which y shal axyn þe	
Which is þi brothir þat þow lovist best	
As þi verrey hertis pryvite	1397
I-wis my brothir deiphebus quod he	
Quod Pandare or oures þries twelve	
He shal þe ese vnwist of hit hymselfe	1400

## (201)

Now lete me alone & work as y may	[leaf 26, back] 1401
Quod he & to deiphebus went he tho	
Which had his lord & grete frend ben ay	
Save Troylus no man he lovid so	1404
To telle in short with-out wordis mo	
Quod Pandare y pray þow deiphebus þat ȝe be	
Frend to a cause which þat touchip me	1407

## (202)

ȝes parde quod deiphebus wel þow woost	1408
In al þat euere y may and god to fore	
Al nere hit but for men y love most	
My brother Troilus but sey wherfor	1411
hit is for seth þe day that y was bore	
I nas ne neuere to be y thank	
Ayens a thing þat myght þe forthenk	1414

## (203)

Pandare gan hym to thank & seyð	1415
Lo here y have a lady in this toun	
That is my nece and callid is Cryseyd	
Which some men wold done oppression	1418
And wrongfully haue her possession	
Wherfor y of þour lordship þow byseeche	
To be our frend wipout more speche	1421

## (204)

Deiphebus answerd o is not this	1422
That þow spekist of to me þus strongly	
Of Cryseyd my frend he seyde þis	
Than nedith <i>quod</i> deiphebus hardily	1425
No more of þis for trustith wele þat y	
Wole be her champion with spere & ȝerd	
I roght not þogh al her foos hit herd	1428

## (205)

Bvt tel me how for þou woost of this matere	1429
hit might best now availyn lets se	
<i>Quod</i> Pandare if ȝe my lord so dere	
Woldyn as now do this honour to me	1432
To prayen her to morow lo þat she	
Come vn to ȝour hous ȝour pleyntis to devise	
her aduersaries woldyn of hit grise	1435

## (206)

O if þat more y durst pray as now	[leaf 37] 1436
& charge ȝow to have so grete travaille	
To have some of ȝour bretherin wiþ ȝow	
That might in her cause bet availe	1439
Than wote y she might neuere faile	
To be help what at ȝour instaunce	
What with her othir frendis sustenaunce	1442

## (207)

Deiphebus which þat comyn was of kynd	1443
To al honour and bounte to consente	
Answerd hit shal be do & I can fynd	
ȝet gretter help of this in myn entent	1446
What wolt þow seyne if y for Eleyne sent	
To speke of þis y trow it be the best	
She may ledyn Paris as her lest	1449

## (208)

Of Ector which is my lord my brothir	1450
hit nedith not to pray hym frend to be	
For y have herd hym bothe o tyme & oþer	
Speke of Criseyd which honour þat he	1453
May sey not bet such hap to hym hath she	
So nedith not vs more help to crave	
he shal be such right as we wole hym have	1456

## (209)

Speke þow thy self also to Troylus	1457
On my byhalve & pray hym wiþ vs dyne	
Sir al this shal be done quod Pandarus	
And toke his leve and neuere gan to fyne	1460
But to his necis hows as streight as lyne	
he come & fond her fro the mete arise	
And sate hym down and spak right in þis wise	1463

## (210)

He seyde a verray god so y have ronne	1464
Lo nece myn se ȝe not how y swete	
I note wheþer ȝe me the more thonk conne	
Be ye not ware how þat fals polyfete	1467
Is now about eftsones for ȝow to plete	
And bring on ȝow aduocaries newe	
I no quod she & chaungid al her hewe	1470

## (211)

What is he more a-bout me for to drecche	[leaf 37, back] 1471
And do me wrong what shal y do alas	
Yet of hym self no þing wold y recche	
Ner it for Antenore and Eneas	1474
þat bene his frendis in such maner cas	
But for þe love of god myn vncle dere	
No fors of yt lete hym have al y fere	1477

## (212)

Wip-out þat y have y-now for vs	1478
Nay <i>quod</i> Pandare it shal no þing be so	
For y have right now spoke <i>with</i> deiphebus	
And Ector and myn othir lordis mo	1481
And shortly made eche of hem his fo	
þat be my thrift he shal it neuere wyn	
For oght he can whan so þat he bygyn	1484

## (213)

And as þei castyn what was best to done	1485
Deiphebus on his owne curtesy	
Come her to pray in his <i>propre persone</i>	
To hold on þe morow cumpany	1488
At dyner which she nold not deny	
But goodly gan to his prayer obey	
he thonkid her & went vp on his wey	1491

## (214)

Whan þis was done þis Pandare vp anone	1492
To tel in short & forth he gan to wende	
To Troylus as stil as eny stone	
And al þis thing he told hym word & ende	1495
& how þat Deiphebus gan he to blende	
And seid now is tyme if þat þou kunne	
To bere þe wele to morow & al is wonne	1498

## (215)

Now speke now pray now pitously <i>compleyne</i>	1499
Leve not for nice shame or drede or slouþe	
Some tyme a man must telle his peyne	
Byleve it & she wil have on þe rouþe	1502
þou shalt be sauid by thi feith & trouþe	
But wele wote y þou art now in a drede	
And what it is y ley y can it rede	1505

## (216)

þow þenkist now how shold y do al this	[leaf 88]	1506
For by my chere mustyn folk' aspye		
That for love is þat y fare a mys		
Yet had y lever vnwist for sorow dye		1509
Now þenk not so for þou dost grete foly		
For y right now have found me matere		
Of sleight to keueryn al thy chere		1512

## (217)

þow shalt go to nyght & þat as blyve		1513
To deiphebus hous as for to pley		
The malady away þe bet to dryve		
For why þou semist sike the sothe to sey		1516
So aftir þat down in þi bed þe ley		
And sey þou mayst no lenger vp endure		
And be right tabide þin aventure		1519

## (218)

Sey þat þe feure is the wont to take		1520
The same tyme and last til a morow		
& let se now how wel þou canst it make		
For parde sike is he þat is in sorow		1523
Go now fare wele and venus here to borow		
I hope & þow þis purpos hold ferme		
Thy grace she shal fully the conferme		1526

## (219)

Quod Troylus ywis now nedeles		1527
Counceilist þou me þat sike y me feyne		
For y am seke in ernest douteles		
So þat wel ny y sterve for the peyne		1530
Quod Pandare þow shalt þe betir pleyne		
And hast þe lesse nede contrefete		
For hym men deme hoot þat men se swete		1533

(220)

Lo hold þe at thy triste clos and y 1534  
 Shal wele þe dere vn to thy bowe dryve  
 þerwiþ he toke his leve al softly  
 And Troilus went to paleys as blyve 1537  
 So glad was he neuere in al his lyve  
 And to Pandarus rede gan al assente  
 And to Deiphebus hous at nyght he went 1540

(221)

What nedeþ me to telle ȝow al þe chere [leaf 28, back] 1541  
 That Deiphebus vn to his broþer made  
 Or his actis or his sikly manere  
 how men gan hym with cloþes for to lade 1544  
 Whan he was leyd & how men wold hym glade  
 But al for noght he held alwey þe wise  
 þat ȝe han herd Pandare or þis devise 1547

(222)

Bvt certeyn is or Troilus hym had leyd 1548  
 Deiphebus had hym prayd ouer nyght  
 To be a frend & helpyng to Criseid  
 God wote þat grauntid he a-none right 1551  
 To be her ful frend with al his might  
 But such a nede was to pray hym þen  
 As to pray a wodeman for to ren 1554

(223)

The morow come & neighyn gan þe tyme 1555  
 Whan þat þe faire quene Eleyne  
 Shope her to be an hour aftir prime  
 With Deiphebus whom she wold not feyne 1558  
 But as his sustur homly þe sothe to seyne  
 She come to dyner in her pleyn entent  
 But god & Pandare wist non what it ment 1561

(224)

Come eke Criseid innocent of this	1562
Anteigne her sustur Marbe also	
But fle now prolixite best is	
For love of god & lete vs fast go	1565
Right to þe effect wiþ out talis mo	
Whi al þis folk' assemblid in þis place	
& let vs of her salwyng pace	1568

(225)

Grete honour ded hem Deiphebus certein	1569
And fed hem wiþ al þat might lyke	
But euermore alas was his refrein	
My good trew broþir the sike	1572
lith ȝet & þerwiþ-al gan he sike	
& after þat he peynid hym to glade	
hem as he might & good chere hem made	1575

(226)

Compleynid eke Eleyn of his siknesse	[leaf 50] 1576
So feithfully þat pite was to here	
And euery wight gan wexe for þe accesse	
A leche a-none and seyde on þis manere	1579
Men curith folk' þis charme y wol þe lere	
But þer sat on al lest her not to teche	
That þoght best coud ȝet be his leche	1582

(227)

Aftir compleynt hym gunnyn þei to plesse	1583
As folk do ȝet whan some men have bygun	
To preise a man & vp wiþ pris him reise	
A Mt fold ȝet hier þan þe sun	1586
he is he can þat fewe lordis kun	
And Pandarus of þat þei wold afferme	
he not foryat her preysing to conferme	1589

## (228)

Herd alwey þis criseid wele ynow	1590
And euery word gan for to notifie	
For which wiþ sobre chere her hert logh	
For ho is he þat nold her glorifie	1593
To wyn such a knyght to lyve or dye	
But al passe y lest y to long' dwelle	
For o peyn is not al þat y of telle	1596

## (229)

þe tyme come fro dyner to ryse	1597
And as hem oghit þei risyn euerychone	
And gun a while of þis & þat devise	
But Pandare brak al þat speche anon	1600
And seid to Deiphebus wil 3e gone	
If it 3our wil were as y 3ow prayd	
To speke here of þe nedis of Crisayd	1603

## (230)

Eleyne which þat by þe hond her held	1604
Toke ferst þe tale & seyð go we blyve	
And goodly on Criseid she byheld	
And seid Iovis lete hym neuere thrive	1607
þat doþ 3ow harme or bryng hym sone of lyve	
& 3eve me sorow but he shal it rewe	
If þat y may & al folk be trewe	1610

## (231)

Tel þou þi necis cas quod Deiphebus	[leaf 20, back] 1611
To Pandare for þou canst it best telle	
Mi lordis & my ladies it stont þus	
What shold y lenger make 3ow dwelle	1614
he rong out þe processe as a belle	
vp on her foo þat hight Poliphete	
So haynous þat men might on hit spete	1617



## (232)

Answerd of þis eche wors of hem þan oper	1618
And Poliphete gun they to warien	
hangid be such on were he my broþere	
& so he shal for he ne may not tarien	1621
What shold y lenger in þis tale tarien	
Pleinly at ones al þei her hightyn	
To be her frendis al þat þei mightyn	1624

## (233)

Spak þan Eleyne & seid þan Pandarus	1625
Wote oght my lord my broþer þis matere	
I mene Ector or wote hit Troilus	
He seid her ȝe but he seid wol ȝe here	1628
Me thinkith seth þat Troilus is here	
It were good if ȝe wiȝ assent	
She told hym her self al þis or she stent	1631

## (234)

For he wil have more her grefe at hert	1632
By cause lo þat she a lady is	
& by ȝour leve y wole but right yn stert	
And do ȝow wyte & þat a-none y-wis	1635
If þat he slepe or wil not here of þis	
And yn he lepe & seid hym in his ere	
God have þi soul y-broght y have þi bere	1638

## (235)

To smylyn of þis þo bigan Troilus	1639
And Pandarus þo wiþ-out rekenyng	
Out went a-non to Eleyn and Deiphebus	
And seid hem so þer be no tarying	1642
Ne more pres he wole wele þat ȝe bring	
Criseide my lady þat is here	
& as he may endure he wol ȝow here	1645

## (236)

Bvt wele 3e wote þ <sup>e</sup> chambre is but lyte	[leaf 40]	1646
& few folk may lightly make hym warme		
Now lokip for y wole have no wyte		
To bring in prese þat might do hym harme		1649
Or him disese for my betir harme		
Wher it be betir to hyde tul eftsones		
Now lokip 3e þat wite what to done is		1652

## (237)

Y sey for me best as y can knowe		1653
þat no wight yn wend now but 3e twey		
But it were y for y can in a throwe		
Reherce her cas vnlike þat she can sey		1656
And aftir þis she may hym ones prey		
To be good lord in short & take her leve		
þis may not mychil of his ese hym greve		1659

## (238)

And eke for she is straunge he wil forbere		1660
his ese which hym oght not for 3ow		
Eke opir þing þat touchip not to here		
he wil 3ow tel y wote it wel right now		1663
þat secrete is & for þe tounis prow		
And þe þat no þing knew of his entent		
Without more to Troilus yn þei went		1666

## (239)

Eleyne in al her goodly soft wyse		1667
Gan hym salue & womanly him plye		
And seid y-wis 3e must algate arise		
Now fair broþer be al hole y pray		1670
& gan her arme on his right shuldir lay		
And hym wiþ al her wit to comferte		
As she best couþe she gan hym disporte		1673

## (240)

So after þis <i>quod</i> she we ȝow byseche	1674
My dere broþir Deiphebus and y	
For loue of god and so Pandare eke	
To be good lord & frend ful hertily	1677
Vn to Criseid which þat certeinly	
Receyvþ wrong as wote wel here Pandare	
þat can her cas wel bet þan y declare	1680

## (241)

This Pandare gan now his tung' a-vyle	[leaf 40, back] 1681
And al her cas reherce & þat a-none	
What it was he seid sone aftir in a while	
<i>Quod</i> Troillus as sone as y may gone	1684
I wole right fayn wiþ al my might alone	
have god my trouþe her cause sustene	
Good þrift have ȝe <i>quod</i> Eleyne þe quene	1687

## (242)

<i>Quod</i> Pandarus And hit ȝour wil be	1688
þat she may take her leve or þat she go	
Or ellis god forbede it <i>quod</i> he	
If þat she vouchiþ safe to do so	1691
And wiþ þat word <i>quod</i> Troylus ȝe to	
Deiphebus & my sustir leve & dere	
To ȝow have [y] to speke of a matere	1694

## (243)

To be avisid by ȝour rede þe bettre	1695
And had as hap was at his beddis hede	
þe copie of a tretis & a lettre	
That Ector had hym sent to axin rede	1698
If such a man was worthy to be dede	
Note y not how but in a grisly wise	
he prayed hem on it a-none a-vise	1701

(244)

Deiphebus gan pis lettre to vnfolde	1702
In Ernest grete so ded Eleyne þe qwene	
And romyng vutward fast it gan byhold	
Donward a stair in to an herber grene	1705
þis ilk þing þei reddyn hem bytwene	
And largely þe mountaunce of an hour	
þei gun on hit to redyn and to pour	1708

(245)

Now lete hem rede & turne we anone	1709
To Pandare þat gan ful faste prie	
þat al was wele & out he gan to gone	
Into þe grete chambre and þat in hye	1712
And seid god save al þis cumpanye	
Come nece myn my lady qwene Eleyne	
Abidith 3ow & eke my lordis tweyne	1715

(246)

Eys take wiþ 3ow 3our nece Anteigne	[leaf 41] 1716
Or whom 3ow lyst or no fors hardily	
þe lasse prese the bet com forth with me	
And lokip þat 3e þonk' humbly	1719
hem al thre & whan 3e may goodly	
3our tyme is takip of hem 3our leve	
lest we to long' his restis hym byreve	1722

(247)

Al innocent of Pandarus entent	1723
Quod þo Criseyd go we vnclere	
And arme in arme ynward with hym she went	
Avising her wele of her wordis & chere	1726
And Pandarus in ernefullest manere	
Al folk for goddis love y pray	
Styntith right here & softly 3ow play	1729

(248)

Avisip 3ow what folk be her yn	1730
And in what plite on is god him amende	
And ynwardly þus ful softly begynne	
Nece y coniure & holy 3ow defende	1733
On his half which vs soule hath sende	
And in þe vertue of corounys tweyn	
Sle not þis man þat hath for 3ow þis peyn	1736

(249)

For on his dele þenk one which he is	1737
And in what plite he lith come of a-none	
Thenk al such taried tyde lost it is	
þat wil ye boþe seyn whan 3e bene one	1740
Secondly þer it deignith none	
vp on 3ow two come of if 3e kun	
Whil folk is blent lo al þis tyme is won	1743

(250)

In tyteryng' in pursute & delayes	1744
þe folk devyne at waggyng' of a stre	
þat þogh 3e wold have aftir mery dayes	
þan dore ye not for why she & she	1747
Spak such a word þus lokyd he & he	
lest tyme be lost y dare not wiþ 3ow dele	
Come of þerfor & bring 3e hym to hele	1750

(251)

Bvt now to 3ow 3e louers þat bene here	[leaf 41, back] 1751
Was Troillus not in a kankerdorte	
þat lay & myght the whistryng of hem here	
And þoght a lord now rennith my sort	1754
Fully to dethe or have a-none comfort	
And was þe ferst tyme he shold her prey	
Of loue a myghty God what shal he sey	1757

[End of Book II.]

Boccaccio now reinvokes his lady, as he prepares to recount the amorous bliss of Troilus. The Prince, tho' still longing for more, was well pleased with the amount of favour he already enjoyed from Chryseis. Pandarus, after leaving her, rejoined him in a temple, drew him aside, and said :

'I have fashioned Chryseis to your will.'

'The delight will be mine : to you am I beholden for it.' Pandarus was contented with the assurances of Troilus.

Meanwhile the appointed time arrived. Chryseis called for Pandarus, and told him as much. Pandarus regretted that Troilus had gone away on some warlike emergency, but sent a messenger to recall him. The two friends concerted together their course of action. They then went secretly to the house of Chryseis, the night being dark and thick ; and Troilus entered alone into a private quarter of the mansion, already hushed. "Chryseis had well heard him enter, and, as had been agreed, she coughed so that he should hear. And, in order that he might not be wearied in waiting, she often spoke in a decisive tone, and hastened all her people off to sleep, saying that she felt so drowsy that she could no longer keep awake." She then went down at once to the lurking-place of Troilus, torch in hand. "Him she saluted ; then said, as best she could, " 'Sir, if I have offended by keeping shut up in such a place thy royal splendour, I pray thee for God's sake to pardon me,

sweet my desire.' " To whom said Troilus : " 'Fair lady, sole hope and bliss of my mind, the star of thy beautiful face, splendid and lucent, has ever been before me, and this little den has been dearer to me, certes, than my palace : and to ask pardon for such a matter is out of place !' " Then he embraced her, and they kissed mouth to mouth. A thousand kisses and caresses succeeded, and they mounted the stairs to the chamber.

They undressed, and entered the bed ; where the lady, already in her last smock, said to him playfully : " 'My mirror, new brides are shamefaced the first night.' " To whom said Troilus : " 'My soul, I pray thee let me have thee in my arms naked as my heart longs for.' " And she then : " 'Away with it !' " "And, throwing off her smock, she quickly nestled into his arms ; and, clasping one another with fervour, they knew the last bliss of love."

'And I should hope to return in due time.'

'Love has so enthralled me for you that, even if I wished to be heart-whole, I could not succeed.'

'I will recall you as soon as ever I can.'

He returned at night to the same place of concealment in the house of Chryseis. She also came down as before.

Chryseis protests her love in terms of the most fervent emphasis : Troilus does the like. They are both profuse in lovers' prattle and in caresses.

The sun seems to them to have risen much earlier than usual.

<sup>1</sup> All this, which in Chaucer is an apostrophe proper to the poet, is in Boccaccio a speech of Troilus.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Bell, in his edition of Chaucer, speaks of the phrase "with vapour eterne" as being obscure. It comes straight out of Boccaccio—"Con eterno vapor." This word "vapor" may readily be understood as meaning "effluence, influence."

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Bell gives "hem" (them) in this line, and in lines 5 and 6 of the same stanza. It seems to be either a miswriting or a misprint; for the true sense, in Chaucer as in his prototype Boccaccio, is conveyed by "him."

O Eternal Light, whose glad splendour<sup>1</sup>  
Makes the third heaven beautiful, from which rain  
down to us  
Pleasure, loveliness, pity, and love!  
Loved one of the Sun, and daughter of Jove,  
Benign lady of every gentle heart,  
Certain cause of the good which moves me  
To the sweet sighings of my weal,  
Ever be thy virtue praised!

Heaven, earth, the sea, and hell,  
Each feels in itself thy potency,  
O clear Light! And, if I discern the truth,  
The plants, the seeds, and the grass, in like wise,  
The birds, the beasts, the fish, with eternal  
Vapour<sup>2</sup> feel thee in the pleasant time,—  
And men and gods: nor does a creature  
In the world avail or endure without thee.

Thou first to the high effects  
For which all things live and are  
Movedst Jove joyous, O beautiful goddess; and mild  
Thou often makest him<sup>3</sup> to the troublous works  
Of us mortals; and merited weeping  
Thou turnest into glad and delightful feasts;  
And thou hast sent him down hither in a thousand forms,  
When thou hast wounded him now for one woman  
and now for another.

TROYLUS.

14

## BOOK III.

(1) [*Proem.*]

O blisful light of which þe bemes clere	1
Adornith al þe thrid hevyn faire	
O sonnyys leef O Iovis doghtir dere	
Plesaunce of loue O goodly deboneyre	4
In gentil hertis redy to repeire	
O verray cause of hele & of gladnes	
I-heried be þi might and þi goodnes	7

## (2)

In hevyn & heh in erthe & salt see	8
Is felt þi myght if þat y wil discerne	
As man · brid · best · fish · herbe & grene tre	
To fele in tymes wiþ vapour eterne	11
God louith & to loue wil not werne	
And in þis wirk' no lyvis creature	
Without loue is worth or may endure	14

## (3)

þe Iovis ferst to pilk' effectis glade	15
þurgh whiche þat thinges lyvin al & be	
Commodious & amorous hem made	
Vnmortal þing & as þe lyst ay þe	18
þaf hym in love ese or aduersite	
And a Mt fourmes doun hym sent	
For loue in erþe & whom þe list þe hent	21

Thou, at thy pleasure, makest fierce Mars benign  
 And humble, and chasest away all ire :  
 Thou expellest cowardice, and with high disdain  
 Thou fillest him who sighs for thee, O Goddess !  
 Thou deserving and worthy of lofty lordship  
 Makest every one according as he desires ;  
 Thou makest all courteous and well-mannered  
 Who are a whit inflamed with thy fire.<sup>1</sup>

' Hercules was in love : why not I ? I bless the moment  
 I fell in love with so perfect a creature—and all my love-  
 pangs ; and most of all God for having created her. For  
 others be realms, riches, arms, horses, woods, hounds,  
 birds, the studies of Pallas, and the prowess of Mars ! For  
 me my lady suffices, and exalts me above Jove. Oh may  
 she never be another's !'

Thou in unity houses and cities,  
 Realms and provinces and the whole world,  
 Holdest, beautiful Goddess ; thou of friendships  
 Art certain cause, and dear fruit of them ;  
 Thou only knowest the hidden qualities  
 Of things—whence thou formest such a construction<sup>2</sup>  
 That thou makest to marvel  
 Any who know not how to estimate thy power.

Thou, O Goddess, settest law to the universe,  
 Whereby it maintains itself in being :  
 Neither is any one adverse to thy son  
 But he repents of it, if he endures to be.

<sup>1</sup> It is curious to observe how Chaucer sometimes shuffles about Boccaccio's lines. In this stanza we have Chaucer's line 1 corresponding to Boccaccio's 1 and 2 ; 2 to 5 ; 3 to 8 ; 4 to 3 ; 5 to 7, but with the word "benigne" coming out of line 1, where the Italian poet applies it to Mars ; 6 to 6 ; 7 corresponds perhaps to 4, rather than any other line.

<sup>2</sup> "Onde il costrutto vi metti tal," &c. This phrase is not entirely clear to me, but I understand it in the sense which the translation conveys. Chaucer's expression "may not construe," &c. is evidently derived herefrom.

## (4)

3e fers Mars apesyn of his yre 22  
 & as 3ow list 3e makyn hertis digne  
 Algatis hem þat 3e wil set a fyre  
 þei dredyn shame & vices þei resigne 25  
 3e do hein curteys to be and benigne  
 & hye or low aftir þat a wight entendith  
 þe ioyes he hath 3our myght hym sendith 28

## (5)

3e holdyn regne and hous in vnyte [leaf 42] 29  
 3e sothfast cause of frendshipe bene also  
 Ye know al thilk couerid qualite  
 Of pingis which þat folk on wondrin so 32  
 Whan þei may not construe how it may io  
 She lovith or why he lovith here  
 As whi þis fisch not comith to þe were 35

## (6)

3e folk of lawe have set in vniverse 36  
 And þus know y by hem þat louers be  
 þat who so strywith wip 3ow hath þe wers  
 Now lady bright for þi benignyte 39  
 At reuerence of hem þat servyn þe  
 Whos clerk y am so techith me devise  
 Some ioi þat is felt in þi servise 42

## (7)

Ye in my nakyd hertis sentement 43  
 Inheld & do me shewe of swetnes  
 Caliope þi voys be now present  
 For is now nede seest þou not my distres 46  
 how y mote telle a-non right þe gladnes  
 Of Troylus to Venus heryng  
 To which gladnes ho nede god hym bring 49



(8) [*The Story.*]

Lay al þis mene while Troylus	50
Recordyng his lesson in þis manere	
Ma fey þoght he þus wul y sey and þus	
Thus wole y pleyne vn to myn hert dere	53
þat word is good & þis shal be my chere	
þis wole y not foryetyn in no wyse	
God leve hym werk as he gan devise	56

## (9)

And lord so as his herte gan to quappe	57
heryng her come & short for to sike	
And Pandarus þat led her by the lappe	
Come nere and gan yn at þe curtyn pike	60
And seid god do bote on al syke	
Se who is here ȝow comyn to visite	
lo here is she þat is ȝour dethe to wyte	63

## (10)

Perwith it semyd as he wept almost	[leaf 42, back] 64
Aha god help quod Troylus so rewfully	
Wher me be wo o myghty god þow wost	
Who is ther y se not trewely	67
Sir quod Cryseyde it is Pandare and y	
Ye swete hert alas y may not rise	
To knele & do ȝow honour in some wise	70

## (11)

And dressid hym vpward & she right þo	71
Gan boþe her hondis vp on hym ley	
() for loue of god do ye not so	
To me quod she ey what is þis to sey	74
For comyn am y for causis tway	
Ferst ȝow to thank' & of ȝour lordship eke	
Continuance y wold ȝow byseke	77

## (12)

This Troylus þat herd his lady pray	78
hym of lordship was neiþer qwyk' ne dede	
Ne myght o word for shame to hit sey	
Al þogh men sholden smytyn of his hede	81
But lord so he wax sodenly rede	
& sir his lesson þat he had wend had kun	
To prayen her was þurgh his hert yrun	84

## (13)

Cryseyd al þis aspyed wel y-now	85
For she was wys lovid hym neuere þe les	
Al nere he malapert or made avowe	
Or was to bold to syng a fole a mes	88
But whan his shame gan sumwhat to passe	
his wordis as y may rymes holde	
I wole þow tell as techyn bokys olde	91

## (14)

Hym chaungid voys right for his verrey drede	92
Which voys quoke & also his manere	
Goodly abasshid & now his hewe is rede	
Now pale vn to Cryseid his lady dere	95
With loke down cast & humble ȝoldyn chere	
lo alþerferst word that hym a-stert	
Was twies mercy mercy my dere hert	98

## (15)

And stynt a while & whan he myȝht out bryng' [leaf 45]	99
The next was god wote for y have	
As ferforthly as y have kunnyng'	
Bene youre so god my soule save	102
And shal tul that y woful wight be grave	
& þogh y ne dare ne can vn to þow pleyne	
I-wys y suffre not the lesse peyne	105

## (16)

Thus mych as now O womanlich wyf	106
I may out bring and if it ȝow displese	
That shal y wreke vp on myn owne lyf	
Right sone y trow and do ȝour hert ese	109
If wip my dethe y may ȝour hert apese	
For seth ye have herd me sumwhat sey	
Now recche y neuere how sone þat y dey	112

## (17)

Therwith his manly sorow to byhold	113
hit might have made an hert of stone to rewe	
And Pandare wepe as he to watir wold	
And seyð wo bygone bene hertis trewe	116
And procurid euer his nece new & newe	
For loue of god make of hym an ende	
Or sle vs both at onys or we wende	119

## (18)

Ȳ what quod she be god & by my trouthe	120
I note not what ȝe wold y sey	
y what quod he þat ȝe have of hym routhe	
For goddis loue and doth hym not to dey	123
Now this quod she y wold hym prey	
To tell me þe fyn of his entent	
Yet wist y neuere wele what þat he ment	126

## (19)

What þat y mene swete hert dere	127
Quod Troilus goodly fresch and fre	
That with þe streme of ȝour eyen clere	
ye wold some tyme on me rewe and se	130
And þat ye agreyn þat it may so be	
Wip-out braunche of vice in eny wyse	
In troupe alwey to do ȝow my servise	133

## (20)

As to my lady cheft & right resorte	[leaf 48, back]	134
With al my wit and al my diligence		
And y to have right as yow list comforte		
Vndur þour ȝerde eke to al myn offence		137
As doþe if þat y breke your defence		
And yow deigne me so honoure		
Me to comaundyn oght in eny houre		140

## (21)

And y to be your verrey humble trewe		141
Secrete & yn my peynes pacient		
And euermore desiryn fresshe newe		
To serve and bene y-lyke diligent		144
And with good hert al holy your talent		
Receyve in gre how sore þat me smert		
lo this mene y myn owne swete hert		147

## (22)

Quod Pandarus lo here an hard request		148
And resonable a lady for to werne		
Now nece by natal Iovis feest		
Were y a god ye shold sterve as yerne		151
þat heryn wel þis man wole no þing werne		
But ȝour honour & sene hym almost sterve		
And bene so lothe to suffryn hym ȝow serve		154

## (23)

Wip þat she gan her eyen on hym cast		155
Ful esily and ful debonerly		
Avisid her and hyed her not to fast		
With neuere a word but seyð hym sobrelly		158
My honour save y wol treuly		
And in such fourme as y can now devise		
Receyvin hym fully to my servise		161

## (24)

Bysechyng hym for goddis love þat he	162
Wold in honour of trouth and gentilnes	
As y wel mene! mene eke wele to me	
And myn honour with wit & bysynes	165
Ay kepe & if y may do hym gladnes	
Fro hens-forth ywis y wole not feyn	
Now beth al hole no lenger þat ȝe pleyen	168

## (25)

Bvt natheles this warne y yow quod she	[leaf 44] 169
A kynges sone þogh ye be y-wis	
Ye shul no more have souereynste	
Of my love þan right in þis cas is	172
Ne y wil forbere if ȝe do a-mys	
To wratthyn yow & whil þat ȝe me serue	
Cherise yow right as ye deserue	175

## (26)

And shortly dere hert & al my knyght	176
Beth glad & drawith yow to lustines	
And y shal trewly with al my myght	
your bittre turne al in to swetnes	179
If y be she þat may do yow gladnes	
For euery wo ȝe shul recouere a blis	
And hym in armys toke and gan hym kys	182

## (27)

Fil Pandare on knees and vp his eyen	183
To hevyn threw & held his hondis hye	
Immortal god quod he þat mayst not dyen	
Cupide y mene of þis mayst þow glorifi	186
And Venus þow mayst make melodie	
Withoutyn hond me semith þat in toun	
For þis miracle y here eche belle soun	189

## (28)

But ho no more now of þis matere	190
For whi this folk' wol come vp a-none	
þat haue þe lettre lo y here hem here	
But aiorne Criseide and one	193
And þe Troilus whan þat þow mayst gone	
þat at my hous ye be at my warnyng'	
For y ful wel shal shape for <i>your</i> comyng'	196

## (29)

And esith þer þour hertis right y-now	197
And let se which of þow shal bere þe bell	
To speke of loue a-right þer y-now	
For þere have þe a leysur for to tell	200
Quod Troillus long shal it not dwell	
Or this be don. quod he whan þou mayst rise	
This þing shal be right as y devise	203

## (30)

With þat Eleyne and eke Deiphebus	[leaf 44, back] 204
They come vpwardis at þe stairis ende	
And lord so gronith Troilus	
his broþer and his sustir for to blende	207
Quod Pandare it tyme is þat we wende	
Take nece myn þour leve at al thre	
And let hem speke & comith forth with me	210

## (31)

She toke her leve at hem ful thriftily	211
As she wel couthe / & þei her reuerence	
vn to the ful dedyn hardily	
And wondur wele speke in her absence	214
Of her in praysyng' her excellence	
her gouernaunce her wit & her manere	
Comendid it was ioy to here	217

- (5)
- 3 "My friend, I felt so much for thee,  
 4 When this year I saw thee languishing  
 5 So strongly for love, that my heart suffered  
 6 In itself, for thee, great part of thy torment :  
 7 For, to give thee comfort, I have never rested  
 8 Until I have found it.

TROYLUS.

15

(32)

Now lete we her wend to her owne place 218  
 And turne we to Troylus a-yen  
 That yaf ful lightly of þe pace  
 þat deiphebus had in þe gardyn seyn 221  
 And of Eleyne and hym he wold feyn  
 Deliuierid be and seid þat hym lyst  
 To slepe & aftir tales have rest 224

(33)

Eleyne hym kyst & toke her leue as blyve 225  
 Deiphebus eke & home went euery wight  
 And Pandarus as fast as he may dryve  
 To troilus come þo as blyve a right 228  
 And on a paylet al þat glade nyght  
 By troyllus he lay with blisful chere  
 To tale & wel was hem þei were in fere 231

(34)

Whan euery man was voidid but þei two 232  
 And all the doris were fast y-shet  
 To tell in short with-out wordis mo  
 This Pandare with-out eny lette 235  
 vp roos & vp on his beddis syde hym set  
 And gan to spekyn in a sobre wyse  
 To Troylus & how y shal yow devise 238

(35)

My alther levest lord and broþir dere [leaf 45] 239  
 God wote and þow it sat me so sore  
 Whan y þe sawe so langwisshyng to yeer  
 For loue of which þi wo wax al wey more 242  
 That [y] with al my wit and al my lore  
 have euere seth do my bysiness  
 To-bring þe to ioy out of distresse 245

## (6)

1 "For thee I have become a go-between.

## (6)

3 "For thee have I corrupted the pure breast  
4 Of my sister,<sup>1</sup> and have set in her heart  
5 The love of thee : nor will long time pass  
6 But thou wilt see this with more sweetness  
7 Than my speaking can give thee,  
8 When thou shalt have beautiful Chryseis in thine arms.

## (7)

1 "But, as God [knows] who sees all,  
2 And as thou knowest, to this not  
3 Hope of reward has induced me, but only the faith  
4 Which as a friend I bear thee, and which has brought  
5 Me to work that thou mayst find mercy.  
6 "Wherefore I pray thee—so be not broken to thee  
7 The desired bliss by evil Fortune !—  
8 That thou do act as a wise man ought.

## (8)

1 "Thou knowest that her fame is  
2 Sacred among the people ; nor was ever said  
  
3 By any one anything but all good of her.

<sup>1</sup> "Sorella" ; but this cannot be understood literally, as we have seen (Canto 2, st. 20) that Chryseis is the *cousin* of Pandarus.

## (36)

And have it broght to such plyt as þou wost 246  
So þat thurgh me þow stondist now in wey  
To faryn wele y sey it for no boste  
And wost þou why for shame it is to sey 249  
For þe have y bygun a game to pley  
Which þat y shal neuere do for othir  
Al þogh he were a thousand fold my brothir 252

## (37)

That is to sey for the am y bycomyn 253  
Bytwix game and earnest such a mene  
As makyn wymmen vn to men to comyn  
Thow wost þi self what þat y wold mene 256  
For the have y my nece of vices clene  
So fully made thy gentilnes to trist  
þat al shal be right as thy selvyn lyst 259

## (38)

But god þat al wote take y to witnes 260  
þat neuere y for couetise þis wroght  
But only to abregge thy distresse  
For which welny þow deydist as me þoght 263  
But good brothir now as the oght  
For goddis loue so help her out of blame  
Seth þou art wys so save al wey her name 266

## (39)

For wele þou wost the name yet of here 267  
Among þe peple as who seith halowid is  
For that man is vnore y dare wele swere  
þat euere ȝet wist she did a mys 270  
But wo is me þat y þat cause al this  
May thenk þat she is my nece dere  
And y hir eme and traytour eke y-fere 273



## (8)

- 6 "This can never happen  
 7 Without great shame to me, who am her relative,  
 8 And likewise her pimp.<sup>1</sup>

## (9)

- 1 "Wherefore I pray thee all I can  
 2 That this business be occult between us.

## (10)

- 4 But, for God's sake, mind that the thing be unspoken,  
 5 And by no chance issue forth from thy breast,  
 6 O my dear friend! nor be displeased  
 7 If many a time I beseech thee of this:  
 8 Thou seest well that my prayer is befitting.

<sup>1</sup> "Trattator"—one who treats or negotiates, a go-between. Chaucer's word "traytour" is no doubt taken from "trattator"; but not with strict correctness (if, as I presume, he means "traitor" in the modern sense of that word), for "traitor" is in Italian "traditor."

## (40)

And were it wyst þat y þurgh myn engyn [leaf 45, back] 274  
 had in my nece put such a fantasie  
 To do þi lyst and holy to be thyn  
 Whi al þe peple would vp on hit cry 277  
 And sey þat y þe worst trecherie  
 Ded in this cas þat euer was bygunne  
 And she fordone & þow right noght y-wunne 280

## (41)

Wherfor or y wole forþer go a pas 281  
 þe pray y eft al-þogh þow shuldest dey  
 That pryvite go with vs in this cas  
 That is to sey þat þow neuere vs wrey 284  
 And be not wrothe þogh y the oft prey  
 To holdyn secre such a matere  
 For skilful is þow wost wel my prayere 287

## (42)

And thenk' wo þer hath be-tid or this 288  
 For makyng avaunt as men rede  
 And what mischeft yet in þis world þer is  
 Fro day to day yet for that wikkid dede 291  
 For which these wise clerkis þat ben dede  
 han euere prouerbyd yet to vs yonge  
 þe first vertu is to kepe wele þe tonge 294

## (43)

And ner it for that y wole abregge 295  
 diffusion) of speche y couthe almost  
 A thousand old stories the alegge  
 Of wymmen lost þurgh fals & folis bost 298  
 Prouerbis canst þi self y-now and wost  
 Ayens þat vice as for to bene a blabbe  
 þogh men soth seid as oft as þey do gabbe 301

## (44)

O tung' alas so oftyn here byforn	302
hath made ful meny a lady bright of hewe	
Seyd wel a wey þe tyme þat y was born	
And meny a maydenes sorow for to newe	305
And for þe more parte al is vntrewe	
þat men of yelp and it were to preve	
Of kynd none auauntour is to leve	308

## (45)

For auauntour & a lyer al is one	[leaf 46] 309
As y suppose a woman grauntith me	
her love and seith þat oþer wol she none	
And y am sworn to hold it secre	312
And aftir y go telle hit two or thre	
I-wis y am auauntour at þe leest	
And a lyer for y breke myn hest	315

## (46)

Now loke þan if þei be oght to blame	316
Such manere folk' what shal y clepe hem what	
That hem auaunte of wymmen and be name	
That neuere yet behight hem þis ne that	319
Ne knowyn hym [no] more þan myn old hat	
No wondur is so God me sende hele	
þogh women drede with vs men to dele	322

## (47)

I sey not þis for no mistrust of yow	323
Ne for no wyse man but for folis nyce	
And for þe harme þat is in þe world now	
As wele for folye oft as for malice	326
For wele wote y þat in wyse folk þat vice	
No woman dredith if she be wel a-visid	
For wyse men by folys oft be chastisid	329

## (10)

1 "And nothing but time lacks to this effect."

## (11)

- 1 Who could tell entire the joy
- 2 Which the soul of Troilus felt,
- 3 Hearing Pandarus? for his sadness
- 4 Went the more waning the more *he* spoke.
- 5 The sighs which he had in great abundance
- 6 Gave way, and the evil pain
- 7 Departed.

## (12)

- 1 And as the new spring
- 2 Of a sudden reclothes with fronds and flowerets the
- 3, 4 Which have been naked in the rigid season, [bushes

## (12)

- 7 Thus full forthwith of new joy
- 8 Troilus laughed, serene in countenance.

## (48)

But now to purpos leue brothir dere 330  
 have al þat y have seyð in mynde  
 And kepe the clos & be now of good chere  
 For at þi day þow shalt me trewe fynde 333  
 I shal thy processe set in such a kynd  
 And god to-forn þat it shal the suffice  
 For it shal be right as þow wylt devise 336

## (49)

For wele y wote þow menyst wele parde 337  
 Therfor y dare this wel vndurtake  
 þow wost eke what þi lady grauntid the  
 And day is set thy chartris vp to make 340  
 have now good nyght y may no lenger wake  
 And byd for me seth þou art now in blis  
 þat god me send dethe sone or lysse 343

## (50)

Who myght telle half þe ioy or þe fest [leaf 46, back] 344  
 Which þat the soul of Troylus tho felt  
 heryng peffect of Pandarus by-hest  
 his old wo þat made his hert swelt 347  
 Gan þo for ioy to wastyn & melt  
 And al þe rehetyng of his sikes sore  
 At ones þei fled he felt of hem no more 350

## (51)

But right so as þes holtes and þes hayes 351  
 That hane in wyntre dede be and drye  
 Reuestyn hem in grene whan þat may is  
 Whan euery lusty lestith best to pley 354  
 Right in that self wyse sothe to sey  
 Wax sodenly his hert ful of ioy  
 þat gladder was þer neuer none in troy 357

## (13)

1 And, after a little sigh, looking  
 2 Pandarus in the face, he said: "Dear friend,  
 3 Thou must remember both how and when  
 4 Thou erewhile found'st me weeping, in the bitter  
 5 Time that I used to have through love;  
 6 And also the like when thy words sought  
 7 To get to know  
 8 What was the cause of my sorrowing.

## (14)

1 "Thou knowest how long I held back from revealing it  
 2 To thee, who sole art my only friend:  
 3 Nor was there notwithstanding any peril in saying it.  
 5 Now therefore think how I could ever do such a  
     thing—  
 6 Who, whilst I am saying it to thee,  
 7 Tremble for fear lest any one else should hear it.

## (15)

1 "But none the less I swear to thee by that God  
 2 Who equally governs heaven and earth,—  
 3 And so may I not come within the hands of hard  
 4 Agamemnon,<sup>1</sup>—that, if my life were eternal,  
 5 As mortal it is, thou mayest live secure  
 6 That, to the best of my power, this knowledge  
 7 Shall be in my own breast.

<sup>1</sup> At this point, Chaucer substitutes Achilles for Agamemnon; but he only postpones the king of men, who comes in in St. 55, l. 4. Perhaps he was guided by the reflection that Troilus did actually, at last, fall by the hand of Achilles.

## (52)

And gan his eyen vp on Pandarus cast 358  
 Ful sobrelly and frendly vn to se  
 And seid frend in April the last  
 As well þow wost if þow remembre the 361  
 how ny þe dethe for wo þou fondist me  
 And how þow dedist al thy bysines  
 To know of me þe cause of my distres 364

## (53)

Thow wost how long y hit forbare to sey 365  
 To the þat art þe man þat y most trist  
 And peril none was it to the [be]wrey  
 That wist y wele but telle if the list 368  
 Seth I so loth was that thy self wyst  
 how durst y mo tellyn of this matere  
 That quake now & no wight may vs here 371

## (54)

But napeles by þat god y the swere 372  
 þat as hym list may al this world gouerne  
 And if y lye Achilles with his spere  
 Myn hert cleue al were my lyf eterne 375  
 As y am mortal if y late or yerne  
 Wold hit bewrie or durst or shold kun  
 For al þe good þat god made vndur sun 378

## (55)

That raper dye y wold and determyne [leaf 47] 379  
 As thinkith me stokkid in prison  
 In wrecchidnes in filthe & in vermyne 382  
 Captif to cruel kyng Agamynon  
 And þis on al the tempris of þis tou  
 vp-on þe goddis al y wole the swere  
 To morow day if it lyke the to here 385

(16)

- 1 "How much for me thou hast said and done
- 2 I sufficiently know and manifestly see ;
- 3 Nor could I ever recompense thee
- 4 For every act.

(16)

- 6 "But by our friendship I beseech thee
- 7 That thou no more give thyself that vile name.

(17)

- 1 "Leave it to the money-loving wretches
- 2 Whom gold induces to such a service :
- 3 *Thou* hast done it to save me from the bitter
- 4 Plainings I was in,—
- 7 As should be done by a friend.

(18)

- 1 "And, that thou mayst know how full
- 2 Good-will is borne towards thee by me,
- 3 I have my sister Polyxena,
- 4 Prized above others for beauty,
- 5 And also there is along with her Helen,
- 6 Most beautiful, who is my sister-in-law ;
- 7 Open thy heart, if any of them is to thy liking,—
- 8 Then leave me to go to work with any one of them.

(56)

A that þow hast y-do so myche for me 386  
 That y ne may hit neuermore deserve  
 This know y wele al might y now for þe  
 A thousand tymes on a morow sterve 389  
 I can no more but þat y wole the serve  
 Right as thyn own whidir so þow wende  
 For euermore vn to my lyves ende 392

(57)

But here with al myn hert y þe byseche 393  
 That neuere in me þow deme such foly  
 As y shal sey me þoght by thy speche  
 þat þis which þow me doost for cumpany 396  
 I shold wene hit were a bawdery  
 I am not wood al-þogh y lewd be  
 hit is not one þat wote I wele parde 399

(58)

But he þat gothe for gold or for ricchesse 400  
 On such message cal hym as þe lest  
 And þat þow dost cal hit ientilnesse  
 Compassion felawship and trist 403  
 Departe it for wyde wher is wylt  
 how þat þer is diuersite requirid  
 Bytwix thinges lyk as y have lerid 406

(59)

And þat þow know y þenk it not ne wene 407  
 That this servise a shame be or a iape  
 I have my fair sustir Polixene  
 Cassaundre Eleyne or eny of þe frape 410  
 Be she neuere so fair or wele y-shape  
 Tel me which þow wilt of euerichon  
 To have for þin & let me þan alon 413

(19)

- 1 "But, since thou hast done so much, far more than I  
 2 Could have prayed thee, bring to the effect  
 3 My desire when it shall seem to thee the time."

(20)

- 1 Pandarus remained contented with Troilus,

(20)

- 2 And each looked after his own affairs.  
 3 But, although to Troilus every day appeared a hundred  
 4 Ere he should be grappling-to with her,  
 5 Yet he endured, and with the utmost self-control  
 6 He swayed the amorous assaults.

<sup>1</sup> Chaucer reverses the position of these two lines, as they stand in Boccaccio. Further on, st. 72, Chaucer uses the noticeable expression—

"Ther was som lettre hem bytwene  
 That wold, *as seith myn autor*, wele contene

Ny half this booke, of the which hym lest not write."

I do not find any such expression in Boccaccio; who does, however (as we have already seen), speak of an interchange of letters, in B. 2, st. 131, and again in B. 3, st. 3. Another somewhat similar instance occurs further on, in st. 83 of the present B. of Troilus. Chaucer says:—

"Noght lest myn autour fully to declare

What that she thought whan that he seid so: "

but, in point of fact, Boccaccio does not only omit a detailed statement of Chryseis' thoughts on this occasion, but the occasion itself—the entire incident—is in Chaucer alone, and not at all in Boccaccio.

(20)

- 8 Giving the day, with his men, to laborious Mars,

- 7 [And] the night-time to thoughts of love.<sup>1</sup>

(60)

- Bvt seth þow hast y-do me þis servise [leaf 47, back] 414  
 My lyf to save and for no hope of mede  
 So for the love of god þis grete emprise  
 Parfourme it out for now is most nede 417  
 For hy or lowe with-outyn eny drede  
 I wole alwey this hestis aȝ kepe  
 have now good nyght & let vs boþe slepe 420

(61)

- þus held eche of hem with opir so a-payed 421  
 That al þe world hit might not bet amend  
 And on the morow whan þei were boþe arayed  
 Eche to his own nedis gan entende 424  
 But Troillus þogh as þe fire he brend  
 For sharp desire of hope & of pleasaunce  
 he not foryat his wyse gouernaunce 427

(62)

- Bvt in hym-self with manhod gan restreyne 428  
 Eche rakil dede & eke vnbridelid chere  
 That al þo þat lyvyn soth to seyne  
 Ne shold have wyst by word ne by manere 431  
 What þat he ment as touching þis matere  
 From eche in that as ferre as is the cloude  
 he was / so wele dissimulyn he cowde 434

(63)

- And al þis whil pat y now devise 435  
 This was his lyf with al his ful myght  
 By day he was in martis hye servise  
 That is to sey in armes as a knyght 438  
 And for þe most parte the long nyght  
 he lay & thoght how þat he myght serve  
 his lady best her thonk for to deserve 441

## (64)

Nel y not swere alþogh he lay softe 442  
 þat in his thoght he was sumwhat dissesid  
 Ne þat he turnid on his pilwis oft  
 And wold of þat he myssid have be sesid 445  
 But in such cas men be not alwey plesid  
 For oght y wote no more þan was he  
 That y can deme of possibilite 448

## (65)

But certeyn is to purpos for to go [leaf 48] 449  
 That in þis while as writyn is in geest  
 he sey his lady sumtyme and also  
 She with hym spak whan þat she durst & lest 452  
 And by her boþe avys as was the best  
 Apoyntedyn ful warly in this nede  
 So as þei durst how ferre þei wold procede 455

## (66)

But hit was spoke in so short a wyse 456  
 In which awayte alwey & in which fere  
 lest eny wight devynid or devise  
 Wold in þis speche or to hit ley an ere 459  
 þat al þis world so leef to hem ne were  
 As þat cupide wold hem space sende  
 To make of her speche a right ende 462

## (67)

But þat litil þat they spake or wrought 463  
 his wise gost toke ay of al such hede  
 hit semyd her he wist what she thoght  
 Wip-out word so þat it was no nede 466  
 To bid hym noght to do ne noght forbede  
 For which she þoght al-þogh he come late  
 Of al ioy had openyd her þe yate 469

## (68)

Al shortly to þis processe forth to passe	470
So wele his work' his wordis he byset	
þat he so ful stode in his lady grace	
þat xx thowsand tymes or þat she let	473
She thonkid god þat euere she wip hym met	
So couthe he hym gouerne in seruise	
That al the world ne myght it bet devise	476

## (69)

For why she fond hym so discrete in all	477
So secrete and in such obseruaunce	
þat wele she felt he was to her a wal	
Of stele and sheld from euery displeaunce	480
That to hem in his good gouernaunce	
So wys she was þat she was more a-ferd	
I mene as fere as it oght be requerd	483

## (70)

And Pandarus to quyke evir þe fire	[leaf 48, back]	484
Was euere ylyk' prest and diligent		
To ese his frend was set al his desire		
he shove ay on [&] to and fro he went		487
he <i>lettres</i> bare whan Troylus was absent		
That neuere man as in his frendis nede		
Ne bare hym bet þan he wip-outyn drede		490

## (71)

But now perauntre some men waytin wold	491
That euery sond or word or loke or chere	
Of Troilus þat y rehercyn shold	
In al þis wise vn-to his lady dere	494
I trow it were a long thing for to here	
Or of that sight þat stont in such disioynt	
his wordis alle or euery loke to poynt	497



## (72)

Forsope y have not herd it don) or pis	498
In story none ne no man here y wene	
And pogh y wold y couthe not y-wis	
For þer was some lettre hem bytwene	501
þat wold as seith myn autour wele contene	
Ny half þis booke of þe which hym lest not write	
how shold y þan a lyne of it endyte	504

## (73)

But to þe grete effect þan sey y thus	505
þat stondyng in corde and in quiete	
This ilk tway Cryseid and troylus	
As y have told & in þis tyme swete	508
Savely oft myghȝt þei not mete	
Ne leyser have her speches to fulfille	
bat hit byfel right as y shal yow telle	511

## (74)

þat Pandare which þat euere ded his myghȝt	512
Right for þe fyn þat y shal speke of here	
As for to bring to his hous sum nyghȝt	
his faire nece and Troylus y-fere	515
Wher as at leyser al þis hye matere	
Touching her love were at ful vp bound	
had out of doute a tyme to hit found	518

## (75)

For he with grete deliberacion	[leaf 40]	519
had euery þing þat herto might availe		
Forcast and put in execucion		
And neiþer left for cost ne for trauaile		522
Come if hem lest hem shold no þing faile		
Ne for to bene in oght aspyed there		
That wist he an impossible were		525

## (76)

Dredles hit was clere in the wynd	526
Of euery pye and euery letgame	
Now al is wele for al þis world is blynd	
In this matere bothe frende & tame	529
This tymbre is al redy for to frame	
vs lakkith noghit but þat we wytyn wold	
A certein hour in which we comyn shold	532

## (77)

And Troylus þat al this purveaunce	533
knew at the ful and waytid on hit ay	
had here-vp-on eke made his ordinaunce	
And found his cause & þer-to al the aray	536
þat if þat he were missid nyght or day	
The while he was about þis servise	
Than he was gone to done his sacrifice	539

## (78)

And moost at such a temple a lone wake	540
Answerid of Apollo for to be	
And ferst to se þe holy Laurere quake	
Or þat the god spak out of the tre	543
To telle hym next whan þat þe grekis shold fle	
And for-thy let hym no man god forbede	
But prayeth Apollo help hym in his nede	546

## (79)

Now is þer litil more for to done	547
But Pandare vp & shortly for to seyn	
to sone vp chaungyng of the mone	
Whan lightles is þe world a nyght or tweyn	550
An that þe welkyn shope hym for to reyn	
he streight a morow vn-to his nece went	
Ye have wele herd the fyn of his entent	553

## (80)

When he was come he gan a-none to pley [leaf 49, back] 554  
 As he was wont & of hymself to iape  
 And fynaly he swore and gan her sey  
 Be þis & that she shold hym not ascape 557  
 Ne done hym lenger aftir her to gape  
 But certainly she must by her leve  
 Come soupe in his hous with hym at eve 560

## (81)

At which she lough & gan her fast excuse 561  
 And seyð it reynith lo how shold y gone  
 let be quod he ne stond we þus to muse  
 This must be don ye shul be þer a-none 564  
 So at þe last herof they fil at one  
 Or ellis soft he swore her in her ere  
 he wold neuere come more a-ȝen þere 567

## (82)

Sone aftir this she gan to hym rowne 568  
 And axid hym if Troillus were there  
 he swore her nay for he was out of toun  
 And seyð y suppose that he were there 571  
 Yow durst have neuere the more fere  
 For rapier þan men myght hym ther aspye  
 Me were lever a thousand fold to dye 574

## (83)

Noght lest myn autour fully to declare 575  
 What þat she thoght whan þat he seid so  
 That Troilus was out of toun y-fare  
 As if he seyð therof sothe or no 578  
 But þerwith out with hym to go  
 She grauntid hym seth he her bysoght  
 And as his nece obeyed as her oght 581

## (84)

Bvt yet natheles she hym did byseche	582
Al-pogh wip hym to go it was no fere	
For to be ware of gosisshe <sup>1</sup> peple speche	[ <sup>1</sup> ? for godishe]
pat dremyn thinges which pat neuere were	585
& wele avise hym what pat he broght pere	
And seid Em seth y must on yow trist	
loke al be wele y do now as ye lyst	588

## (85)

He swore her by stokkis & by stones	[leaf 56]	589
And by the goddis pat in hevyn dwell		
And ellis wer hym lever soul & bones		
With Pluto kyng as depe be in helle		592
As Mancalus what shold y more telle		
Whan pis was do he roos & toke his leve		
And she to soper come whan it was eve		595

## (86)

With a certeyn of her owne men	596
And wip her fair nece Antaigne	
And her wymmen wele a .ix. or .x.	
But who is glad who now as trow ye	599
But Troilus pat stood & myght it se	
Thurgh-out an hole wip-yn a litil stewe	
Ther he beshit tul mydnight was in mewe	602

## (87)

Unwist of euery wight but of Pandare	603
But to pe point now whan she was come	
With al ioy and al frendis fare	
Her eme anone her hath in armes nome	606
And aftir to the Soper all and some	
Whan tyme was ful soft bei hem set	
God wote per was no deynte for to fe	609

## (88)

And aftir soper gun they for to rise	610
At ese wele with hertis fressh & glade	
And wele was hym pat best-coupe devise	
To lykyn her or pat laughe made	613
he song she pleyd he told þe tale of Wade	
But at þe last as euery thing hath ende	
She toke her leve and nedis wold wende	616

## (89)

But o fortune executrice of werdis	617
O influens of thes hevenis hye	
Soth is þat vndre god ye bene our herdis	
þogh to vs bestis is þe cause y-wrye	620
I mene it now for she gan home to hye	
But execut was al byside her leve	
þe goddis wiþ for which she must byleve	623

## (90)

The bente mone wiþ his hornys pale	[leaf 50, back]	624
Saturne & Iovis in cancro Iovis were		
þat madyn such a reyne fro hevyn a-vale		
That euery manere woman þat was there		627
had of þis smokis rayn a verrey fere		
At which Pandare lough & said then		
Now were it tyme al best to go hen		630

## (91)

Bvt good nece if y might euere please	631
Yow with eny þing þan pray y yow quod he	
To do myn hert as now so grete an ese	
As for to dwell here al þis night with me	634
For whi þis is your own hous parde	
Now be my trouth y sey it not a game	
To gone as now hit were to me a shame	637

## (92)

Cryseide which þat coude as mich good	638
As half a world toke hede of his prayere	
And sey hit rone and al was on a flood	
She þoght as good chepe may y dwellyn here	641
And graunte hit frendly wiþ a frendis chere	
And have a þonk as grucche & þan abyde	
For home to go it may not wele betyde	644

## (93)

Ywis quod she myn vncler leue and dere	645
Seth þat ȝow list it is skil hit be so	
I am right glad wiþ ȝow to dwellyn here	
I seyð but a game þat y wold go	648
I-wis graunt mercy nece quod he tho	
Were it a game or none þe soþe to tell	
Now am y glad seth þat ȝe wolyn dwell	651

## (94)

þus al is wele but þo bygan a right	652
The newe ioy and all þe feest a-yen	
But Pandare if goodly he had myȝht	
he wold have hyed hym to bed fayn	655
And seid lord þis is an honge payn	
þis were a wedir for to slepyn yn	
And y rede vs sone for to begynne	658

## (95)

And nece wyte ye wher y wil ȝow ley	[leaf 51]	659
For þat we shul not lye ferre a sundre		
And for ye sholdyn neiþer dare y sey		
here noyse of rayn ne of thundre		662
By god right yn my litil closet yondre		
And y wole in this litil hous alone		
Ben wardeyn of yow wymmen euerychone		665

## (96)

And in þis middil chaumbre þat ye se 666  
 Shul your wymmen slepe wele & softe  
 And þer y seyð shal your selvyn be  
 And if ye ligge wele to night comith ofte 669  
 And carith not what wedris be alofte  
 Goth yn a-none & whan so þat ye lyst  
 Go we slepe y trow it is the best 672

## (97)

Ther is no more but her aftir sone 673  
 They voydid & drunk & curtyns drew anone  
 Gan euery wight þat had not ellis to done  
 More in þat place gan out of chambre gone 676  
 And euermore so sternelich it rone  
 And blew þerwith so wondirliche lowd  
 þat welny no man heryn othir coud 679

## (98)

þo Pandare her Eme right as hym oght 680  
 Wip women such as were her moost about  
 Ful glad vn to her beddis syde broght  
 And toke his leue & gan ful lowe to lout 683  
 And seyð here at þis closet dore wip-out  
 Right ouerthwart your women liggyn all  
 þat whom yow lyst of hem ye may her call 686

## (99)

So whan she was in þe closet leyð 687  
 And al her wymmen forth by ordenaunce  
 A bed werin þere as y have said  
 There was no more to skipe ne to taunce 690  
 But bodyn gone to bed with myschaunce  
 If eny man was steryng eny where  
 And lete hem slepe þat abed were 693

## (100)

And Pandare þat coud wel eche a dele [leaf 61, back] 694  
 The old daunce & euery poynt ther-in  
 Whan þat he wist þat al þing was wele  
 he þoght he wold vp on his werk' bygin 697  
 And gan þe stewe dore al soft vnþyn  
 And stil as stone wiþout more let  
 By Troylus a-down right he hym set 700

## (101)

And shortly to þe poynt right to gone 701  
 Of al þis werk' he told hym word & ende  
 And seyð make the redy right a-none  
 For þou shalt to hevyn blis wende 704  
 Now blisful Venus þou me grace sende  
 Quod Troylus for neuer yet no nede  
 Had y or now ne halvyndel the drede 707

## (102)

Quod Pandare ne drede þe neuere a dele 708  
 For hit shal be right as þow wilt desire  
 So thryve y þis night y shal make it wele  
 Or cast al þe grewel in the fire 711  
 Now seynt venus þis night þou me enspire  
 Quod Troylus as wisly y the serve  
 And euere bet & bet shal tul y sterue 714

## (103)

And if y had o venus ful of mirthe 715  
 Aspect bad of Mars or of Saturne  
 Or þow cumbrid or let were in my birthe  
 Thy fadir pray al þilk' harme disturne 718  
 Of grace & þat y glad a-yen may returne  
 For love of hym þow lovedist in þi sawe  
 I mene Adon þat wiþ þe bore was slaw 721



## (104)

O Ioue for þe loue of fair Europe	722
þe which in forme of bole a-wey þou fet	
Now help mars wip þi bloody cope	
For þe love of Ciphis þat þow ne lette	725
O Phebus þenk whan diane her self shet	
vndur þe bark & lawrer wax for-drede	
Yet for her love o help me at þis nede	728

## (105)

Mercury for þe love of hyerce eke	[leaf 58] 729
For which Pallas was with aglauros wrope	
Now help & diane eke y the byseke	
That þis viage be not in the lothe	732
Of fatale sustrin which or eny clope	
Me shapyn was my destyne me sponne	
Now helpith to þis werk þat is begonne	735

## (106)

Quod Pandare þou wrecchid mousis hert	736
Art þow a-gast lest she wole þe byte	
Why do on þis furrid cloke on thi shert	
And folow me for y wol have þe wyte	739
But byde & lete me go byfor a lyte	
And wip þat word he gan vn-do þe trappe	
And Troilus he broght yn by þe lappe	742

## (107)

þe sterne wynd so lowd gan to route	743
þat no wight otheris noyse myght here	
And þei þat lyen at the dore withoute	
Ful sykirly þei slepyn al y-fere	746
Quod Pandare with a ful sobre chere	
Goth to dore a-none with-out lette	
Ther as þei lay and softly hit shet	749

## (108)

And as he come a-yenward pryvily 750  
 his nece a-woke & seid ho goth there  
 My dere nece *quod* Pandare it am y  
 Ne wondrith not ne have of it no fere 753  
 And nerre he come & seyde her in her ere  
 No word for loue of god y now byseche  
 let no wight a-rise & here of our speche 756

## (109)

What which wey be ye comyn benedicite 757  
*Quod* she & how thus vnwist of hem alth  
 her at þis secre trapdore *quod* he  
*Quod* þo Criseide Let me sum wight call 760  
 Ey god forbede þat it shold fall  
*Quod* Pandare þat ȝe such folȝ wroghtyn  
 þei might deme þing þei neuere ere þoghtyn 763

## (110)

Hit is not good a slepyng hound to wake [leaf 52, back] 764  
 Ne yeve no wyght a cause to devyne  
 Your wymmen alth y dare vndirtake  
 Slepe þat for hem men myght þis house myne 767  
 And slepe willyn tul the sonne shyne  
 And whan my tale is broght to an ende  
 vnwist right as y come so wole y wende 770

## (111)

Now nece myn ye shal wele vndirstand 771  
*Quod* he so as ye wymmen demyn alth  
 þat for to hold in love a man in hand  
 And hym her lyf and her dere hert call 774  
 And makyn hym a howe a-boue a call  
 I mene as love a nothir in þis while  
 She doth her self a shame and hym a gyle 777

## (112)

Now wherby þat y telle yow al this	778
Ye wote your self as wele as eny wight	
how þat your love fully grauntid is	
To Troylus þe worthiest knyght	781
On of þis world & þerto troupe y-plight	
þat but it nere one a long ye nold	
hym neuere falsyn whil ye lyve shold	784

## (113)

Now stant it þus þat seth y fro yow went	785
This Troylus platly for to seyn	
Is þurgh a gotur by a pryve went	
In-to my chambre y-come in al þis reyn	788
vnwist of eny maner wight certeyn	
Save of my self as wisly have y ioy	
And by þat feith y ow Pryam of troy	791

## (114)

And he is come in such peyn & distresse	792
þat but he be al fully wood by this	
he sodenly mote fal in-to woodnes	
But if god help & cause whi is þis	795
he seiþ hym told is of a frend of his	
how þat ȝe shold love on hat horaste	
For sorow of which þis night wol be his last	798

## (115)

Cryseid þat which of þis wondur herd	[leaf 53] 799
Gan sodenly a-bout her hert cold	
And with a sike ful sorowfully answerd	
Alas y wend who so talys told	802
My dere hert wold me not hold	
So lightly fals alas conseites wrong	
What harme þei done for now y lyve to long	805

(116)

Horast alas and falsyn Troylus	806
I know hym not god help me so quod she	
Alas what wikkid spiryt told hym þus	
Now certis I me to morow & y may hym se	809
I shal of þat as fully excuse me	
As did euere woman if þat hym lyke	
And with þat word she gan ful sore to sike	812

(117)

God quod she so worldly selynesse	813
Which clerkis callyn fals felicite	
Y-medlid is with meny a bittirnes	
Ful anguisshous it is god wote quod she	816
Condicion of veyne prosperite	
For two ioies comyn not y-fere	
Or ellis no wight hath hem long here	819

(118)

Bbrotul wele of mannys ioy vnstable	820
Wip what wight þow be how so þat þou pley	
Eiper he wote þat þow ioy art mevable	
Or wote it not it mote be on of tway	823
Now if he wote it not how may he sey	
That he hath verrey ioy & selynes	
þat is of ignoraunce ay in derknes	826

(119)

Now if he wote þat ioy is transitorie	827
As euery ioy of worldly þing must fle	
þan euery tyme he hath þat in memory	
The drede of lesyng makith hym þat he	830
May in no parfite selynes be	
& if to lese his ioy he set not a myte	
þan semith hit þat ioy is worth ful lyte	833

## (120)

Wherfor y wold devyne in þis matere	[leaf 53, back]	834
That trewly for oȝt y can aspye		
Ther is no verrey wele in þis world here		
For o þow wikkid serpent ielosye		837
Thow mysbylevid envyous folye		
Why hast þou þus troylus me made vntrust		
þat neuer yet a-gilt hym þat y wist		840

## (121)

Quod Pandare þus fallyn is þis cas		841
Why vnclerke quod she ho told hym this		
Whi doth my dere hert þus alas		
þe wote ye nece myn quod he what is		844
I hope al shal be wele þat is a mys		
For ye may quenche al þis if ye lest		
And doþ right so for y hold it þe best		847

## (122)

So shal y do to morow ywis quod she		848
And god to-forn so þat it shal suffise		
To morow alas þat wer fair quod he		
Nay nay it may not stonde in þis wyse		851
For nece myn þis writyn clerkis wise		
þat peril is with drecchyng in y-drawe		
Nay such a-bodis be not worth an hawe		854

## (123)

Nece al þing hap tyme y dare avowe		855
For whan a chambre a fyre is or an haȝt		
hit nedith more sodenly hit to rescow		
Than to dispute & axe amongis aȝt		858
how is þis candell in þe straw y-faȝt		
A benedicite for al among þat fare		
þe harme is don & fare-wel feldyfare		861

(124)

And nece myn take hit not a grefe 862  
 If þat 3e suffre hym al nyght in þis wo  
 God help me so ye had him neuere lefe  
 þat dare y wele sey now þer is but we two 865  
 But wele y wote ye wol not do so  
 Ye bene to wys to do so grete foly  
 To put his lyf al nyght in iupardy 868

(125)

Had y hym neuere lefe. be god y wene [leaf 54] 869  
 yet had y neuere thing so lef quod she  
 Now be my thrift quod he it shal be sene  
 For seth ye make þis ensample of me 872  
 If y hym al wold in sorow se  
 For al þe tresour in þe toun of troy  
 I pray to god y neuer more have ioy 875

(126)

Now loke þan if 3e be his love 876  
 Shal he put his lyf al nyght in iupardy  
 For þing of noght now by þat [god] a-bove  
 Not only þis delay comiþ of foly 879  
 But of malice if y shal not lye  
 What platly & 3e suffre him in distresse  
 Ye done hym neiþer good ne gentilnesse 882

(127)

Quod þo Cryseid wil 3e done o thing 883  
 And 3e þerwith shul styntyn his disese  
 havith here & berith hym þis blew ring  
 For þer is no þing might hym better plesse 886  
 Saf y my self ne better his hert apese  
 And sey dere hert that his sorow  
 Is nedeles þat shal be seyn to morow 889

## (128)

A ring <sup>quod</sup> he ye hasilwode is shakyn	890
3e nece myn þat ring must have a stone	
That might dede men a-lyve makyn	
And such a ring trow y 3e have none	893
Discrecion <sup>is</sup> out of your hede gone	
þat fele y now quod he & þat is routhe	
O tyme y-lost wel may þow cursyn slouþe	896

## (129)

Wote ye not wele þat his & noble corage	897
Ne sorowith not ne styntith eke for lyte	
But if a fole were in a ielouse rage	
I nold set his sorow at a myte	900
But feest hym with a few wordis white	
Anoper day whan þat I myght hym fynd	
But þis þing stont al in a noþer kynd	903

## (130)

This is so gentil & so tendre of hert	[leaf 54, back]	904
þat with his deþe he wole his sorow wreke		
For trustith wele how sore þat hym smert		
he wil to yow no ielous word speke		907
And for-þi nece or þat his hert to-breke		
So speke your self to hym of þis matere		
For with o word ye may his hert stere		910

## (131)

Now have y told what peril he is yn	911
& his comyng vnwist is to euery wight	
And parde harme may here be none ne syn	
I wil my self be wiþ 3ow al þis nyght	914
Ye know wele eke he is 3our own knyght	
And þat be right ye must vp on hym trist	
And y am prest to fet hym whan ye lyst	917

## (132)

This accident so pitous was to here	918
And eke so lyke a soth at prime face	
And Troilus her knyght vn-to her so dere	
his pryve comyng' & þe sikir place	921
That þogh tho she did a tho a grace	
Conciderid al thing' as þei stood	
No wondur is for she did al for good	924

## (133)

Cryseide answerd as wysly god at rest	925
My soul bryng' as me is for hym wo	
Eme y-wis fayn wold y do þe best	
If that y had grace to do so	928
But wheþer þat ȝe dwelle or for hym go	
I am tul god me bettir wit sende	
At Bulcarnon right at my wittis ende	931

## (134)

Quod Pandare ye nece wol ye here	932
Bulcarnon clepid is flemyng' of wrecchis	
hit semith hard for wrecchis nel hit here	
For verrey slouþ & oþer wilful tecches	935
þis seid is by hem þat be not worth two fecches	
But ȝe be wys & þat we have in hond	
Is neiþer hard ne skilful to withstond	938

## (135)

Than eem quod she doth her-of as ye lyst	[leaf 55]	939
But or he come y wil ferst a-rise		
And for þe loue of god seth al my trist		
Is on ȝow two & ye be bothe wyse		942
So wurkip now in so discrete a wyse		
þat y honour may have & he plesaunce		
For y am here al in your gouernaunce		945



## (136)

This is wel seid quod Pandare my nece dere	946
þat good thrift on þat wys gentil hert	
But liggith stih and takith hym right here	
Hit nedith not for hym ferþer to stert	949
& eche of yow ese oþeres sorowes smert	
For loue of god & venus þat y herie	
For sone y hope we shul bene al merye	952

## (137)

This Troylus on knees sone hym set	953
Ful sobrelly right by her beddis hede	
And on his best wyse his lady gret	
But lord so she wax sodenly rede	956
And þogh she shold a-non have be dede	
She coude not o woord out bring	
So sodenly for his sodeyn comyng	959

## (138)

But Pandare þat so wele coupe fele	960
In euery þing to pley anone by-gan	
And seyde nece how wel lord can he knele	
Now for your troupe y sey þis gentil man	963
And wiþ þat word he for a cussbyn ran	
And seid knelith now whil þat þow lyst	
þere god þour hertis sone bryng at rest	966

## (139)

Kan y not seyn for she bad hym not rise	967
If sorow it put out of her remembraunce	
Or ellis she toke it in such a wyse	
Of dewte as for his obseruaunce	970
But wele find y she did hym þis pleasaunce	
þat she hym kyssid al-þogh she syghid sore	
And bad hym sit down wiþ-out more	973

## (140)

**Quod** Pandare now wol ye wele bygynne [leaf 55, back] 974  
 Now doth hym syttyn now good nece dere  
 Vp-on ȝour beddis syde al þer with-yn  
 þat eche of yow þe bet may opir here 977  
 And wiþ þat word he drow hym to þe fere  
 And toke a light & fond his contenaunce  
 As for to loke vp-on an old romaunce 980

## (141)

Cryseyde þat was Troylus lady right 981  
 An clere stode on ground of sikirnes  
 Al þoght she her seruaunt & her knyght  
 Shold of right non vntrouþ in her gesse 984  
 Yet natheles considerid his distresse  
 And þat loue is in cause of such foly  
 þus to hym spak she of his ielosity 987

## (142)

Lo hert myn as wold the excellence 988  
 Of loue a-yens þe which no wight may  
 Ne oght eke goodly make resistance  
 And eke by cause y felt wele & say 991  
 your good troupe & servise euery day  
 And þat your hert al myn was soþ to seyn  
 þis drove me to rewe vp-on ȝour peyn 994

## (143)

And your goodnes have y found alwey yet 995  
 Of which my dere hert & al my knyght  
 I thank it yow as ferre as y have wyt  
 Al kan y not as mich as it were right 998  
 And y aftir my kunnyng & my myght  
 have & ay shal how sore þat me smert  
 Be to yow trew wiþ al my hert 1001

## (144)

And dredles þat shal be found at preve	1002
But hert myn what al þis is to seyn	
Shal wele be told so þat ȝe yow not greve	
þogh y now ryght on yow self pleyn	1005
For þer-with mene y finaly þe peyn	
þat holt your hert & myn in heuynes	
Fully to sle & eche wrong to redresse	1008

## (145)

Now good hert myn note y for why ne how	[leaf 56] 1009
þat Ielosye þe wikkid serpent wythir	
Thus causeles is cropyn in-to yow	
þe harme of which y wold fayn deliuer	1012
Alas þat he al hole or of hym a shyvre	
Shold have her refute in so digne a place	
þat Ioue out hym sone of your hert race	1015

## (146)

But o þou Ioue O auctour of nature	1016
Is þis an honour vn-to your dette	
þat folk vngilty suffryn her hure	
And who þat gilty is al quyt goþ he	1019
O were it leful for to pleyn to the	
þat vndeservid suffrist ielosye	
Of þat y wold vp-on þe pleyn & crye	1022

## (147)

EKe al my wo is þis þat folk now vsyn	1023
To sey right þus þat ielosye is loue	
And wold o bussheH of ielosy excuse	
For þat o greyn of loue is in it sowe	1026
But þat wote hy god þat syt a-bove	
If it be like or loue or hate or grame	
And aftir þat hit oghit bere his name	1029

## (148)

BVt certeyn some manere Ielosye	1030
Is excusable more þan some y-wis	
And wher cause is & some with fantasy	
With pite so wele repressid is	1033
þat hit vnnethe doþe or seith a-mys	
But goodly drynkith vp al his distresse	
And þat excuse y for the gentilnes	1036

## (149)

And some so ful of furie is & despite	1037
þat surmountith his reprehension	
But hert myn 3e be not in that plyte	
þat þonk y god for seth your passion	1040
I wil not clepe it but illusion	
Of Abundaunce and bysy cure	
þat doþ 3our hert þis dissesse endure	1043

## (150)

Of which y am right sory but not wroþe	[leaf 56, back] 1044
But for my devoir & my hertis rest	
Wher ye wil by ordinal or by othe	
verrey set or in what wise ye lest	1047
For loue of god let preve it for þe best	
And if y be gilty do me to dey	
Allas what myghȝt y more done or sey	1050

## (151)

Wip þat a fewe bright teris newe	1051
Out of her eyen fel & þus she seyde	
Now god þow wost in þoght & dede vntrewe	
To Troilus was neuere yet Cryseide	1054
Wip þat her heed down in þe bed she leyde	
And wip þe shete hit wrie & sighid sore	
And held her pees þat o word spak no more	1057

## (152)

Bvt now to quenchyn al this sorow 1058  
 So hope y þat he shal for he best may  
 For y have seyn of a ful misty morow  
 Folowyn oft a mery somers day 1061  
 And aftir wyntir comith grene may  
 Folk sene al day and eke men rede in story  
 þat aftir sharp shoures is oft victory 1064

## (153)

This Troylus whan he her wordis herd 1065  
 Have ye no care hym lest not to slepe  
 Eke it þoght hym no strokes of a 3erd  
 To here or se his lady Cryseid wepe 1068  
 But wele he felt a-bout his hert crepe  
 For enery tere with þat Cryseide a-stert  
 þe crampe of deth to streyn hym by þ<sup>e</sup> hert 1071

## (154)

And in his mynd he gan þe tyme acurse 1072  
 þat he cam þere or þat he was borne  
 For now is wyk y-turnyd in-to wurs  
 And al þat labour he hath byforne 1075  
 he went it lost he þoght it not but lorne  
 O Pandare he þoght alas þe while  
 Servip of noght so welawey þi wyle 1078

## (155)

<sup>1</sup>And þerwipal he hinge adoun his heede [leaf 57] 1079  
 And fel on knees and sorwfulli sight  
 what miȝt he seie he felt he nas but deed  
 For wroop was sche þat schulde hise daies liȝt 1082  
 But nepeles whanne he þanne speke miȝt  
 þus seide he ȝet god woot of þis game  
 whanne al is wist þanne am I not to blame 1085

[<sup>1</sup> A fresh hand, spelling sch for sh, I for y (pron.), hir for her, &c., writes 5 leaves now.]

## (156)

Therwiþ for sorwþ þat his hert swelt	1086
þat from hise iþen þer fel not a teere	
And euery spirit his vigour eke inknitt	
So þei a-stonied and oppressid were	1089
þe felinge of his sorwþ or of his feere	
Or of ought ellis fledde was out of town	
And doune he felle sodenly in a swoun	1092

## (157)

This was no litle sorw for to se	1093
For al was schitt but Pandir vp als fast	
O nece pees or we beþ lost quod he	
Beþ not a-gast but certeyn at þe last	1096
For þis or for þat he into þe bedde him cast	
And seid oo þeef is þis a manes herte	
And of he rente vn-to his bare schirte	1099

## (158)

And seide nece 3e helpe vs now	1100
Allas oure owne Troiles is lorn	
y-wis so wolde I & I wist how	
Ful fayn quod sche allas þat I was born	1103
3he nece wole 3e pulle out þe thorn	
þat stikeþ in his herte quod Pandare	
Seie al forȝeue & stint is al þis fare	1106

## (159)

The þat me quod she leuere were	1107
þan al þe good þe sunne aboute goop	
And þerwiþ sche swoore him in his eere	
I-wis my deere herte I am not wroop	1110
Haue here my troupe and mannye an oper oop	
Now speke to me for it am I Criseide	
But al for nouȝt ȝit might he not abreide	1112

## (160)

Therwip his pous and pawmes of his hondes 1114  
 þei gan to froote and wette hise templis tweyne  
 And to delyuere him from bittir bondis  
 Sche ofte him kiste & schortly for to seyne 1117  
 Him to reuoken sche dide al hir peyne  
 So at þe last he gan his breeþ to drawe  
 And of his swoun soone aftir þat adawe 1120

## (161)

And gan betir mynde and resoun to him take 1121  
 But wondir soore I was abaschid I-wis  
 And wip a sigh whanne he gan bet a-wake  
 He seide. O mercy what þing is þis 1124  
 whi do ȝe wip ȝoure seluen þus a-mys  
 Quod Creseid is þis a mannes game  
 wole Troillus do þus allas for schame 1127

## (162)

And þerwip hir arme ouer him sche leide 1128  
 And al forȝaf and ofte tyme him kist  
 he þanked hir & to hir spak and seide  
 As fel to purpose of his hertis rest 1131  
 And sche to þat answeride as hir list  
 And wip hir goodly wordis him disporte  
 he gan. & ofte hise sorwes to counforte 1134

## (163)

Quod Pandre for ouȝt I can asprien 1135  
 þis list nece I ne serueþ here of nouȝt  
 List is not good for sijke folkis ȝen  
 But for þe loue of god siþen ȝe ben brouȝt 1138  
 In þis good plȝt lete now non hevy þouȝt  
 Be hanginge in þe hertis of ȝou twey  
 And bare þe candel to þe chymeney 1141

## (164)

Soone aftir þis þouȝ it no nede were	1142
whanne sche suche oopes as hir list devise	
Hadde of him take hir þought þo no feere	
Ne cause eke non to bidde him þenne rise	1145
ȝit lesse þing þan þis may suffice	
In manye case for euery wight I gesse	
þat loueþ wel & meneþ but gentilnesse	1148

## (165)

But in effecte sche wolde wite anoone	[leaf 58] 1149
Of what man. & where. & also why	
He Ielous was. siþen þer was cause noone	
And eke þe signe þat he tooke it by	1152
þat badde sche him to telle hir bisily	
Or ellis certeyn sche bare him on honde	
þat þis was done of malice hir to fonde	1155

## (166)

Wip-oute moore schortly for to seyn	1156
He muste obey vnto his ladies heest	
And for þe lesse harme he most feyn	
He seide whanne sche was at suche a feest	1159
Sche miȝt on him haue loket at þe leest	
Not I not what al dere y-now a rische	
As he þat nedis most a cause fische	1162

## (167)

And sche answeride him swete al were it so	1163
what harme was þat siþen I non yuel mene	
For bi þat god þat wrouȝt vs boþe twoo	
In al þing al myn entent is clene	1166
Suche argumentis ben not worþe a bene	
wole ȝe þe childische Ielousye countirfete	
Now were it worþi þat ȝe were y-bete	1169



## (168)

Thanne Troillus gan sorwfully to sijke	1170
lest sche be wroop him þouȝt his herte drede	
And seide allas vppon my sorwes sijke	
Haue mercy my swete herte my Criseide	1173
And if þat in þe wordis þat I seide	
Be any wronge I wole no more trespace	
Dop þat ȝou list I am al in ȝoure grace	1176

## (169)

And sche answeride · of gilt mysericorde	1177
þis is to seie · þat I forȝeue al þis	
And eueremore on þis niȝt ȝe recorde	
And beȝ wel ware ȝe do no more a-mys	1180
Naye deere herte myn quod he ywys	
And now quod sche · þat I haue done ȝou smerte	
Forȝeue it me myn owene dere herte	1183

## (170)

Thus Troillus wiȝ bliſse of þat vprised	[leaf 55, back] 1184
Putte al in goddis sonde as he þat ment	
No þing but wel & sodenly A-vised	
He hir in hiſe armes to him fast hent	1187
And Pander wiȝ a ful good entent	
Leide him to ſlepe & seide if ȝe be wiſe	
Swowneȝ not now lest more folk a-rise	1190

## (171)

What miȝt or may þe ſely larke ſeie	1191
whanne þat þis ſparhawk haȝ it in his foote	
I can no more but of þis ilke tweie	
To whom þis tale ſugre be or sote	1194
þouȝ þat I tarie a ȝeere ſumtyme I mote ·	
Aftir myn autour telle hir gladneſſe	
As wel as I haue talde hir heuynesſe	1197

## (172)

Criseid whiche þat felt hir þus I-take	1198
As writen clerkis in her bookis oolde	
Rigt as an auspen leef sche gan to quake	
whane sche him felt hir in hise armes foolde	1201
And troillus al hool of cares coolde	
Gan þanke þo þe briȝt goddis seuene	
þus sundry peynes bryngeþ folk to heuene	1204

## (173)

Thus Troillus gan hir in armes streyne	1205
And seide · O suete · as euere mot I gone	
Now be ȝe cauȝt now is þer but we tweyne	
Now ȝeldiþ ȝou for oþer boote is noone	1208
To þat Criseid answeride þus anoone	
Nad I or now my swete herte deere	
Be ȝolden I-wis I were now not here	1211

## (174)

Ȝeop is seid þat yuel is for to keune	1212
As of a fyuer or oþir greet siȝknesse	
Men must drinke as men may often se	
Ful bittir drinke & for to haue gladnesse	1215
Men drinkeþ ofte peyne & greet distresse	
I mene it. he as for this aventure	
þat þoruȝ a peyne. haþ founden al his cure	1218

## (175)

And now swettnesse semeþ moore swete	[leaf 50] 1219
þat bittirnesse assaied was biforne	
For oute of woo in blisse now þei flete	
Noon suche þei felten seþen þei were borne	1222
Now is it bettir þan boþe two were lorne	
For loue of god take euery womman hede	
To wirke þus if it come to þe nede	1225

## (176)

Criseid al quite from euery drede & tene	1226
As sche þat iuste cause hadde him to triste	
Made suche feeste ioye it was to sene	
whanne sche his troupe & entent clene wiste	1229
And as aboute a tre wiþ manye a twiste	
Bitrent and wriþen is þe swete woodbynde	
Gan eche of hem in armes oþer wynde	1232

## (177)

And þe abaschid niztyngale	1233
þat styntep firste whanne sche begynneth singe	
whanne þat sche heereþ any heerdis tale	
Or in heggis any wight steringe	1236
And aftir siker doþ hir vois out ring	
Right so Criseid whane hir drede stint	
Opened hir herte & tolde him hir entent	1239

## (178)

And riȝt as he þat seep his deef yschapen	1240
And dien mote in ouȝte þat he can gesse	
And sodenly rescouse doþ þanne him ascapen	
And from his deef is brouȝt in sikernesse	1243
For al þe world in suche a present gladnesse	
was Troillus & hap his lady suete	
wiþ werse hap god lat vs neuere mete	1246

## (179)

Hir armes smale hir streiȝt bak & softe	1247
Hir sidis longe fleishely smoope & white	
He gan to stroke & good þrifte bad ful ofte	
On hir snowe whit proote hir breestis rounde & lite	1250
Thus in this hevyn he gan hym delite	<i>[this line in a later hand]</i>
And þerwiþal a þousand tymes hir kist	
þat what to do for ioye vnneþis he wiste	1253

(180)

Thanne seide he þus .O. loue .O. Charite [leaf 69, back] 1254  
 þi modir eke sitheres þe swete  
 Aftir þi silf next heried be sche  
 Venus mene I þe wele wyllly planete 1257  
 And next þat ymeneus I the grete  
 For neuere was man to goddis y-holde  
 As .I. whiche ȝe haue brouȝt from cares coolde 1260

(181)

Benienyng loue þou hooly god of þingis 1261  
 who so wole grace & liste þ' not to honouryn  
 Lo his desire wole fle wipouten winges  
 For noldist þou of bounte hem socouryn 1264  
 þat servyn best & alþermost labouryn [this line in corrector's hand]  
 ȝit were al lost þat dar I seie wel certis  
 But if þi grace passe alle oure desertis 1267

(182)

And for me þat coude leest disserue 1268  
 Of hem þat Ioinpred be to þi grace  
 haþ holpen hem <sup>1</sup>þer y was lyke to sterve<sup>1</sup> [—1 corrector's hand]  
 And me bistowed in so hiȝ a place 1271  
 þat ilke boundis may no blis pace  
 I can no more but laude and reuerence  
 Be to þi bounte & to þi excellence 1274

(183)

And þerwipal Criseid anon he kiste 1275  
 Of whiche certeyn sche felt no disese  
 And þus seide he now wolde god I wiste  
 Min herte swete hou I miȝte ȝou plesse 1278  
 A what man quod he was euere þus at eese  
 As I on whiche þe fairest & þe best  
 þat euere I sey deineþ hir hert rest 1281

## (184)

Here may ȝe se þat mercy passiþ riȝt 1282  
 þe experience of þat. is felt þerynne  
 þat am vnworþi to so swete a whiȝt  
 But heereþ hert myn of ȝoure benygñite 1285  
 So þinkeþ þouȝ that I vnworþi be  
 ȝit mote I nede a-mende in sum wise  
 Riȝt þoruȝ þe vertu of ȝoure seruise 1288  
 [2 leaves, 20 stanzas, wanting in Harl. 3493. *Filled in here,*  
*from the long ledgerlike Harl. 1239, leaf 31, &c.*]

## (185)

[And for the loue of gode. my lady dere 1289  
 Sith gode hath. wrought me you to serue  
 As thus he wyll. how that ye be my stere  
 To doo me lyve. if that ye lust or sterve. 1292  
 So techith me. how that I may deserve <sup>[<sup>1</sup>—<sup>1</sup> from MS. Harl. 2262,</sup>  
 your thonke. so that [<sup>1</sup>thoruh myn ignorance leaf 74, back]  
 I do no thyng<sup>1</sup> that<sup>1</sup>] do you displesance 1295

## (186)

For certes. fresshe womanlich wyf 1296  
 This dar I seyn. that trouhte And diligence  
 That shal ye fynde in me al my life<sup>2</sup> [<sup>2</sup> ? MS. Het.]  
 Ne I wole not certain breke your defense 1299  
 And yf I doo. presente or in absence  
 For loue of gode. lat sle me with that dede  
 yif that it like. vnto your womanhede 1302

## (187)

Iwys quod she. myn owne hertes truste 1303  
 My grounde of ese. and al myn hert dere  
 Gramercy for on you. is al my truste  
 But let vs falle. a-way fro this matere 1306  
 For this soufficeth. wyche that seide is here  
 And at oo worde. wythoute repentaunce  
 welcome my knyght. my pes. my souffiance 1309

## (31)

- 1 Long would it be to recount the fruition,  
 2 And impossible to tell the delight,  
 3 Which they took together.  
 (33)  
 3 If to me were given the cunning  
 4 Which the poets had, one and all,  
 5 It could not be expressed by me.  
 6 Let him conceive it who was ever so far on,  
 7 Thanks to Love, as these were.

## (33)

- 1 Oh sweet night! oh much desired!  
 2 What a one wast thou to the two joyful lovers!

## (34)

- 2 Holding each other embraced,  
 3 They felt as though they were bereft one of the other.  
 6 But they seemed to be dreaming of being embraced:  
 7 And the one oft-times asked of the other,  
 8 "Hold I thee in my arms, or do I dream, or is it  
     indeed thou?"

## (35)

- 1 They looked on one another with so much desire  
 2 That the one turned not eyes from the other;  
 3 And one said to other: "My love,  
 4 Oh can it be that I am with thee?"  
 5 "Yea, heart of my body, thanks be to God therefor,"  
 6 Many times replied one to other;  
 7 And, often clasping close,  
 8 They sweetly kissed together.

## (188)

- OF her delite. or Ioyes oon) of the leste [leaf 81, back, Harl. 1328] 1310  
 where impossible. to my wytte to say  
 But Iugeth ye that haue been at the feste  
 In suche gladnesse. yif that hem) lust to pley 1313  
 I can) no more. but thus. this ilke twey  
 That nyght by-twyx. drede and sikernesse  
 They felte in loue. the grete worthinesse 1316

## (189)

- O blisful nyght. of hem) so longe ysought 1317  
 how blithe vnto hem bothe. to you were  
 why nade I. suche oon). wyth my soule bought  
 ye or the leste Ioye. that was there 1320  
 A-wey thou foule. daunger and thou fere  
 And let hem. in this heven) blisse dwelle  
 That so high is. that no man) can) it telle 1323

## (190)

- This ilke two. that been) in arme lefte 1324  
 So lothe to hem. a sonder gone it were  
 That eche from. other wende be byrefte  
 Or ellys loo. this was hir moste fere 1327  
 lest al this thinges. but dremes were  
 For wych ful ofte. eche of hem seide o swete  
 Clippe I you thus or elles I hit mete 1330

## (191)

- And lorde so he gan godely on) her see 1331  
 That euer his eye. blent from hir face  
 And seide o dere hert/ may it bee  
 That this be sothe. that ye be in this place 1334  
 yee hert myn). gode thonke I of his grace  
 Quod tho Creseide. and therwyth-al hym kyste  
 That were is spirit. was for Ioye he nyste 1337

(36)

- 1 Troilus often kissed the beautiful amorous eyes  
 2 Of Chryseis, saying:  
 3 "Ye set in my heart such fiery  
 4 Darts of love, wherewith I all burn up.  
 7 Ye keep me, and ever will keep me,  
 8 Beautiful eyes of mine, in the love-net."

(37)

- 1 Then he kissed them, and again re-kissed.  
 3 And no while  
 4 Did he pass without a thousand sighs ;  
 5 Not of those sorrowful ones whereby one loses colour,  
 6 But of those loving<sup>1</sup> ones by which was shown  
 7 The affection which lay in his breast.

<sup>1</sup> "Pii," literally "pious."

<sup>2</sup> "Denari." Chaucer gives the same word, "pences : at the present day (at any rate) the term "denari" is used in Italian simply as equivalent to "money."

(38)

- 1 Ah! here let pitiful misers reflect—  
 2 Who censure a man that is in love,  
 3 And that has not wholly given himself up, as they do,  
     to making pence<sup>2</sup>  
 4 In whatever way—  
 5 And let them see whether, by holding these most dear,  
 6 So much pleasure was ever felt by them  
 7 As Love gives in one sole point [fortune.  
 8 To a man whom he [Love] is conjoined with Good-

TROILUS.

20

(192)

- This troilus ful ofte. hir eyen twoo [Earl. 1239] 1338  
 Gan for to kysse. and seid o eyen clere  
 hit were ye. that wroughten me this whoo  
 ye humble nettes. of my lady dere 1341  
 Thogh ther be mercy. wryten in your chere  
 Gode wote that tixite. ful harde is sothe to fynde  
 how cowde ye me. wythouten bonde bynde 1344

(193)

- Therwyth he gan hir faste in armes take 1345  
 And wel a thousand tymes. gan he sike  
 Noo suche sorowful sikes. as men make  
 For sorwe. or elles whan that folke been sike 1348  
 But esy sikes. suche as been to like  
 That sweyd his affection wythinne  
 Of wych sykes. cowde he not blynne 1351

(194)

- Sone after this spake they of sundry thinges 1352  
 And fel to purpos. of her a-venture  
 And pleyng. enchaunged hir ringes  
 Of wych I can not telle no scripture 1355  
 But wel I wote. a broche golde and asure  
 Creseide hym yafe. and stake it on his sherte  
 In wych a rubye. was sette like an herte 1358

(195)

- Lorde trowe ye. a covetours wreche 1359  
 That blameth loue. and halt of hit despite  
 That of the peynes. that he gan moker and teche  
 was euer right yit. yeue hym suche delite 1362  
 As in loue. a poynt in som plite.  
 Nay doutles. for as gode me saue  
 So parfit Ioye. may no negarde haue 1365

## (39)

- 1 They will say yes, but they will lie.  
 2 And this love they will call a piteous madness,  
 3 With laughter and jeers;  
 4 Without seeing that but one hour shall that be  
 5 When they shall lose themselves and their pence,  
 6 Without having known what joy is.  
 7 In all their lives God make them sad,  
 8 And give their gains to lovers!

## (40)

- 1 The two lovers being together reassured,  
 2 They began to converse together,  
 3 And one to other to relate the past plainings  
 4 And anguish and sighs.

## (40)

- 5 And such talks, one and all.  
 6 They often broke with fervent kissing  
 7 And, discarding their past annoy,  
 8 They took delightful joy together.

## (196)

They wyl sey yis. but lorde so they lye [Earl. 1299] 1366  
 Thoo besy wreches. ful of who and drede  
 The clepen loue. a wodenesse for folye  
 But it shal fal hem. as I shal a-Rede 1369  
 They shall for-goo. the white and eke the Rede  
 And lyve in who. there gode yeue hem mysschance /  
 And euery louer. in his trouthe avance 1372

## (197)

[As wolde god / these wrecches that despise [Earl. 2292, leaf 76, back] 1373  
 seruyse of loue / had / heris as longe  
 as had / Mida / ful of couetise Nota de cristoforo Mida  
 and therto dronkin had / as hot & as strong 1376  
 as Crassus dide / for hise affectis wrong Quomodo crassus bibit  
 to techyn hem / that / couetis is vice  
 and loue is vertu / thowh men hold it nyce] 1379

## (198)

THIS ilke two. of wyche I you seye [leaf 22, Earl. 1299] 1380  
 whan that hir hertes / bothe assured were  
 Than gonne they. to speke and pleye  
 And eke reherson. how and when and where 1383  
 They knew hem first. but euer in woo and fere  
 That passed was. but al their besinesse  
 I-thonked gode. was tourned to gladnesse 1386

## (199)

And euer more whan that they fille to speke 1387  
 Of any woo. of suche. a tyme y-gonne  
 Wyth kyssyng. al that tale shulde breke  
 And fallen in a new Iove a-non 1390  
 And diden al hir myght. sith they were oon  
 For to Recouere blisse and been at ese  
 And passed woo / wyth Ioye countrepese 1393



## (41)

- 1 No reckoning was there taken<sup>1</sup> of sleeping;  
 2 But their wish was that the night might not be too short  
 3 For keeping awake to good purpose long enough.  
 4 They could not satiate themselves one with the other;  
 5 Though much was the doing and the saying,  
 6 Such as they thought pertaining to that act.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Ragion non vi si fece"—literally, "*reason* [reckoning] was not there made." We see that Chaucer, by a slight misconception or distortion of the sense, got hence his phrase "Reson wyl not that I speke," as well as "they toke of that ful litel kepe."

<sup>2</sup> Next after this, Chaucer adds:

"But soth is, thogh I can not tellen alle,  
 As can myn auctour, of his excellence,  
 Yit have I seide, & God toforn shal,  
 In every thing the grete of his sentence."

The fact is, however, that the English poet has, up to this point of the amorous scene, given *more* details than the Italian, and has missed nothing of much consequence supplied by the latter. The close of the interview is varied by Chaucer—but not shortened; on the contrary, it is lengthened. This instance, and those cited on pp. 38, 39, might lead one to surmise that he worked from a poem somewhat amplified from the *Filistrato* of Boccaccio, as now printed: on other grounds, however, I should doubt this.

## (42)

- 1 But, when, near to daytime, they heard the cocks  
 2 Crow, for the dawn which was rising.

## (43)

- 1 Which when Chryseis heard crow,  
 2 Sorrowful she said:

## (200)

- Reson wyl not that I speke of slepe [Hart. 1239] 1394  
 For it a-cordith not. to my matere  
 Gode woote they toke / of that ful litel kepe  
 But leste this nyght. that was to hem so dere 1397  
 Ne shulde in wayne / escape in no manere  
 hit was bysette. in loye and besinesse  
 Of al that sovneth in to gentilnesse 1400

## (201)

- But how al thogh. I can not alle 1401  
 As can myn auctor. of his excellence  
 yit haue I seide. and god to-forn shal  
 In euery thing. the grete of his sentence 1404  
 And yif that I that loue Reuerence  
 haue ony thing. in eched for the beste  
 Doth therwythaul. Ryght as your self lyste 1407

## (202)

- For my wordes here. and euery parte 1408  
 I speke hem alle vnder correction  
 Of you that felyng. haue in loues arte  
 And putte hem. hole in your discrecion 1411  
 Tenenrece. or make diminuicion  
 Of my langage. and that I you beseche  
 But now to purpos. of my Rather speche 1414

## (203)

- Whan that the Cok comune Astrologer 1415  
 Gan on his brest. beta. and aftyr crowe  
 And lucifer the dayes messanger  
 Gan for to Rise. and oute her stremes throwe 1418  
 And estward Roos. to hym that cowde it knowe  
 Fortuna maior. that a-noon Creseide  
 wyth hert sore. to Troilus thus seide 1421

(43)

- 2 "O my love,  
  
3 It is getting time to rise,  
4 If indeed we want to conceal our desire."

(44)

- 1 Troilus embraced her, almost weeping.  
  
  
  
  
  
2 And, clasping her close, he kissed her.  
5 Then he commenced, saying to her :

(204)

Myn hertis lyf / my trust and my plesaunce [*Harl. 1330*] 1422  
That I was born). allas what me is woo  
That day of vs. must make disseueraunce  
For tyme it is. to Ryse and hens goo 1425  
Or elles I am. but lost for euermoo  
O nyght allas. why nyht thou houer vs houe 1427  
As longe [as] whan Almena. lay by Ioue [*end of Harl. 1330 bit*]

(205)

[*Harl. 3943 again: leaf 60.*]

O blak nigt as folke in bookes reede 1429  
pat schapen art þis world bi god to hide  
At certeyn tymes wiþ þi derke weede  
pat vndir þat men miȝt in her nest abide 1432  
Wel ouȝten beestis þus pleyne & folkis chide  
pat þere as day wiþ labour wolde vs brest  
There þou nigt þus fleest & deynest not vs rest 1435

(206)

Thou dost al so schortly þin office 1436  
þou rakel nigt þat god maker of kynde  
þee for þin hast and þin vnkynde vice  
So fast vn-to ȝoure emyspery bynde 1439  
pat neuere moore vndir þe grounde þou wynde  
For now þou hiȝest so [faste] out of troye  
Haue I forȝon þus hastily my Ioye 1442

(207)

Thus Troillus þat wiþ þise wordis felte 1443  
As þouȝte him þo from pitouse distresse  
þe bloodi teeris from his hert melte  
As he þat neuere ȝit suche heuynesse 1446  
Assaide hadde but of so greet gladnesse  
Gan þerwiþal Criseid his ladi deere  
In armes streyne · & seide in þis manere 1449

(44)

- 3 Cursing the day that was coming,  
4 That separated them so untimely.

(44)

- 7 "How am I ever to part from thee?

(45)

- 1 I know not how I should not die, merely to think  
2 That I have to go against my will,  
3 And I have already taken leave of life.

(44)

- 8 For the bliss I feel, lady, thou giv'st it me.

(208)

- O cruel ladi accuser of þe Ioye 1450  
þat niȝt & loue haue stole & fast ywrien  
Acursid be þi comyng in to Troye ·  
For euery bore hap oone of þi bright yen 1453  
Envious day what liste þee to asprien  
What hast þou lost whi sekest þou þis place ·  
God þi liȝt quenche for his grace 1456

(209)

- Alas what haue þise louers þee agilt 1457  
Dispitouse day þine ben þe peynes of helle  
For manye oone hast þou slayn and wilt  
þi powringe wole lat hem nowhere dwelle 1460  
What profrist þi liȝt here to selle  
Go selle it hem þat smale seelis graue  
We nile þee not : vs nedeþ no day to haue 1463

(210)

- And eke þe sunne tytan gan he chide [leaf 60, back] 1464  
wel mowen manye men þee dispise  
þou hast þe dawninge al niȝt þ' biseide  
And suffrist hir to soone vp fro þee rise 1467  
For to disese louteris in þis wise [—1, 2, in a later hand]  
What holde þi bed <sup>1</sup>there and eke thy morowe<sup>1</sup>  
I bidde god so<sup>2</sup> ȝeue ȝou boþe sorwe 1470

(211)

- Therwiþ ful sore he sized & þanne he seid 1471  
My ladi riȝt of my wele or woo  
þe welle of roote of good likinge Criseid  
And schal I rise alas and schal I so 1474  
Now fele I þat my hert mot a twoo  
For hou schulde I my lijf an our saue  
Siþen þat wiþ ȝou al my lijf I haue 1477

(45)

5 "Neither know I about returning, how nor when.

(46)

1 "Ah what shall I do, if already, at the first step,

2 The longing to return so strains me

3 That life endures it not, woe is me ?

(47)

1 "If I could think that I stand continually in thy mind,

2 My beautiful lady, as thee I hold

3 Within mine,

4 This would be dearer to me than the Trojan realm,

(47)

5 And I would be patient at this parting."

(48)

1 Chryseis sighing replied to him.

(212)

What schal I do for certis I not how 1478

Ne whanneallas I schal þe tyme se

þat in þis place I may be eftwip þou

And of my lijf god wote hou þat schal be 1481

So þat desire riȝt now [so] streineþ me

þat I am deed anoone but I retorne

hou schulde I longe Alas soiourne 1484

(213)

But neþeles myn owene ladi briȝt 1485

ȝit were it so þat I wist vtirly

þat I ȝoure humble seruaunt &amp; ȝoure kniȝt

Were in ȝoure herte set als fermely 1488

As ȝe in myn þe whiche þing truly

Me leuere were þan þis worldis tweyne

ȝit schulde I þe bettir endure al my peyne 1491

(214)

To þat Criseid answerid riȝt anoone 1492

And wip a siȝsche sche<sup>1</sup> seide O hert dere [leaf 61]

þe game ywis so ferforþe now is gone

þat firste schal Phebus falle from his spere 1495

And heuene egle be as þe douves fere

And euery rock out of his place stert

Er Troillus out of Criseidis hert 1498

(215)

Ye be so depe riȝt in my herte graue [leaf 61] 1499

þat þouȝ I schulde turne it out of my þouȝt

As wisly god my soule saue

To die in þe peyne I couþe nouȝt 1502

And for þe loue of god þat vs haþ wrouȝt

Lat in ȝoure herte no noyouse fantasie

So crepe þat it cause me to die 1505

## (50)

- 1 "Therefore live assured of my love,  
 2 Which I never felt for any one else;  
 3 And, if thou desirest with fervour to return,  
 4 I desire it very far more than thou."  
 8 And, this said, she kissed him, sighing.

## (51)

- 1 Troilus arose against his will,  
 2 After he had kissed her a hundred times;  
 3 But yet, seeing what needs must be,  
 4 He clothed him all.

## (52)

- 1 Voice for replying came not to her,  
 2 So great annoy strained her at his departing.  
 3 But Troilus hence, with rapid step,  
 4 Wended his way towards his palace.

## (216)

And þat ȝe wolde me haue als fast in mynde 1506  
 As I haue ȝou þat wole I ȝou biseche  
 And if I wist soþely þat to fynde  
 God miȝt not oo poynt of my loyes eche 1509  
 But hert myn wiþ outen more speche  
 Beþ to me trewe or ellis were it rouþe  
 For I am ȝoures bi god and bi my troupe 1512

## (217)

Be glad for-þi & lyueþ in sikernesse 1513  
 þis seid I neuere or þis ne schal to no mo  
 And if it to ȝow were a greet gladnesse  
 To turne aȝen soone aftir þat ȝe go 1516  
 Als fayn wolde I as ȝe þat it were so  
 As wisly god my herte bringe at rest  
 And him in armes took and ofte kist 1519

## (218)

Aȝens his wille siþ it mot nedis be 1520  
 þis Troillus vp roos & fast him cledde  
 And in hise armes toke his ladi fre  
 An .C. tyme & on his weie him spedde 1523  
 And wiþ suche vois as þouȝ his hert bledde  
 He seide farwel dere hert swete  
 þat vs graunt sound & soone to mete 1526

## (219)

To whiche for sorwe no word sche answerd 1527  
 So sore gan his parting hir distreine  
 And Troillus to his paleis ferd  
 As woo-bigone as sche was soþ to seine 1530  
 þo hard him wrong of scharp desire þe peyne  
 For to be eftre þere he was in pleasaunce  
 þat it may neuere out of his remembraunce 1533

## (53)

- 1 Returned to his royal palace, Troilus  
 2 Silently entered his bed,  
 3 To sleep, if he could, somewhat at ease :  
 4 But sleep could not enter his bosom ;  
 7 Thinking within himself how far beautiful Chryseis  
 8 What he had supposed. [excelled]

## (54)

- 1 And he went revolving every act  
 2 In his thought, and her wise talk.

## (54)

- 7 And with such thoughts the more did he burn  
 8 Strongly in love, and he perceived it not.

## (55)

- 1 Chryseis was with herself doing the same,  
 2 Talking of Troilus in her heart ;  
 3 And, congratulating herself on such a lover,  
 4 She gave infinite thanks to Love for it ;<sup>1</sup>  
 5 And it seems to her full a thousand years ere  
 6 Her charming lover returns to her.

## (56)

- 1 In the morning Pandarus had come.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The word "touchinge" in Chaucer looks like a corruption of the text, instead of "thanking."

<sup>2</sup> "Had come" to *Troilus*, in Boccaccio—not to Chryseis, as in Chaucer.

## (220)

- And returned in to a rial palaise soone [leaf 61, back] 1534  
 he softe in to his bed gan for to prink  
 To slepe longe as he was wont to done  
 But al for nouȝt he may wel lye & wink 1537  
 No sleep may pere in his hert synk  
 penking hou sche fro whom he hende  
 A þousand folde was worþi more þan he wende 1540

## (221)

- And in his þouȝt gan vp & doun to wende 1541  
 hire wordis alle and euery countynaunce  
 And fermely impressid in his mynde  
 þe lest poynt þat to him was plesaunce 1544  
 And verily of þilk remembraunce  
 Desire al newe him hent & lest <sup>1</sup>to hede [—<sup>1</sup> in another hand]  
 Gan more þan arst & yet toke he non hede<sup>1</sup> 1547

## (222)

- Criseid also riȝt in þe same wise 1548  
 Of Troillus gan in hire hert to schete  
 his worþines his list hise dedis wise<sup>2</sup> [<sup>2</sup> wise, other hand]  
 his gentilnesse & hou sche with him mette 1551  
 Touchinge loue he so wel hir bisette  
 Desiringe ofte to haue hire herte dere  
 At suche a plȝt þat sche durst him make chere 1554

## (223)

- Pandre on morwe whiche þat comen was 1555  
 Vn to his nice & gan hir faire grete  
 And seide al þis niȝt so reyned it allas  
 þat al my drede is þat ȝe nece swette 1558  
 And hadden litle leiser to slepe or mete  
 Al niȝt quod he haȝ reyn do me wake  
 þat somme of vs I trowe her heedis ake 1561

## (224)

And niȝ he come and seid hou stant it now 1562  
 þis meȝ morwe nece hou kenne ȝe fare  
 Criseid answeride neuere þe bet for ȝow  
 Fox þat ȝe ben. god ȝeue ȝow hertis care 1565  
 God helpe me so ȝe causeþ al þis fare  
 Trowe I quod sche for alle ȝoure wordis white  
 O. ho seep [he] ȝou knoweþ ȝou but a lite 1568

## (225)

With þat sche gan hir face wrie [leaf 62] 1569  
 wiþ þe schete & wex for schame reed  
 And Pandre gan vndire for to prie  
 And seide nece if þat I schal be dede 1572  
 haue here a swerid & smite of myn heed  
 Wiþ þat his arme sodenly he prist  
 Vndir hir nek & at þe last hir kist 1575

## (226)

I passe al þat chargeþ not to seie 1576  
 what god forȝaf his deep & sche also  
 Forȝaf. And wiþ her vncle gan to pleie  
 For oþer cause was þer non but so 1579  
 But of þis þing riȝt to þe feet to go  
 Whanne tyme was home to hir hous sche went  
 And Pandre hadde fully his entent 1582

## (227)

Now turne we aȝen to Troillus 1583  
 þat resteles ful longe in bedde lay  
 And priuely sent after Pandarus  
 To him to come in al þe hast he may 1586  
 he come anoone not oones seid he nay  
 And Troillus ful sobrelly he grette  
 And doune vppon þe beddis side him sette 1589

## (56)

2 And saluted him [Troilus].

3 Troilus

4 Eagerly threw himself on his neck.

(57)

- 1 "I never could effect so much,  
 2 Were I to die for thee a thousand times a day,  
 3 As to do an atom of what  
 4 I openly acknowledge is due to thee.

(58)

- 1 "The sun, which sees the whole world, sees not  
 2 So beautiful a woman, nor so delightful,  
 3 If my words deserve credit,  
 4 So well-bred, charming, and attractive,  
 5 As is she thanks to whom  
 6 I in sooth live the joyfullest of men.  
 7 Praised be Love who made me his,  
 8 And likewise thy good service.

(59)

- 1 "Thou therefore hast given me no little thing.  
 3 "My life shall always be obliged to thee.  
 5 "Thou hast raised it from death to life."  
 6 And here he ceased, more joyful than ever.  
 7 Pandarus, having heard him, stayed awhile, and then  
 8 He thus cheerfully replied to his words.

(228)

This troillus wiþ al þe affecciounz 1590  
 Of frendis loue þat herte may deuise  
 To Pandre on knees fel doun  
 And or he wolde of þe place rise 1593  
 he gan him þanke on his best wise  
 An hundrid tymes and gan þe tyme blesse  
 þat he of his modir borne wesse 1596

(229)

þat euere was þe soope for to telle 1597  
 þou hast in heuene brouȝt my soule to rest  
 Fro Flegiton þe firy feende of helle  
 þat þough I miȝt a þousand tyme selle 1600  
 Vppon a day my lijf in þi seruice  
 It miȝte not in þat a myte suffice  
 And seyð O frend of frendis altherbest 1603

(230)

The sunne whiche þat al þe world may se [leaf 62, back] 1604  
 Sauȝ neuere ȝit my lijf þat dare I leye  
 So ioly so faire so goodly as is sche  
 Whos I am al & schal till þat I deye 1607  
 And that I thus am hers dare I seye  
 þat þanked be þe hiȝe worþinesse  
 Of loue .And eke þi kynde bisnesse 1610

(231)

Thou hast now me no litle þing [i-]ȝeue 1611  
 For whiche to þee oblisched be for ay  
 Mi lijf .and whi. for þorugh þi helpe I lyue  
 Or ellis deed hadde I be for manye a day 1614  
 And wiþ þat worde doune on his bedde he lay  
 And Pandre ful sobrelly him herde  
 Til al was seide .& thanne he<sup>1</sup> þus answerde [he later] 1617



(60)

- 1 "Fair sweet friend, if I have done anything
- 2 That is grateful to thee, I am extremely pleased,
- 3 And it is supremely gratifying to me.
- 4 But none the less I more than ever remind thee
- 5 To put a bridle to thine amorous mind,
- 6 And to be wise ; so that, whereas thou hast slaked thy  
torment
- 7 With delightful joy,
- 8 Thou do not return into annoy through talking."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The four lines which follow next in Chaucer, beginning stanza 233, are not from Boccaccio, but from Dante.

(61)

- 1 "I will do it so that it shall content thee,"
- 2 Replied Troilus to his dear friend.

(232)

My dere frende If I have do for þee 1618  
 In any caas. god woote it is me leef  
 And am as gladde as man may of it be  
 God helpe me so. but take it not a greef 1621  
 þat I schal seie. bewar of þis mischeef  
 þat þere as now þou art brought in blisse  
 þat þou þi silf. cause it not to mysse 1624

(233)

For of fortunes scharp aduersite 1625  
 þe werst kynde of Infortune is þis  
 A man to haue be in prosperite  
 And it remembriþ whanne it passid is 1628  
 þou art wise ynow for-þi do not-amis  
 Be not to rakel þough þou sit warme  
 For if þou be certeyne it wole þee harme 1631

(234)

Thou art at ese and holde þee wel þerynne 1632  
 For also sure as reed is euery fire  
 Als greet a crafte is to kepe wele as wyn  
 Bridel alwei wel þi speche & þi desire 1635  
 For worldly ioye holt not but bi a wire  
 þat preueþ wel it brekiþ al day so ofte  
 For-þi nede is to wirche wiþ it softe 1638

(235)

<sup>1</sup>Quod Troylus y hope and god to-forn [leaf 68] 1639  
 My dere frende þat y shal so me bere  
 þat in my gilt þer shal no thing be lorn  
 Ne rakyl nel y be for to grevyn here 1642  
 Hit nedip not al day þis þing to tere  
 For wist þow my hert wele Pandare  
 God wote of þis ful litil woldist þou care 1645

[Hand 2, of leaves 9-56,  
begins again]

- 3 Then he related to him his happy adventures,  
 4 And continued : " I tell thee in truth  
 5 That I was never inside the nets of Love  
 6 As I am now ; and still more than the old one,  
 7 Now does the fire bake me which I have caught  
 8 From the eyes and face of Chryseis.

(62)

- 1 " But this fire  
 2 Which I feel new is of other quality  
 3 Than the former one."

(63)

- 1 The young man could not satiate himself  
 2 With talking to Pandarus of the bliss  
 3 Which he had felt, and the delight,  
 4 And the comfort given to his pains.

(64)

- 1 In short while, the happy fortune  
 2 Of Troilus gave opportunity for his loves.

(236)

- þo gan he telle hym of his glade nyght 1646  
 And wherof ferst his hert dred & how  
 And seid frend as y am a trewe knyght  
 And by þat feith y shal to god & yow 1649  
 I had hit neuere half so hoot as now  
 And ay þe more þat desire me bitith  
 To loue her best þe more hit me delitith 1652

(237)

- Y not not wisly what it is 1653  
 But now y fele a newe qualite  
 Ye al a noþer þan y ded or þis  
 Pandare answerd & seid þus þat he 1656  
 þat may onys in hevyn blis be  
 he felith oper-wise dare y ley  
 þan þat tyme he herd ferst of hit sey 1659

(238)

- This is a word for al this Troylus 1660  
 Was neuere ful to speke of þis matere  
 And for to prayse to Pandarus  
 þe bounte of his right lady dere 1663  
 And Pandare to þonkyn & makyn chere  
 þis tale was span newe to bygyn  
 Til þat þe night departid hem a twyn 1666

(239)

- Sone aftir þis for þat fortune it wolde 1667  
 þat comyn was þe blisful tyme swete  
 That Troylus was warnid þat he sholde  
 þer he was arst Cryseid his lady mete 1670  
 For which he felt in ioy his hert flete  
 And feithfully gan al þe goodnes herye<sup>1</sup> [<sup>1</sup> ? herye altered to heree]  
 And let se now if he can be mery 1673

(65)

- 1 Chryseis  
 3 Pursued wholly the same course as before.
- 6 With great joy  
 7 They entered the chamber together,  
 8 And lay down without any delay.

(70)

- 1 But the hostile day was approaching,  
 2 As by signs was manifestly discerned :
- 3 Which each angrily blasphemed.

(240)

And holdyn was þe fourme & al þe wyse [leaf 63, back] 1674  
 Of his comyng and eke of here also  
 As hit was arst which nedip not devise  
 But pleyndly right to þe effect to go 1677  
 In ioy and seurte Pandarus hem to  
 Abed broght whan þat hem two lest  
 And þus þei be in quiete and in rest 1680

(241)

What nedith to yow seth þei be met 1681  
 To aske at me if þei blithe were  
 For if it eft was wele þo was it bet  
 A thousand fold þan arst it nedip not to enquire 1684  
 And gone was euery sorow & euery fere  
 And boþ y-wis þei had & so þei wend  
 As miche ioy as hert myght comprehend 1687

(242)

This is no litil þing for to sey 1688  
 This passip eny wyt for to devise  
 For eche of hem gan opir lust obey  
 Felicite which þat þes clerkes wise 1691  
 Comendyn so ne may not here suffise  
 This ioy may not writyn be with ynk'  
 þis passith al þat hert may bethink' 1694

(243)

But cruel day so welaway þe stound 1695  
 Gan for to a-proche as þei by signes knewe  
 For which hem þoght þei felt depes wound  
 So wo was hem þat chaungyn gan her hewe 1698  
 And day þei gun to despise al newe  
 Callyng hit traytour envious & wors  
 And bittirly þe dayes light to curs 1701

(71)

- 1 The one made parting from the other
- 2 In the accustomed mode, after many sighs ;
- 3 And they provided for the future that, without
- 4 Delay, they should return to those desires.

(72)

- 1 Troilus was content, and in songs
- 2 And joy he led his life.

(84)

- 1 Troilus sings, and makes wondrous glee ;
- 2 He jousts, spends, and gladly makes presents,
- 3 And he often renews and changes clothing.

(72)

- 5 He believed in himself that all
- 6 Other men live in dull sadness,
- 7 Compared with himself ;
- 8 So much did his happiness charm and please him.

(244)

Quod Troylus alas now y am ware 1702  
 That Pirous and þe swift stedis thre  
 Which þat drawyn forth þe sunnis chare  
 hath go some bipath in despite of me 1705  
 þat makip hit so sone day to be  
 And for þe sunne hastith hym so to rise  
 Ne shal y neuere done hym sacrifice 1708

(245)

Bvt nedis departe hem must sone [leaf 64] 1709  
 And speche down was here & there  
 þei twyn a-none as þei be wont to don  
 And settyn tyme of metyng eft yn fere 1712  
 And meny a nyght þei wroght in þis manere  
 And þus for fortune a tyme byd in joy  
 Criseid and eke þis kinges sone of troy 1715

(246)

In suffisaunce in blis and yn likynges 1716  
 This Troylus gan al his lyf to lede  
 he spendith iustith and makith festynges  
 he yeuth oft frely and chaungith wede 1719  
 and holt about hym al wey out of drede  
 A world of folk' as come him wel of kynd  
 þe fresshed and þe best he myght fynd 1722

(247)

þat such a vois of hym was & a steuene 1723  
 purgh-out þe world of honour & largesse  
 That it vp rong vn to þe yate of hevene  
 And as in loue he was in such gladnes 1726  
 þat in his hert he demyd as y ges  
 That þer is no louere in þis world at ese  
 So wele as he & þus gan loue hym please 1729

- 3 The lofty beauties and the lovely looks  
 4 Of any other lady he prizes nought,  
 5 Save his Chryseis.

(73)

- 1 He sometimes took Pandarus  
 2 By the hand, and went into a garden with him ;  
 3 And with him he would first speak of Chryseis,  
 4 Her excellence and her courtesy :  
 5 Then joyfully he began with him,  
 6 Wholly removed from melancholy,  
 7 Joyfully to sing in this wise.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The song given by Boccaccio comprises the passages cited (pp. 105—106) as being utilized by Chaucer in his proem to Canto 3. Consequently the song now given by Chaucer differs in detail from Boccaccio's, and is adapted from Boethius.

(248)

þe goodliheed or beaute which þat kynd 1730  
 In eny other lady had y-sette  
 Can not þe mountaunce of o knot vnbynd  
 Of bounte his hert of al Criseidis net 1733  
 he was so narwe y-maskid and y-knet  
 That hit vndone on eny manere side  
 hit nel not be for noght þat may betide 1736

(249)

And by þe honde ful oft he wold take 1737  
 This Pandare and yn to gardyn lede  
 And such a feest & such a processe make  
 hym of Criseyd and of her womanhede 1740  
 And of her beute þat with-out drede  
 hit was an hevyn his wordis for to here  
 And þan he wold syng in þis manere 1743

(250) (*Troilus's Song of Love.*)

(*Not in Harl. 3943 ; taken from Harl. 1239, leaf 34, back.*)

[Love that ouer see and of erthe hath gouernaunce 1744  
 Loue þat his hestes hath in heuene heye  
 Loue þat with a holesome alliaunce  
 Halt peples Ioynynd as hym lust hem gye 1747  
 loue þat kennyth law [&] companye  
 And couples doth in vertu for to dwelle  
 [. . . . . no gap in the MS.]

(251)

That þe worlde with feyth wiche þat is stabuþ 1751  
 Diuerseth so his stoundis concordyng  
 That elementus þat byn discordabuþ  
 holdith A boutte perpetueþ doying 1754  
 That phebus mote forthe his rosi dai brynge  
 And that the mone hath lordeschiþe ouer the [nyghtes]  
 Ah this dothe loue y-heride be his myghtes 1757

<sup>1</sup> This parase in Boccaccio fixes as true, no doubt, the reading of Chaucer "In time of truce." Bell's edition notices this reading as given by "the printed editions;" though his own substitutes "Out of Troy."

## (90)

- 1 In the actions opportune for their war
- 2 He was always the first in arms;
- 3 For he issued forth on the Greeks out of the city
- 4 So brave and so strong and so fierce
- 5 That every one dreaded him, if the story errs not:
- 6 And this so daring spirit,
- 7 Beyond wont, did Love lend him,
- 8 Of whom he was a faithful servant.

## (91)

- 1 In the times of truce<sup>1</sup> he went fowling,
- 2 Holding falcons, gerfalcons, and eagles.
- 3 And sometimes he hunted with hounds,
- 4 Pursuing bears, boars, and great lions;
- 5 He contemned all the small animals.
- 6 And, from time to time seeing Chryseis,
- 7 He remade himself gracious and beautiful,
- 8 Like a falcon issuing from the hood.

## (252)

That that the see þat gredi is to flowyn [Harl. 1340] 1758  
 Constreynyth to a serten ende soo [MS. repeats ll. 1758-9]  
 His flodes þat so fersly they ne grevyñ [leaf 55]  
 To drenchen erthe and euer more moo 1761  
 And yif that loue. ougūt [lete] hys brydyl goo  
 Al that [now] loueth / a sonder shold lepe  
 And lost were aȝ / þat loue holt now to kepe 1764

## (253)

So wolde gode that Auctor is of kynde 1765  
 þat with hys bonde. lowe of his vertu lyst  
 To cheryssoñ hertes. and alle fast bynde  
 þat from hys bonde they wey no wyght ne oute wyste  
 And hertes tolde hem. wolde I þat he twyste  
 To make hem loue and that hem lyst ay Rewe  
 On hertes soore and kepe hem that ben trewe] 1771

## (254)

In al þe nedis for þe tounys werre [Harl. 3943, leaf 64, back] 1772  
 he was & ay þe ferst in armys dight  
 And certainly but if þat bokys erre  
 Save Ector moost dred of eny wight 1775  
 And þis encrece of hardynes of myght  
 Come hym of loue his lady grace to wynne  
 þat alterid his spirit so withyn 1778

## (255)

Out of Troy an haukyng wold he ride 1779  
 Or hunt bore bere or lyon  
 þe smale bestis lete he go beside  
 And whan he come rydyng to þe toun 1782  
 Felt his lady fre her wyndow doun  
 As fresshe as faucon comith out of mewe  
 Ful redy was hym goodly to salewe 1785

(92)

- 1 All his talk was of love  
 2 Or of fair breeding, and full of courtesy;  
 3 He highly praised the honouring of worthy men,  
 4 And in like wise the discarding of the bad.

(92)

- 7 And, without love, he held every one lost.

(93)

- 1 And, although he was of royal  
 2 Blood, and also, had he chosen, would have had much  
     power,  
 3 He made himself benign to all equally;  
 4 And he draws all people after him.  
 4 Thus willed Love, who can do anything.  
 7 Pride, envy, and avarice, he held in detestation.

Bk I, st. 3.

- 3 And thou, Mother of Love, with thy jocund  
 4 And glad aspect, & thy rapid son,  
 5 With his darts potent in every world.

Bk I, st. 1.

- 1 O Castalian Sisters, who in Mount  
 2 Helicon dwell content.

(256)

- And most of loue & vertu was his speche 1786  
 And in despite had al wrecchidnes  
 And doutles no nede was hym biseche  
 To honouryn hem þat haddyn worthines 1789  
 And esyn hem þat weryn in distres  
 And glad was he if eny wight wel ferde  
 þat louer was whan he hit wist or herde 1792

(257)

- For soþe to seyn he lorn had euery wight 1793  
 But if he were in lous hye seruiſe  
 I mene folk þat oght it bene of right  
 And ouer al þis so wale coupe he deuise 1796  
 Of sentement and yn so vncoupe wise  
 Aft his aray þat euery louer thoght  
 þat al was loue þat euere he seyð or wroght 1799

(258)

- And þogh þat he be come of blood ryal 1800  
 Hym lest of pride at no wight chace  
 Benyng he was to eche in general  
 For which he gate hym þonk in euery place 1803  
 þus wold loue y-heried be his grace  
 þat pride envie ire and auarice  
 He gan to fle and euery opir vice 1806

(259)

- Yow lady bright þe doghtir of Dione [leaf 65] 1807  
 Thy blynd eke & wyngyd son) daun Cupide  
 ye sustryn eke ix that by Elicone  
 In hilt Pernaso lest to a-byde 1810  
 þat 3e þus ferre han deynid me to gyde  
 I can no more but seth þat 3e wol wende  
 Ye heried be for aye wiþ-outyn ende 1813

(260)

Purgh þow have y seid fully in my song'	1814
Theffect and ioy of Troylus servise	
Al be it þat þere were some dissesse among'	
As to myn autour lest to devise	1817
Me my boke now ende y in þis wise	
And Troylus in lyst and in quyete	
Is with Cryseyde his own hert suete	1820

[*End of Book III.*][*No break in the MS.*]



## BOOK IV.

*(Harleian MS. 3943, on leaf 65.)*

(94)

- 1 But such bliss lasted small while,  
 2 Thanks to envious Fortune,  
 3 Who keeps nothing stable in this world.

- 4 She turned her angry face to him.  
 7 She bereft him of the sweet fruits of Chryseis.

(1) (*Proem*)

But al to litil welawey þe while 1  
 lastith such ioy þonkid be fortune  
 þat seemith trusty whan she wole bygile  
 And can to folis so her song entune 4  
 þat she hem hent & blent traitour commune  
 And whan a wight is from her whele y-þrow  
 þan lawghip she and makip hym þe mow 7

(2)

From Troylus she gan her bright face 8  
 Away to wrye and toke of hym non hede  
 But cast hym clene out of his lady grace  
 And on her whele she set vp Diomede 11  
 For which right now myn hert gynniþ to blede  
 And now my penne alas with which y write  
 Quakip for drede of þat y must endyte 14

(3)

For how Cryseyd Troylus forsoke 15  
 Or at þe lest how that she was vnkynde  
 Mote hennis-forth be mater of my boke  
 And<sup>1</sup> writyn folk thurgh which it is in mynd [for us] 18  
 Alas þat euere þei shold cause fynd  
 To speke her harme & if þei on her lye  
 I-wis hem self shuld have þe vilanye 21

## BOOK IV.

## (1)

- 1 The Greeks holding the city straitened
- 2 By close siege,—
- 2 Hector, in whose hands
- 3 Was the whole war, made a selection
- 4 Of his friends and also of the Trojans ;
- 5 And valorous, with his chosen band,
- 6 He issued into the ample plains against the Greeks,—
- 7 As many another time he had done.

## (2)

- 3 But at last the fighting of the Trojans
- 4 Did not turn out well ; whence needful after all
- 5 It was to flee with damage and travail.

(4) [*Invocation*]

Y ye herynes nightis doghtryn thre [leaf 65, back] 22  
 þat endeles compleynyn euer in pyne  
 Megera aliete þow thesiphone  
 Thow cruel god eke fadir of Qwyrine 25  
 This ferþe book me helpith for to fyne  
 So þat þe loos of lyf & loue y-fere  
 Of Troylus be fully shewid here. 28

(5) [*The Story.*]

**L**ygyng' yn oost as y have seyð or this 29  
 The grekys strong' a-bout troy toun  
 Byfel whan þat Phebus shynyng is  
 Vp on þe brest of Hercules lyon 32  
 That Ector wip meny a bold baron  
 Cast on a day with grekys for to fight  
 As he was wont to greve hem what he myght 35

## (6)

Note y how long or short hit was bytwene 36  
 This purpos & þat day þe þus ment  
 But at þe day wele armyd bright & shene  
 With spere in hond & big bowys bent 39  
 Ector and meny worthy wight out went  
 And in þe berde without eny lenger let  
 Her fomen in þe feld anone they met 42

## (7)

þe long day with speris sharp y-ground 43  
 Wip arwes dartis swerdis macys felle  
 þei fight & bryng' hors & man to ground  
 And wip her axes out þe brayn quelle 46  
 But in þe last shour þe sothe to tell  
 þe folk' of Troy hem self so mysleddyn  
 þat wip þe wors homward at nyght þei fleddyn 49

## (3)

- 1 Among whom [prisoners] was the magnificent Antenor,
- 2 His son Polydamas, and Monestheus,
- 3 Xanthippus, Sarpedon, Polymnestor,
- 4 Also Polites, and the Trojan Riphæus.

- 7 So that great wailing and mourning was made in Troy,
- 8 And, as it were, an omen of still worse sorrow.

## (4)

- 1 Priam asked for a truce, and it was granted him ;
- 2 And they began to treat together
- 3 For exchanging prisoners that time,
- 4 And for giving money for the surplus.

- 5 Which Calchas hearing of, with altered
- 6 Face and with loud plaint, he betook himself
- 7 Among the Greeks ; and, through the hoarse bawling,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I translate this in conformity with Chaucer's phrase, "to stynte noyse." I am not sure, however, but that Boccaccio means the words to apply to Calchas himself, "hoarse with vociferating" ("per lo gridar fioco").

- 8 He yet besought that they would hear him a little.

## (5)

- 1 "Lords," began Calchas, "I was
- 2 A Trojan, as you all know :
- 3 And, if well you remember, I am he
- 4 Who first to that for which ye have come hither
- 5 Brought hope ; and I told you that you
- 6 Will obtain it at the fitting term,—
- 7 That is, victory in your emprise,—
- 8 And Troy shall be by you destroyed and burned.

## (8)

- |  |    |
|--|----|
| Atte which day was takyn Antaigne        | 50 |
| Maugre Polidamas or Penestio             |    |
| Sartipe Carpedon Polistenore             |    |
| Or Polyte or the troian daun Riphio      | 53 |
| Or oþer lasse folk' as phebusco          |    |
| So þat for hem þat day þe folk' of Troy  |    |
| Dreddyn to lese a grete parte of her ioy | 56 |

## (9)

- |  |              |
|--|--------------|
| Of Priamus was yeve at Grekys requeste       | [leaf 66] 57 |
| A tyme of trews and þo þei guznyn trete      |              |
| her prisoners to chaunge most and leste      |              |
| And for the surplus yeven sommes grete       | 60           |
| þis kyng was [couthe] a-none in euery strete |              |
| Thurgh þe sege in toun eke euerywhere        |              |
| And with þe ferst hit come to calcas ere     | 63           |

## (10)

- |   |    |
|---|----|
| Whan Calcas knew þis Tretys shold hold    | 64 |
| In consistorie among þe grekis as sone    |    |
| he gan yn thring' forth wip þe lordis old |    |
| And set hym þere he was wont to done      | 67 |
| And wip a chaungid face he bade a bone    |    |
| For loue of god to do þat reuerence       |    |
| To stynt noyse and yeve hym audience      | 70 |

## (11)

- |   |    |
|---|----|
| þan seyð he þus lo lordis myn y-wis       | 71 |
| A troian as it is knowe out of drede      |    |
| And if þat þow remembre y am calcas       |    |
| þat alther ferst yaf comfort to þour nede | 74 |
| And told wele how ȝe sholdyn spede        |    |
| For dredles þurgh-out wip-in a stound     |    |
| Troy be brent & drawyn down to ground     | 77 |

## (6)

- 1 "Also the order and mode to be held.  
 2 "Herein ye know, for I have showed it you.  
 7 "To you, as is apparent, I came,  
 8 To give you in this both counsel and aid.

## (7)

- 7 'I had to act with great secresy, and decamped at  
 nightfall.

- 8 "But I left there all that I had.

## (8)

- 1 "For this, in truth, I care little or nothing;

## (9)

- 1 "Nor hitherto have I seen a time to be able to claim her:  
 2 Therefore I have kept silence.  
 3 But now is the time when I may get at her,  
 4 If I can succeed in obtaining this boon from you.  
 8 'If this opportunity fails me, I shall never get her back,  
 and may as well die at once.

## (10)

- 6 "Console,  
 7 For God's sake, sirs, this old captive,  
 8 Who is void and bereft of all other solace.

## (12)

- And in what fourme & yn what manere wise 78  
 This toun is shent and al your lust shal cheve  
 Ye haue or þis wele herd me yow devise  
 This knowyn ye my lordis as y leve 81  
 And for þe grekis weryn me so leve  
 I come my self in propre persone  
 To teche yow what you was best to done 84

## (13)

- Havyng vn-to my tresour ne my rent 85  
 No resport to respect of your ese  
 Thus al my good y lost & to yow went  
 Wenyn in þis my lord yow to please 88  
 But al my losse me doth no disese  
 I vouche saaf also have y ioy  
 For yow to lese al þat y had in troy 91

## 14)

- 2 "Save for a young daughter of mine  
 3 Whom I left there. Alas! hard  
 4 And rigid father that I was! Had I but brought her,  
 deserted,  
 5 Hither into safety!  
 8 'The hurry was too great to allow of my bringing away  
 Chryseis.
- Save of a doghtir þat y left alas [leaf 68, bar k] 92  
 Slepyng at home whan out of toun y start  
 O sterne O cruel fadir that y was  
 how myght y in þat have so hard an hert 95  
 Alas y ne had her broght in her shert  
 For sorow of which y wole not lyve to morow  
 But if ye lordis wole ruwe on my sorow 98

## (15)

- For by þat cause y sawe no tyme or now 99  
 Her to deliuere y have hold my pees  
 But now or neuere if it likiþ þou  
 I may her have for þat is doutles 102  
 O help & grace among al þis pres  
 Rewith on þis old caytif in distresse  
 þurgh yow seth y am broght in wrecchidnes 105

- 1 "Here are with you a number of noble barons,  
 2 Trojans and others.  
 4 Give me one only of the many,  
 5 In place of whose releasing  
 6 I may have my daughter.

(11)

- 1 'Be not greedy of gold in exchange for the captives.  
 3 "Every Trojan force, all their riches,  
 4 Are in your hands for certain."  
 5 "Hector, who as yet keeps Troy gates closed against you  
 8 is doomed soon to die a violent death.'

(12)

- 1 Saying this, the aged priest,  
 2 Humble in his speaking and in his aspect,  
 3 Ever scored his cheeks with tears.  
 5 Nor were  
 6 His prayers void of pitiful effect ;  
 7 For, when he ceased, the Greeks with clamour  
 8 All cried : "Let Antenor be given him."

(16)

- Ye have now caght & fetrid yn prison 106  
 Troians y-now and if your wil be  
 My child wiþ on may have redempcion  
 Now for þe loue of god & of bounte 109  
 One of so fele alas so grauntith me  
 What were þis prayer now to werne  
 Seth ye shul have folk & þe toun as yerne 112

(17)

- Vp peril of my lyf y shal not lye 113  
 Apollo hath me told sikirly  
 I have eke foundyn by astronomye  
 By sort and augury eke truly 116  
 And dare wele sey þe tyme is fast by  
 þat fere & flaume on al þe toun shal sprede  
 And þus shal troy turne in to asslyn dede 119

(18)

- For certeyn phebus & Neptunus bope 120  
 That madyn al þe wallis of þe toun  
 Be with þe folk of Troy alwey so wroþe  
 þat þei wole bryng hem to confusion 123  
 Right in despyte of king lameadon  
 By-cause he nold not pay hem her hire  
 The toun of Troy shal be set a fire 126

(19)

- Tellyng his tale alwey þis old gray [leaf 67] 127  
 humbly his speche and lokyng eke  
 þe salt teris from his eyen tway  
 Ful faste ran down on either cheke 130  
 So long of mercy he gan hem byseke  
 þat for to help hym of his sorowis sore  
 They þan þaf hym Antenore wiþ-out more 133

## (13)

- 1 And Calchas was content,
- 2 And he committed the business to negociators.
- 7 [Diomed was] then to give the word of Calchas
- 8 To surrender Antenor for his daughter.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These two lines come from Baroni's edition of the *Filostato*; there is nothing strictly corresponding to them in Moutier's edition.

<sup>2</sup> I reproduce Chaucer's word, "parlement." Boccaccio's word also is "parlamento"—but used, I presume, in no more extended sense than "parley, pourparler."

- 3 Who [the negociators] told nis wish to king Priam,
- 4 And to his sons, and to the lords
- 5 Who also were there; whence a parliament<sup>2</sup>
- 6 Was held about this.
- 6 And to the ambassadors
- 7 They replied briefly—If they would surrender to them  
the persons specified,
- 8 *Theirs* would be given up.

## (14)

- 1 Troilus was present at the demand
- 2 Which the Greeks made; and, hearing Chryseis
- 3 Asked for, he suddenly felt his heart within
- 4 Go all transpierced;
- 5 Troilus felt as if he should die.
- 6 So that he thought he should die, there sitting.
- 7 But with difficulty nevertheless he restrained within
- 8 His love and plaining, as was befitting.

## (15)

- 1 And, full of anguish and of fierce dread,
- 2 He began to await what should be answered.
- 6 If he should hear it debated among his brothers
- 7 That Chryseis should be surrendered to Calchas.

## (16)

- 8 The alarmed donzel stood betwene two.

## (15)

- 8 How by any means he could avert it.

## (20)

- But who was glad y-now but Calcas þo 134
- And of þis ful sone his nede he leyde
- On hem þat shold for the tretys go
- And hem for Antenore ful oft preyde 137
- To bring home kyng Koas and Criseide
- And whan Priamus her safe conduyt hem sent
- þe Ambassiatours to Troy streight þei went 140

## (21)

- þe cause y-told of her comyng þe old 141
- Priamus þe kyng' ful sone in general
- Gan þervp[on] his parlement to holde
- Of which þeffect rehersyn yow y shal 144
- þambassiatours hem answerd for final
- The chaunge of prisoners and al þis nede
- hem likith wele and forthe þei gan procede 147

## (22)

- This Troylus was present in þe place 148
- Whan askid was for Antenore Criseide
- For which to chaunge sone gan his face
- As he þat welny with þe wordis deide 151
- But napeles he no word to hit seide
- Lest men shold his affeccion asprie
- Wiþ manyns hert he gan his sorowis dry 154

## (23)

- And ful of angwisshe & of grysly drede 155
- Abode what lordis wold to hit sey
- And if þei wold graunte as god forbede
- þeschaunge of hem þan þoght he þingis twey 158
- Ferst for to saue her honour & what wey
- He myght best þe grauntyng with-stonde
- þis cast he þo how al þis myght stonde 161

(16)

- 1 Love made him eager
- 2 To oppose everything. But on the other side was
- 3 Reason who gainsaid it, and who
- 4 Made very dubious that daring enterprise,
- 5 Lest haply, at this, Chryseis should be angry
- 6 Through shame.

(24)

Love hym made al prest to do her hyde [leaf 67, back] 162  
 Or rathir dyen þan she shold go  
 But reson seyð hym on þat oþer side  
 With-out þassent of her do not so 165  
 Lest for thy work she wold be thy foo  
 And sey þat þurgh þi medlyng is y-blow  
 Your boþe lous þer it was arst vnknew 168

(25)

For which he gan deliueryn for þe best 169  
 þat þogh þe lordis wold that she went  
 he wolde suffre hem graunte what hem lest  
 And tell his lady ferst what þei ment 172  
 And whan þat she had told hym her entent  
 þeraftir wold he wurkyn as blive  
 Thogh al þe world a-yen hit wold strive 175

(26)

H[ec]tor which þat wele þe grekis herde 176  
 For Antaigne how þei wold have Criseide  
 Gan hit withstond & sobrelly answerd  
 Sirs she is no prisoner he seyð 179  
 I note on yow ho þis charge leyde  
 But for my parte ȝe may wel sone hym telle  
 We veyn here no wymmen for to selle 182

(27)

The voys of þe peple stert vp þan at onys 183  
 As breme as blase of straw y-set a fyre  
 For infortune wold for the nonys  
 They sholdyn her confusion desire 186  
 Ector quod þei what goost may yow enspire  
 This woman þus to sheld & done vs lese  
 Daun Antenore a wrong wey now ye chese 189

(17)

2 Many things were discussed  
 3 Between the barons,  
 7 And that Chryseis should be surrendered.  
 8 They said she had never been detained.—Troilus fell down in a swoon. Priam, Hector, and his brothers, did their best to recover him. At last he revived; and, without allowing any time for questioning, he made off, and returned to his palace.

(28)

That is so wys and eke so bold baron 190  
 And we have nede of folk as men may se  
 He eke is one the grettest of this touñ  
 O Ector lete such fantasies be 193  
 O kyng Priamus quod þei lo þus sey we  
 þat our wil is to forgo Cryseide  
 And to deliuere Antenore þei preyle *[End of old hand 1]* 196

(29) *[The later hand 1 begins again, and goes on to the end.]*

O Iuuenah lorde sothe is thy sentence *[leaf 68]* 197  
 that litil know folke what is to yerne  
 that thei ne fynde in their desire offence  
 for cloude of errour late them discerne 200  
 What best is and lo her ensample as yerne  
 These folke desiren now delyueraunce  
 Of Antenor þat brought hem to myschaunce 203

(30)

FOR he was affir traitour to the town 204  
 Of Troy allas they quytt hym oute to rathe  
 O nyce worlde lo thy discrecioun  
 Crisseide which þat nevir did them skathe 207  
 shal now no lenger [in] hir blis[se] bathe  
 But Antenor he shaft com home to town  
 And she shaft oute thus saide her and hown 210

(31)

FOR which delyuerid was by parliament 211  
 for Antenor to yelde oute Crisseide  
 And it pronouncid by the president  
 Ay though Ector nay full ofte praide 214  
 that finally what wight þat it withseide  
 It was for nought It must be and shulde  
 For substaunce of the parliament it wolde 217



## (22)

2 Without hearkening or turning to any one,  
 5 He went into his chamber, and said that he wished  
 6 To rest himself; wherefore everyone,  
 7 Friend and servitor although dear,  
 8 Went out.<sup>1</sup>

## (23)

Here Boccaccio again addresses his lady. He says that her benign influence will not be needed to enable him to describe the misery of Troilus, for his own personal experience of the sorrows of parting will sufficiently guide him. He implores her to return; and it ought to be soon, for meanwhile his life is failing. (In his proem, it may be added, Boccaccio expressly affirms that he has never been favoured by his lady as was Troilus by Chryseis. *Valeat quantum.*)

## (26)

Troilus gave vent to his wretchedness with such self-abandonment that he seemed a rabid wild-beast, and not a man.

8 But first they closed the windows.  
 1 Troilus therefore, remaining alone  
 2 In his chamber locked and dark.

<sup>1</sup> The first two lines of the succeeding stanza, 83, are taken by Chaucer from Dante.

<sup>2</sup> These lines also are evidently founded by Boccaccio upon a passage in Dante.

## (27)

1 Not otherwise does the bull go leaping  
 2 Now here now there, after he has received  
 3 The mortal stroke,<sup>2</sup> and, lowing miserably,  
 4 He makes known what pain he has suffered,  
 5 Than did Troilus, throwing himself prone,  
 6 And striking frantically  
 7 His head against the wall, and his face with his hands,  
 8 With fists his breast and his aching arms.

## (32)

DEpartid out of parliament euerychone 218  
 This Troilus withoutyn wordis moo  
 In to his chambre spedde hym faste allone  
 but yif it wer' a man of his or two 221  
 the whiche he bad oute faste for to goo  
 bicause he wolde slepe as he saide  
 And hastyly vpon his bedde hym laide 224

## (33)

And as in wynter levis bane beraffte 225  
 Eche afftir other tilth the tree be bare  
 so þat ther nys but barke & braunche lleffte  
 lithe Troilus beraffte of eche welfare 228  
 I-boundyn in þe b[la]kk' barke of care  
 Disposid oute of his witt to braide  
 So soor' hym satt the eschaunge of Crisseide 231

## (34)

HE Risith hym vp & euery dore he shett' (leaf 62, back) 232  
 And wyndow eke & tho this sorowfull man  
 vpon his bedde side adowne hym sett  
 full like a Dede ymage pale and wanne 235  
 And in his brest the hepid wo biganne  
 Out-brest and he to wirke in this wise  
 In his woodenesse as I shaþ yow devise 238

## (35)

Ryght as the wilde bulle begynnyth to sprynge 239  
 now here now ther I-dartid to the herte  
 And of his deth rorith a compleynyng  
 Right so ganne he aboute the chambre sterte 242  
 Smytyng' his brest ay with his fistis smerte  
 his hede to the waþ his bodie to the grounde  
 Full ofte he swappid hym silf to confownde 245

(28)

- 1 His wretched eyes, for pity of his heart,
- 2 Wept sore, and seemed two fountains.
- 4 The high sobs of his weeping
- 5 Also took away the purport of his vain words.<sup>1</sup>
- 7 They went asking nothing else except death,
- 8 Blaspheming and flouting the gods and himself.

(29)

- 1 After the great fury had given way,
- 2 And by continuance his weeping moderated,
- 4 He threw himself on his bed awhile ;
- 5 Not ceasing, however, wholly or a little,
- 6 To weep sore, and to sigh so much
- 7 That his head and breast hardly sufficed him
- 8 For so much distress as he gave himself.

(30)

- 1 Then soon afterwards he began to say
- 2 To himself in his wailing : "O miserable Fortune,
- 3 What have I done to thee, that thou thus opposest every  
desire
- 4 Of mine ? Hast thou no
- 5 Other concern than my wretchedness ?

(30)

- 7 "I who erewhile loved thee far
- 8 Better than any other god, as thou cruel knowest !

<sup>1</sup> I have translated these lines as if worded thus :  
"Gli alti singhiozzi del pianto a le vane  
Parole Ancor toglievano il valore."

This corresponds in sense with the passage in Chaucer, and also with the passage in Baroni's edition of the *Filostrato*. In Moutier's edition, it stands "a le vane," &c., which I certainly conceive to be a misreading.

(36)

- |   |     |
|---|-----|
| Hys eyne two for piety of the herte         | 246 |
| oute stremyd as swifte wellis twey          |     |
| the hie sobbis of his sorowis smerte        |     |
| his speche hym raffte vnnethis myght he sey | 249 |
| O deth allas why nylte þou do me dey        |     |
| O cursid be þat day which þat nature        |     |
| Shope me to be a livis creature             | 252 |

(37)

- |   |     |
|---|-----|
| But aftir whanne þe furie & þe rage       | 253 |
| Which þat his herte twiste & fast threste |     |
| be lengthe of tyme somewhat gan assuage   |     |
| vpon his bedde he laide hym down to reste | 256 |
| but tho biganne his teris oute to breste  |     |
| that wondre is the bodie may suffice      |     |
| To half this wo which I you devise        | 259 |

(38)

- |   |     |
|---|-----|
| Than saide he thus o fortune allas þe while | 260 |
| What haue I done what haue I thus aglite    |     |
| how maist þou for ruth me beguyle           |     |
| Ys ther' no grace & shaH I thus be spilte   | 263 |
| ShaH this crisseide away for þat thou wilte |     |
| Allas hou maist þou in thyn hert[e] fynde   |     |
| To be to me thus cruel & vnkynde            | 266 |

(39)

- |  |               |
|--|---------------|
| HAue I the not honourid all my liff      | [leaf 60] 267 |
| As thou wel wotist aboute the goddis all |               |
| Why nylte þou me frome loy thus depyff   |               |
| O Troilus what may men the caH           | 270           |
| but wretche of wrechis out of honour faH |               |
| In-to myserie in whiche I wiH bewaile    |               |
| Crisseide allas vn-to the breth me faile | 273           |

## (31)

- 1 "If my happy and gracious life  
 2 Displeased thee,  
 3 'Why didst thou not rather demolish Troy?  
 4 "Why didst thou not bereave me of my father,—  
 5 Why not Hector?<sup>1</sup>

## (32)

- 1 "If Chryseis alone had been left me,  
 2 For no other great harm  
 3 Should I care, nor say a word about it.  
 4 "But thy darts go straight  
 5 Always to the things one has the greatest appetite for,  
 6 To show the more the power of thy deceiving.

## (33)

- 1 "Ah me! Love, sweet lord and pleasant,  
 2 Who knowest all that lies within my soul!  
 3 What will my sorrowing life do  
 4 If I lose this bliss, this my peace?  
 5 Ah me! gentle Love, who once  
 6 Didst console my mind, veritable lord!  
 7 What shall I do if she is taken from me  
 8 To whom, by thy will, I gave all myself?

## (34)

- 1 "I will weep, and always remain doleful  
 2 Wherever I am, while the life  
 3 Shall endure in this my anguished body.

<sup>1</sup> Paris is given in at the end of the stanza.

## (40)

Allas fortune yif þat my liff in Ioy 274  
 displesid hadde vn-to thy foule envye  
 Why ne haddist þou my fadir kyng of Troy  
 by craffte the liff or done my bretherne dey 277  
 Or slayne my silf / þat thus compleyn & cry  
 I combre the worlde þat may no thyng serve  
 but alwey dy & nevir fully sterue 280

## (41)

Yeve that allone Crisseide wer' me lafte 281  
 nought rought I whedirwardes þou wilt stere  
 And hirallas þan hast þou me beraffte  
 but eueremore lo this is thy manere 284  
 To reve a wighte þat most is to hym dere  
 to proue in that thy greffull violence  
 thus am I lost' ther' helpith no diffence 287

## (42)

O verry lorde of love / o godallas 288  
 that knowist best myn herte & all my thoughte  
 What shall my sorowfull lif do in pis cas  
 Yef I forgo þat I so dere haue boughte 291  
 Sen ye Crisseide haue me fully broughte  
 In to your grace & both oure hertis ensealid  
 how may ye suffreallas it me repelid 294

## (43)

What shaft I do I shaft whil I may endure 295  
 On live in turment & in cruel peyn  
 this infortune or this disauentur'  
 allone as I was borne y-wis compleyn 298  
 ne neuer I son it shyne or reyn  
 but ende I wil as edippe in derknesse  
 my sorowfull liff & dey for distresse 301

## (34)

- 1 "O soul wretched & astray,  
 2 Why fliest thou not out of the most ill-fortuned  
 3 Body that lives! O soul brought low,  
 4 Part from the body, and follow Chryseis!  
 5 Why dost it not? Why not loose thyself?

## (35)

- 1 "O woful eyes, whose whole comfort  
 2 Was in the face of our Chryseis,  
 3 What will ye now do? In sorrowful mourning  
 4 Ye will always be since she will be divided from you;  
 5 And your faculty will be destroyed,  
 6 Vanquished and conquered by your weeping.  
 7 In vain will ye now see other virtue,  
 8 If your well-being is taken from you.

## (36)

- 1 "O my Chryseis! O sweet bliss  
 2 Of the sorrowing soul which calls on thee!  
 3 Who will any more give comfort to my pains?<sup>1</sup>  
 4 'At least the departure of my Chryseis might have been  
 so far delayed as to inure me a little to the sorrow of it.

<sup>1</sup> "To *thy* peyne" is printed in Chaucer—which seems much less appropriate.

## (44)

- O verry gooste þat errest to & froo [leaf 69, back] 302  
 Why nyste þou sle out of the wofullest  
 body / that euer myghite on grownde go  
 O soule berkyng in this wo vnneest 305  
 fle forth out of myn hert & lat it brest  
 And folowe alway Crisseid thi lady dere  
 Thy right place is now no lenger here. 308

## (45)

- O wofull eyn two / syn your disporte 309  
 Was all to se / Crisseidis eyn brighte  
 What shaft ye do but for my discomfort  
 stonde for nought wepe forth your sight 312  
 syn she is queynt / þat wont was yon to lighte  
 In veyn frome this forth haue I eyñ twey  
 I-fourmed / synn your vertue is awaye 315

## (46)

- O my Crisseide / o lady soueraigne 316  
 Of thilke woful soule þat thus cryethe  
 who shaft now yeve comforte to my peyne  
 Allas the wight but whan my hert deith 319  
 my spirite which þat so vn to you hieth  
 Receive in gree for þat shaft ay you serue  
 for now no force is thove þ<sup>e</sup> bodie sterue 322

## (47)

- O ye louers that high vpon the whele 323  
 ben sett of fortune in goode aventure  
 god len þat ye fynde ay love of stele  
 And long mote youre liff in Ioy endure 326  
 but whan ye com be my sepulture  
 Remembrith þat your felow restith here  
 for I louyd eke thove I vnwothy wer 329

(38)

- 1 "O mis-lived<sup>1</sup> old man, O insane<sup>2</sup> old man!  
 2 What fantasy moved thee, or what spite,  
 3 To go to the Greeks, thou being a Trojan?  
 4 'Wretched traitor! none was more honoured in Troy  
 than thou!"

(39)

- 1 'O that thou hadst died the day of thy escape! or the  
 day when thou didst redemand my Chryseis!  
 5 "Oh how much amiss for me didst thou come into the  
 world!"<sup>3</sup>  
 6 Thou art the cause of the sorrow which goes to my heart!

- 8 "Oh that I now had thee such as I should like in Troy!"  
 7 "'Oh that Menelaus had buried in thine heart the spear  
 which pierced Protesilaus!"

(40)

- 1 'Wert thou but dead, there would be none to bereave  
 me of Chryseis!'

(41)

- 1 A thousand sighs, more burning than fire,  
 2 Issued forth from his amorous breast,  
 3 Mixed with tears and with sorrowful words,  
 4 Without giving in at all the one to the other:  
 5 And these lamentations had so conquered him  
 6 That the young man could no more,—  
 7 So that he fell asleep.  
 8 But he soon woke up again. He called to an attendant,  
 bidding him summon Pandarus forthwith. Then he re-  
 tired into the dusk of his chamber, sighing and drowsy.

(43)

- 1 Pandarus came; and he had already heard  
 2 What the Grecian ambassadors asked for,  
 3 And how also the lords had come to the conclusion  
 4 Of giving up Chryseis:  
 5 At which all dismayed in countenance,

<sup>1</sup> "Malvissuto;" may mean "who has lived a bad life," but I fancy its force rather is "who does ill to be alive." "Why, the old wretch oughtn't to be alive at all!" is the idea which darts through Troilus's mind.

<sup>2</sup> "Insano." I think it pretty clear that Boccaccio means "insane" in our ordinary sense for that word: but Chaucer's "unholson" is no doubt founded on Boccaccio's epithet, and is highly picturesque.

<sup>3</sup> Troilus seems to forget that, if Calchas had not come into the world, neither would Chryseis have done the like.

- 7 He entered the chamber, dark and quiet,  
 8 Nor knows how to speak a word, whether sad or cheerful.

(48)

- O Olde vnholson & mysleuyd man 330  
 Calcas I mene allas what Ailid the  
 ben a Greke sen þou arte born troian  
 the which þou wylte my bane be 333  
 In cursid tyme arte þou I-borne for me  
 As wolde blisful Ioue for his Ioy  
 I the had / wher I wolde in Troy 336

(49)

- A Thousande sikis hotter than the glede [leaf 79] 337  
 Out of his brest eche affir othir wente  
 medlid with pleynte new his woo to fede  
 which his woofull teeris neuer stente 340  
 shortly so his teeris hym turment  
 wex so mate þat Ioy ne penaunce  
 felith he noone but lieth furth in a traunce 343

(50)

- PAndare which þat at þ<sup>e</sup> parliamente 344  
 hadde herde what every lorde and burgeis saide  
 how full grauntid was by comune assente  
 for Antenor to yelde oute Crisseide 347  
 gan welny woode out of his witte to braide  
 So þat for wo he nyste what he mente  
 but Dares to Troilus he faste went 350

(51)

- A serten knyght that for the tyme kepte 351  
 The chambre dore / vndid it hym anone  
 And pandare that full tendirly wepte  
 Into his derke chambre stille as stone 354  
 Towarde the bedde gan softly for to gone  
 so confusid þat he ne wist what to say  
 for verry wo his witt was ny awaye. 357

## (44)

- 1 Troilus, as soon as he saw him,
- 2 Ran to [embrace] his neck, weeping so sore
- 3 That a man could not well express it :
- 4 Which the sorrowful Pandarus observing,
- 5 He began to weep, so much was he concerned at it :
- 6 And in this wise, doing nothing else
- 7 Than weeping sore, they remained awhile,
- 8 Without either speaking, much or little.

## (45)

- 1 But, after Troilus had recovered breath,
- 2 He first began to Pandarus :
- 2 " I am dead !
- 7 " Hast thou yet heard how
- 8 My Chryseis is taken from us by the Greeks ? "

## (46)

- 1 Pandarus, who not less sorely wept,
- 2 Replied : " Yes ! Were it only not true !
- 3 Woe is me ! for I did not think
- 4 That this time so sweet and unchequered
- 5 Would so soon come to nought.

## (52)

- |  |     |
|--|-----|
| And with his chere & lokyng al to-torne      | 358 |
| for sorowe of this with his armes foldyn     |     |
| he stode this woful Troilus beforne          |     |
| And on his pietous fate he gan beholdyn      | 361 |
| but lorde þat ofte gan his herte coldyn      |     |
| seyng his frende in wo whos hevynesse        |     |
| his hert slowe / as thought he for distresse | 364 |

## (53)

- |   |     |
|---|-----|
| This woful wight this Troilus þat felte   | 365 |
| his frende Pandare I-commyn hym to see    |     |
| gan as the snowe ayenst the sonne melte   |     |
| for whiche this sorowful Pandare of pitee | 368 |
| gan for to wepe as tendirliche as hee     |     |
| And specheles thay ben these ilke tway    |     |
| that neither myght for sorow a worde seye | 371 |

## (54)

- |  |                 |     |
|--|-----------------|-----|
| But at the last this woful Troilus         | [leaf 79, back] | 372 |
| nedid for smerte gan bresten out to Rore   |                 |     |
| And with a sorowful noise he saide thus    |                 |     |
| Among his sobbis and his sighes soore      |                 | 375 |
| lo Pandare I am dede withoutyn more        |                 |     |
| Hast thou nat herde at parliament he saide |                 |     |
| For Antenore lost is my Crisseide          |                 | 378 |

## (55)

- |   |     |
|---|-----|
| This Pandarus / full dede & pale of hewe      | 379 |
| full pitously Aunswerde and saide yis         |     |
| As wissely wer' it fals as it is trewe        |     |
| that I haue herde / and what all how it is    | 382 |
| O mercy god who wolde haue throwid this       |     |
| who wolde haue wende þat in so litil a throwe |     |
| fortune our Ioy wolde haue ouerthrowe         | 385 |

## (47)

- 1 "But thou, wherefore give thyself so much anguiah?  
 2 Why so much sorrow and such torment?  
 3 What thou didst desire, thou hast had it;  
 4 Thou shouldst be content with only that.  
 5 Leave them to me, both these and other plaints—  
 6 Me who have always loved, and never a glance  
 7 Had I from her who undoes me.

## (48)

- 1 "And, besides this, this city is seen  
 2 Full of beautiful and lovely ladies.  
 3 'Not one of them but would gladly console you.'  
 7 "Therefore, if we lose  
 8 Her, we shall find many others.

## (56)

FOR in this worlde ther nys no creature 386  
 As to my dome þat euer saw ruynes  
 straunger þan is thorough cas or aventure  
 but who may aft eschew or aft dyuynes 389  
 suche is the worlde for-thy I thus dyfyne  
 ne trust no wight to fynde in fortune  
 Ay prosperite for hir yiftis ben comune 392

## (57)

But tell me this whi art þou þus madde 393  
 To sorowe thus whi liest þou in þis wise  
 syn thy desire / aft holly hast þou hadde  
 so þat by right It ought ynough suffise 396  
 but I þat neuer felt in no seruisse  
 A frendly cher' or lokyng of an ey  
 let me thus wepe & waile til I dey 399

## (58)

And ouer aft this as þou wel wost þ' silue 400  
 This town is full of ladies aft aboute  
 And to my dome fairer' þan suche twelue  
 As she euyr' was shaft I fynde in som route 403  
 Ye one or two with-outyn any doute  
 for-why be glade myn own dere brother  
 Yf she be loste we shaft recouer' a nother' 406

## (59)

WHAT god forbede alwey þat echo plesauns [Deaf 71] 407  
 In oone þing were and in noon other wight  
 Yef oon can sing an other can wel dauns  
 Yef þis be goodly that is glad & light 410  
 And this is fair' & that can good a right  
 Eche for his vertue holden is for dere  
 Bothe heyroner and faukon for ryuer 413

## (49)

- 1 "And, as I erewhile often heard say,  
 2 The new love always chases away the old.<sup>1</sup>
- 5 "Then do not think of dying for *her*."

<sup>1</sup> Chaucer attributes this terse generalization to "Zausis that was so wise;" or (as said in a note in Mr. Bell's edition) "Zausies or Zansis, for the name is so spelt in the printed editions." Mr. Bell adds that "nothing is known" of this philosopher. Boccaccio, in the corresponding line, does not give any author's name. His words are

"E come io udii *già* *sovente* dire."

Is it possible that a misreading of "*già so*" is the origin of "Zausis?" This seems to me the less unlikely, inasmuch as the accent over the *a* (in "*già*") might, in MS., have been misread as the mark for a *u* or *n*. The supposed name would thus have stood "Giausio" or "Giansio" (pronounced Jausio or Jansio), and the transition from this to Zausis or Zansis does not seem inconceivable. However, this is but a desperate guess at best. It may be added that the only name I can find a little like Zausis, and in some other respects not wholly ineligible, is Tzetzes, a Byzantine rhetorician of the twelfth century, who wrote something bearing on the Trojan war. But I know of no even plausible reason for connecting him with Chaucer's Zausis.

## (50)

- 1 Troilus, hearing Pandarus, began the more strongly  
 2 To weep;

- 2 Saying afterwards:

- 3 "I pray God to send me death

- 4 Ere I should commit such an outrage.

## (60)

- AND eke as write *jangis* þat was full wise 414  
 The new loue oute chasithe ofte þe olde  
 And vpon new cause lyeth new A-vise  
 Thynke eke thin lyf to saue art þou holde 417  
 Suche fire by processe mote of kynde colde  
 And syn it is / but casueþ plesauns  
 Somme caas shaft put it oute of remembrauns 420

## (61)

- FOR all & sure as day cometh after nyght 421  
 Or new loue labour' or other woo  
 Or ellis selde seyng' of a wight  
 Thanne olde affeccions all ouer goo 424  
 And for thi parte þou shalte haue oone of þoo  
 For-thi with thi bitter peynes smert  
 Absens of hire shaft dryue it out of herte 427

## (62)

- T[h]Ese wordes seide he for the nones all 428  
 To helpe his frende lest he for sorwe died  
 But doughfles to make his woo to fall  
 Route he not what vnthrift he seide 431  
 Tho Troilus þat nye for sorwe deyed  
 Toke liteþ hede of alle that euer he ment  
 [On] Ere hit herde at oþer oute it went 434

## (63)

- EVt at the last he answerd & seide frende 435  
 This lechecraft or heled thus to be  
 Wer' wel sitting yf that I wer a fende  
 To truste a wight þat trewe is vnto me 438  
 I pray god lete þis counseil neuer thee  
 But doo me sterue a non right here  
 Or I soo werche as þou me woldest lere 441



- 7 "Her  
8 To whom I am given, and am wholly hers.

- 5 "However beautiful, graceful, and courtly,<sup>1</sup>  
6 Other women may be, and I allow this to you,  
7 None of them was ever like her.

<sup>1</sup> "Accorte." The shade of meaning conveyed by the Italian word is something between sprightly, clever, and mannerly; a woman *comme il faut*, who knows how to hold her own.

(52)

- 1 "Which even if I wished to do, which I wish not.

- 2 'I could never vanquish my love. No woman is comparable to my Chryseis: the universe shall cease before I love another.

(64)

She þat I serue I-wisse what so thou sey [leaf 71, back] 442  
To whom myn herte an habite is of right  
Shall haue me hooly hers til that I dey  
For Pandarus sithe I haue trougth hir' plight 445  
I wil nat be vntrewe for noo wight  
But as hir' man I wil ay lyue & sterue  
And neuer other creature serue 448

(65)

And ther' þou seyest I shall as fair' fynde 449  
As she lete be make noo comparison  
To creature I-formed hir' be kynde  
O leue Pandare in conclusion 452  
I wil nat be of thine opinion  
Touching all this for whiche I þe beseche  
Soo holde þin pees / þou sleest me with þin spech 455

(66)

Thou counselest me I shulde loue an other' 456  
Ah freissly new & let Creseide goo  
Hit lieth nat in my power dere brother  
And thou; I myght I wolde nat doo soo 459  
But canste thou pley rakett too & froo  
Netith in dokke oute now her' now þer' Pandar'  
Now foule falle hir' for thi woo þat care 462

(67)

Thou farest eke by me þou Pandarus 463  
As he þat whan A wight is woo be-goon  
He cometh to him A pace & seyeth riȝt þus  
Thenke nat vn smerthe & þou shalte fele noon 466  
Thou muste me first graue in A stoone  
And reue me my passions Ah  
Or thou so lightly doo my woo to falle 469

## (54)

- 1 " And death and the tomb will alone be able to sever  
 2 This my firm love.
- 4 " These shall take my soul with them  
 5 Down into hell to the uttermost pangs :  
 6 There together shall they wail for Chryseis.

## (56)

- 1 " But thou dost speak argumentatively,  
 2 As though reasoning that it is less pain  
 3 To lose than never to have had anything.  
 4 It is manifest folly,  
 5 Pandarus, if this is in thy mind ;  
 6 For that [woe] which ill fortune brings to one  
 7 Who has been happy surpasses every woe.

## (57)

- 1 " But tell me, if thou art interested in my love,  
 2 Since it seems to thee so easy  
 3 To change love, as just now  
 4 Thou wast reasoning to me, why  
 5 Hast *thou* not changed thy course ? Why  
 6 Doth thy untoward love work thee so much woe ?  
 7 Why hast thou not followed another lady  
 8 Who would have put thy life in peace ?

## (58)

- 1 " If thou, who art wont to live indignant against Love,  
 2 Hast not been able to transfer it<sup>1</sup> to another,  
 3 I, who always lived joyous with her,<sup>2</sup>  
 3 How shall I be able to expel it from her so  
 5 As thou sayest ?  
 5 ' Love cannot be expelled from the heart ; though chance  
 and change may gradually undermine it.'

<sup>1</sup> " It," i.e. love—thy love for the lady in question. The Italian lends itself, in a way English cannot, to making " Love " a personage in the first line, and a mere sentiment in the second.

## (68)

- MY deth may wel oute of my brest departe 470  
 The liff so longe may þis sorwe myne  
 But frome my sowle shaft Cresseides darte  
 Oute neuer more but doune with proserpyne 473  
 Whan I am dede I wiþ goo duelle in pyne  
 And ther I wiþ eternally compleyne  
 My woo and how þat departed be we tweine 476

## (69)

- THou hast her made an Argumente for fyne [leaf 75] 477  
 How that it shulde / Allas payne be  
 Cresseide to for-goo for she was myne  
 And leued in ese and felicite 480  
 Why gabbest þou þat seidest þus to me  
 That him is worse þat is frome wel I-throwe  
 Than he had erste of þat wel I knowe 483

## (70)

- BVt telle me þis sithe þat the thinkest light 484  
 To chaunge in loue soo ay to & froo  
 Why hast þou nat doone besilye þi might  
 To chaunge hir that dothe þe aþ þi woo 487  
 Whi nylte þou lett hir from thin herte goc  
 Whi nylte thou loue an other Lady swete  
 That may thin herte sett in quiete 490

## (71)

- YEf þat þou hast had in Loue ay yet mischauns 491  
 And canste it nat oute of þin herte dryue  
 I that leued in lust and in plesauns  
 With hir as moch as creature on lyue 494  
 How shulde I it for-yete & þat so blyue  
 O wher hast þou ben hid so long in mew  
 That canste so well & formably argue 497

<sup>2</sup> " Lei " (her) is the reading of Baroni's edition, and corresponds with Chaucer's expression. I think, however, that " lui " (him, i.e. Love), as in Moutier's edition, must be the true reading.

(60)

7 "Oh come, Death, to me who call thee!

(61)

3 "Death, thou wilt be as sweet to me  
4 As is life to him who spends it joyously.  
5 Oh delay not! for this fire has  
6 Already so burned my every vein  
7 That thy stroke will be a cooling to me.

(62)

7 "Thou slayest so many against their will  
8 That thou mayst well do me this pleasure."

(63)

1 Thus weeping did Troilus lament.  
2 Pandarus did his best to comfort Troilus, but in vain.

(72)

May nay god wote nouth worth is al þis rede 498  
For which for whate þat euer may be-fall  
With-oute wordes moo I wil be dede  
O dethe that yendir arte of sorowes alle 501  
Come now sithe I soo ofte after þe calle  
For sely is þat deth soth for to seyne  
That ofte is cleped comyth & endeth peyne 504

(73)

WEH wote I while my lif was in quiete 505  
Or thou me slouȝ I wolde A yoven hir'  
But now þi comyng is to me so swete  
That in þis worlde I no þing so desire 508  
O deth sithe with this sorwe I am on fire  
Thou eyther doo me a-noon in teres drench  
Or with þi colde strooke my herte hete quench 511

(74)

SYthe þat þou sleest so fele in sondry wise [leaf 72, back] 512  
A-yens her wil vnpreyed day & nyght  
Doo me at my request þis seruice  
Delyuer now þe worlde so doste þou right 515  
Of me þat am þe woofullest wyght  
That euer was for tyme is þat I sterue  
Sithe in þis worlde of no þing may I serue 518

(75)

THus Troilus in teres ganne destille 519  
As liquore out of lambyke full faste  
And Pandarus gan holde his tunge stille  
And to the grounde doune his yhen he caste 522  
But natheles þus þought he at þe laste  
What parde rather þan my fellowe dey  
Yet shaþ I sumwhat moore to hym sey 525

## (64)

- 1 To whom Pandarus said : " My dear friend,  
 2 If my arguments please thee not,  
 5 Why dost thou not take, in the way thou canst, redress  
 6 For thy life,  
 6 And ravish her away ?  
 7 ' There was Paris, who ran off with Helen from Greece.  
 8 " Yet not so much but that he hoped that even yet  
     Chryseis might love him."

## (65)

- 1 " And wilt thou, in thine own Troy, not dare  
 2 To ravish a woman thou likest ?  
  
 6 " Dry the sad tears from thy face ;  
 7 And now show thy great soul,  
 8 Acting so that Chryseis shall be ours."

## (66)

- 1 Troilus then answered Pandarus.  
 4 " I have thought of what thou sayest,  
 5 And have also devised many other things,  
 6 Although I weep, and wholly abandon myself<sup>1</sup>  
 7 To my grief.

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps Chaucer's phrase, " Why this thinge is *luft*," is traceable to Boccaccio's " tutto m' *abbandoni*."

<sup>2</sup> Boccaccio's language here is not very perspicuous, but no doubt what his Troilus says is to the following effect : " If the compact with the Greeks had been made for exchanging Chryseis for Antenor, and if Antenor and the others had already returned to Troy under that compact, I would gladly break faith with the Greeks, and retain Chryseis : but, as it stands, I cannot venture to do this, for the retaining of Chryseis would involve the non-return of Antenor."

## (67)

- 4 " The time does not allow of such an error ;  
 5 Whereas, if every one of our men had returned  
 6 Hither, and also Antenor,  
 7 I should not mind about breaking faith.<sup>2</sup>

## (76)

- ANd seide frende sithe þou haste such distres 526  
 And sythe þe liste myn argumentes to blame  
 Whi nelt þou helpe to doone redresse  
 And with þin manhod lete Alle þis game 529  
 To rauisshe hir ne canst þou not for shame  
 And eithere lete hire out of tounne fare  
 Or holde hire stille and leue þis nyse care 532

## (77)

- ARte þou in Troye & hast noon hardymment 533  
 To take A woman which that loueth the  
 And wolde hir self be at þine assent  
 Now is þis nat A nyse vanite 536  
 Rise vp A-non and lett þi wepyng be  
 And kithe þou arte A man for in þis hour  
 I wiþ be dede but she be leue our 539

## (78)

- TO this answerd Troilus full softe 540  
 And seide parde leue brother deere  
 Alle this haue I my self ymagened yet ful ofte  
 And moore þing þan þou demist her 543  
 But whi þis thing is lefte þou shalt wel her  
 And whan þou hast me yeven Audiens  
 Ther-Aftir maist þou tell all thi sentens 546

## (79)

- FIRst sithe þou wost þis towne hath all þis werr' [leat 78] 547  
 For rauysshynge of women so by myght  
 It shulde nat be suffred me to erre  
 As it stant now ne do me so grete vnright 550  
 I shulde haue also blame of euery wight  
 My fadres graunt yif þat I so withstode  
 Sithe she is chaunged for the townes goode 553

## (69)

- 1 "I had also thought of asking her  
 2 Of my father, that he should give me her of his grace :  
 3 Then I reflect that this would be an accusing of her,  
 4 And making manifest the things committed.  
 5 Nor yet can I hope that he would give her.

## (68)

- 1 "Then I fear to perturb by violent  
 2 Rapine her honour and her fame :  
 3 Nor know I well whether she would be pleased with it.

## (70)

- 1 "Thus weeping, in amorous bewilderment  
 2 Weary I remain, and know not what to do ;  
 3 Because the strong power of love, if indeed any still  
     remains,  
 4 I feel it fail me,  
 5 And the causes of torment increase.  
 6 Would I had died the day that I  
 7 First burned in this desire !"

## (80)

- I haue eke þought so it wer' hir' assent 554  
 To aske hir' at my fadir of his grace  
 Thanne pinke I þis wer' hir' accusement  
 Sithe weþ I wote I may hir' nat purchase 557  
 For synne my fadir in so high A place  
 As parlement hath hir' eschaunge ensealed  
 He neþ for me his *lettre* be repeled 560

## (81)

- YEt drede y must hir herte to perturbe 561  
 Let violens yif I doo suche A game  
 For yef I wolde openly it desturbe  
 Hit must be disclaunder' to hir' name 564  
 And me wer' leuer be dede þan' hir' defame  
 As nolde god but yif I shulde haue  
 Hire honnour leuyr þan' my lif' to saue 567

## (82)

- THus am I loste for ought þat I can see 568  
 For certeyn is sithen I am hir' knyght  
 I must hir' honour saue leuer þan' me  
 In euery case as loue ought of right 571  
 Thus am I *with* desir' & reason' twigte  
 Desir' for to destourbe it me redith  
 And reason' wilþ nat soo myn' herte dredith 574

## (83)

- His weping þat he coude neuer sese 575  
 And seide alas how shaþ I wreche fare  
 For weþ fele I alwey my loue encrease  
 And hope is lasse & lasse alwey Pandare 578  
 Encresen' eke the causes of my care  
 So wellaway whi nyþ my herte breste  
 For as in Loue is þer' but litelþ reste 581

## (71)

- 1 Pandarus then said : "Thou wilt do  
 2 As thou choosest; but, if I were inflamed  
 3 As thou sufficiently showest thyself to be,  
 5 I having the power that thou hast,  
 7 I would do my utmost to carry her off,  
 8 Whomever it might displease.

## (72)

- 1 "Love looks not so subtly  
 2 As it appears thou dost.

## (73)

- 3 "She will be pleased with what thou shalt do.

## (72)

- 7 "Do choose rather to be somewhat reprehended  
 8 Than to die with pangs in mournful wailing.

## (73)

- 7 "Fortune assists  
 8 Whoever is daring, and she rejects the timid.

## (74)

- 1 "And, even if this thing displeased her,  
 2 In a short time thou shalt have peace again for it :  
 3 Not that I believe she would be angry at it.  
 7 "Let her do without [reputation], as Helen does.

## (84)

- PAndar' answerd frende þou maist for me [leaf 73, back] 582  
 Do as the list but had I it so hootē  
 And þine estate she shulde goo with me  
 Thouȝ all the towne cryed on þis thyng by note 585  
 I nolde nat sett at all þat noyse A grote  
 For whan men haue weȝ cryed þan wul þei roun  
 Eke wonder' laste but ix nyghtes in A toun 588

## (85)

- DEuyne nat in reason ay so depe 589  
 Ne curtesly but helpe þi self a-noon  
 Bettir is þat oþer þan þin self wepe  
 And namely sithe ye bothe tuoo ben oone 592  
 Rise vp for by my hed ye sha't nat goone  
 And rather be in blame a liteȝ stounde  
 Than sterue her' as a gnatte with-oute wounde 595

## (86)

- HI't is no shame to you more þan vise 596  
 Hir' to let holde þat you loueth moste  
 Perauature she myght holde you full nyse  
 To lete hir' goo thus to the Grekes hoste 599  
 Thinke eke fortune is weȝ þi self woste  
 Helpeth hardy man to his emprise  
 And weyueth wrechis for hir cowardise 602

## (87)

- ANd þouȝ þi Lady a liteȝ hir' greue 603  
 Thou shalte þ' self þ' pese here-aftir make  
 But as for me certein I can nat leue  
 That she it wolde as for euyȝ it take 606  
 Whi shulde þan thyne herte for drede quake  
 Thinke how Parys hath þat is þine brother  
 A loue & whi shulde nat I haue a nother 609

- 4 "So much does the love which thou bearest her delight  
her.

(75)

- 1 "Therefore take to thee daring, be valorous;  
2 Love heeds neither promise nor faith.  
3 Show thyself now a little spirited;  
4 Have mercy on thyself:—

- 5 I will be with thee in any perilous  
6 Case."

(76)

- 1 Troilus understood very well the discourse  
2 Of Pandarus, and replied: "I am content.  
4 [But, if] my torment [were] greater  
5 Than it is,—to the courteous lady,  
6 To satisfy myself, I would not do [even] a little detriment:  
7 Rather would I die.  
8 Therefore I will first hear it from her."

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(88)

AND Troilus oon þing I dar' þe swer' 610  
That yif Cresseide which þat is þe lefe  
Now loueth þe as well as þou doste her'  
God helpe me soo she niȝ nat take a grefe 613  
Thouȝ þou doo boote a-non to þis mischeif  
And yif she desir' frome þe for to passe  
Than is she false so loue hir' well þe lasse 616

(89)

FOR-thy take herte & þinke right as A knyght 617  
Thurgh Loue is broken aȝ day euery lawe  
Kith now sum-whate þin corage & thi myght  
And haue mercy on þi self for any awe 620  
Let nat þis wrecched woo þi hert gnawe  
But manly sett þe worlde at vj & seuen  
And yif þou dey A martir goo to heuen 623

(90)

I wiȝ my selfe be wiȝ the at þis dede 624  
They she and aȝ my kynne vppon A stounde  
Shaȝ in A strete as dogges lye deed  
Thurgh girde wiȝ many a wide & blody wounde 627  
In euery case I wiȝ A frende be founde  
And yif the liste her' sterue as a wreche  
And dey þe deuȝ sped him þat it reche 630

(91)

THIS Troilus gan wiȝ þoo wordis quikkyn 631  
And seyde frende graunt mercy I assent  
But certainly þou maiste nat me soo priken  
Ne payne none may me so turment 634  
That for no case it nys nat myȝ entent  
At shorte wordes thouȝ I dey shulde  
To rauissh hir but yif hir self it wolde 637

- (77)
- 2 "Wash thy face, and let us return to court.  
 5 For, remaining here, we cause to wonder  
 6 Every one who knows it.

- 7 "And I will adopt a method  
 8 That this evening thou shalt speak with Chryseis."

<sup>1</sup> "Sciolta." This is the reading in Moutier's edition. In Baroni's, it is "accorta"—apt, ready—which is so far the more plausible reading that it makes the rhyme accurate.

- (78)
- 1 Most swift Fame, who  
 2 Equally reports the false and the true,  
 3 Had flown with quickest wings  
 4 Through all Troy; & with fluent<sup>1</sup> word  
 5 Had narrated  
 7 That Chryseis was given by the sovereign  
 8 To the Greeks in exchange for Antenor.

- (92)
- WHi so quod Pandar' I mene aH þis day 638  
 But telt me than' hast' þou hir' weH assayed  
 That sorwist thus & he answerd him nay  
 Wher'-of arte þou quod Pandar' þan' A-mayed 641  
 That knowest nat þat she nyH nat be euilH A-paied  
 To rauissH hir' sithe þat þou hast nat ben ther'  
 But yif þat Ioue tolde it the in þine ere 644

- (93)
- FOr-thi rise vp as nought ne wer' A-noon 645  
 And waisshe thi face & to the kyng þou wende  
 Or he may mervaille wheder þou arte goone  
 Thou muste with wisdom him & other blynde 648  
 Or vpon case he may after the sende  
 Or thou be war' & shortly brother dere  
 Be gladde & let me werke in þis matier 651

- (94)
- FOr I shaft shape it soo þat sikirlye [leaf 74, back] 652  
 Thou shaft þis nyght some tyme in some maner  
 Come speke with thi Lady previlye  
 And by hir' wordes eke & by her' cher' 655  
 Thou shalte full sone A-parceyue & wel her'  
 Alle hir' entent & of þis case þe beste  
 And fare now wel for in this pointe now I reste 658

- (95)
- THE swifte fame which þat false thinges 659  
 Egall reportith lyke the þinges trewe  
 Was þurghout Troye I-fledde with prest wynges  
 From man to man & made þes tidinges new 662  
 How Calcas doughter with her' bright hewe  
 At Parlement with-oute wordes more  
 I-graunted was in chaunge of Anthenore 665



## (79)

- 1 Which news when Chryseis heard it,  
 2 Who already cared no more  
 3 For her father,

- 7 For fear lest that which she heard tell  
 8 Were true, she durst not enquire.

- 5 As one who had turned her desire  
 6 To Troilus, whom she loved more than any other.

<sup>1</sup> "Pietosa allegrezza." I translate with Chaucer's own (the most literal) equivalent. The phrase sums up a world of lackadaisical condolences and shallow congratulations. All this passage about the visiting ladies looks especially Chaucerian in the *Troilus*; one is surprised to find how entirely he is indebted to Boccaccio for it.

## (80)

- 1 But, as we see that it happens  
 2 That one woman goes to another to visit her,  
 4 Thus many of them came to spend  
 5 The day with Chryseis, all full  
 6 Of piteous joy.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Chaucer appears to get his expression "on every side" from Boccaccio's "d'ogni partito," at the close of l. 8. The context, however, is not the same; and I do not find the meaning of the expression wholly clear in either instance.

## (81)

- 1 One said: "Certainly I am greatly pleased  
 2 That thou art returning to thy father, & to be with him."  
 3 The other said: "And, for me, I am displeased  
 4 To see her depart hence from us."

- 5 The other said: "She will be able to plan our peace,  
 8 On every side."<sup>2</sup>

## (96)

- THE whiche tale a-noon right as Cresseide 666  
 Had herd she which þat of hir fadir roughit  
 As in þis case right nouȝt ne whan he deyed  
 Full besily to Iubiter be-sowte 669  
 Yef hem mischauns þat þis tretyes brought  
 But shortly leste these tales sothe were  
 She durste of no wight aske hem for fere 672

## (97)

- As she þat hadde hir herte & alle hir mynde 673  
 On Troilus I-sett so merueilously fast  
 That AH þis worlde ne myȝht hir loue vnbynde  
 Ne Troilus oute of hir herte caste 676  
 She wil be his while þat hir lyf may last  
 And thus she brenneth bope in loue & drede  
 So that she nyste what was best to rede 679

## (98)

- But as men see In towne & alle aboute 680  
 That women vsen frendes to visite  
 So to Cresseide of women come A route  
 For pitous Ioy and wenden hir to delite 683  
 And with hir tales dere ynough A myte  
 Thes women which þat in the Cite duelle  
 They sett hem doun & seide as I shaȝt telle 686

## (99)

- SEyde furste the toone I am gladde truly [de 175] 687  
 Be cause of you þat shaȝt your fadir see  
 A nother seide I-wisse soo nam nat I  
 For aȝt to liteȝ hath she with vs bee 690  
 Quod the thridde I-wisse I hope þat shee  
 Shaȝt bringe vs þe pese on euery side  
 That whan she gothe aȝt myȝhty god hir guide 693

## (82)

- 1 This and much other feminine talk
- 2 She heard, as if she were not there.
- 4 And the beautiful face could not conceal
- 5 The lofty gentle thoughts she had of love.
- 7 The body was there, and the soul was elsewhere,
- 8 Seeking Troilus without knowing where.

## (83)

- 1 And these women, who fancied they were giving her
- 2 Comfort by staying, supremely
- 3 Displeased her by talking to her,—
- 4 As one who felt in her mind
- 5 A quite other passion than those saw
- 6 Who were there ; and very often
- 7 She took leave of them in a ladylike way,
- 8 Such a desire had she to remain without them.

## (84)

- 1 She could not restrain some sighs ;
- 2 And at whiles some tear,
- 3 Falling, gave sign of the martyrdom
- 4 In which her soul was constrained.

- 5 But those simpletons who formed a circle round her
- 6 Thought that the damsel did this through sorrow
- 7 That she had to abandon them,
- 8 Who were wont to be her companions.

## (100)

THE wordes and þe womannyssh þinges 694  
 She herde hem right as thouȝ she thense wer'  
 For god it wote hir' herte on oþer þinges is  
 aȝ þouȝ the body sate amoȝge hem þer' 697  
 Hir' aduertens is Alwey ellis wher'  
 For Troilus full faste hir'e soule sought  
 With-outen worde on hym alwey she thought 700

## (101)

THEs women þat þus wende hir' to please 701  
 A-boute nouȝt ganne aȝ hir' tales spende  
 Suche vanite ne canne doon hir' noon ease  
 As she þat alle þis meane while brende 704  
 Of other passioun þan þei wende  
 So that she felte al mooste hir' herte dye  
 For woo / & wery of their' companie 707

## (102)

FOR which myȝht she no lenger restreyne 708  
 Hir' teris þei gan so vp to weȝ  
 That gaff' signes of hir' bitter peyne  
 In which hir' spirite was and must' dueȝ 711  
 Remembring hir frome heuen vnto which heȝ  
 She fallen was sythe she forgeten the sight  
 Of Troilus & sorwefull she sighte 714

## (103)

AND thilke foles sittying hir' A-boute 715  
 Wende þat she wepte & syhed soore  
 By cause þat she shulde oute of þe route  
 Departe & neuer pley with hem moore 718  
 And þey þat hadde knowen hir' of yoor'  
 Say her' wepe & þouȝte hit kyndenes  
 And eche of hem wepte for hir distres 721

## (85)

- 1 And each tried to comfort her
- 2 Still about what grieved her not :
- 3 Many words they spoke to console her.
- 5 And it was nought else than scratching her
- 6 On the heels when her head itched.

## (86)

- 1 But, after much cackling in vain,
- 2 As most women do, they took leave,
- 3 And went away : and she forthwith,
- 4 Vanquished and impelled by bitter grief,
- 5 Into her chamber, weeping low,
- 6 Entered.

## (87)

- 1 The woful one had on her bed
- 2 Thrown herself at full length.

- 7 And, plucking her blonde hair, she tore it.

- 8 And ever she implored death a thousand times.

## (86)

- 8 She made such a weeping that the like was never made.

## (88)

- 1 She said : " Alas ill-fortuned !
- 2 Me miserable, woful ! whither am I going ?
- 3 O wretched I, who was born in bad conjuncture,
- 4 Where do I leave thee, sweet my love ?
- 6 Oh that I had not, my sweet desire,
- 7 Seen thee ever ! since such dire fortune
- 8 Now robs both me from thee, and thee from me."

## (104)

- ANd besilye þei gonnen hir' conforte [leaf 75, back] 722  
 Of thing god wote on whiche she liteH þouȝte  
 And with here tales wende hir' disporte  
 And to be gladde þei ofte hire besouȝte 725  
 But such an ese þer-with þei hire wrought  
 Right as A man is eased for to fele  
 For Ache of hed to clawe him on the hele 728

## (105)

- But After aH þis nyse vanite 729  
 They toke her' leve And home þei went aH  
 Cresseide full of sorwefulH pyte  
 Into the chambre went out of þe halle 732  
 And vn hir' bedde she ganne for woo to fall  
 In purpos thens neuer for to ryse  
 And þus she wrought as I shaH you deuise 735

## (106)

- Hire ougne her' þat sonnyssh was of hew 736  
 She rente & eke fyngers longe and smale  
 She wronge full ofte & praide god on hir' rewe  
 And with þe deth to doo boote on hir' bale 739  
 Hir' hew whilome bright þat þoo was pale  
 Bar' witnesse of hir' woo and hir' constreynte  
 And thus she spake sobbyng in her' compleinte 742

## (107)

- Allas quod she oute of this regioun 743  
 I woofull wrech and infortunat wight  
 And borne in cursed constellacion  
 Mot goo & departe þus fro my knyght 746  
 Woo wurth allas þat ylke daye lyght  
 On which I saugh hym first with yen tweyn  
 That causeth me & I hym aH þis peyne 749

(87)

- 3 Her white breast  
 4 She often beat, calling Death  
 5 To slay her, since she had to leave her beloved  
 6 Through hard fate.

(89)

- 3 "What shall I do, parted, Troilus, from thee ?

(92)

- 3 "But thou who lovest me so much, what wilt *thou* do ?  
 4 Oh wilt thou be able to endure such woe ?

(93)

- 1 "Oh my father, iniquitous and disloyal !

(88)

- 5 "Oh that I now had been stifled at my birth !

(89)

- 1 "What shall I do, so doleful my life ?

(90)

- 7 "Ah me ! how shall I endure,  
 8 Troilus, to see myself parted from thee ?

(89)

- 4 "Certainly, I think I shall never eat or drink ;  
 5 And, if of itself the bewildered soul goes not  
 6 From out the body, I will do my utmost  
 7 To expel it by famine.

(108)

- AND therwith þe teres from hir yhen) twoo 750  
 Downe felle as shour' in April swythe  
 Hir' white brest she bete And for the woo  
 Aftir' the deth she cryed A thousande sithe 753  
 Sythe he þat wonte hir' woo was for to lythe  
 She motte for-goo for which disaventure  
 She held hir selfe A soore Lorne creatur 756

(109)

- She seide how shaft he doo & I also [leaf 76] 757  
 How shulde I lyue yif that I frome him twynne  
 O dere herte eke that I loue soo  
 Who shaft þat sorwe fle þat ye ben Inne 760  
 O Calcas fadir thyne be alle þis synne  
 O modir myn) that cleped were argyue  
 Woo worthe that day þat þou me bare on lyue 763

(110)

- TO what fyne shulde I lyue & sorwe þus 764  
 How shulde a fyssh withoute watir dur'  
 What is Cresseide worth frome Troilus  
 How shulde A plaunte or a lyues creature 767  
 Lyue withoute his kynde noretur'  
 For which ful ofte A byeword her' I sey  
 That Roteles mote grene sone deye 770

(111)

- I shaft doo þus syn) neiþer swerde ne darte 771  
 Dar' I noon handiþ for þe cruelte  
 That ylke day I mote from you departe  
 Yef sorwe of þat nyþ nat my bane be 774  
 Than) shal no mete & drynke come in me  
 Tiþ I my sowle oute of my breste vnshethe  
 And þus my silfe wiþ I doo to þe deth 777

(90)

- 3 "Heart of my body! my black clothing  
4 Shall be a true witness to my sorrows.

(91)

- 1 "How can I live without soul?  
2 That will remain here for certain,  
3 With our love, and to lament with thee."

(95)

- 1 Who could ever narrate at full  
2 What Chryseis said in her weeping?  
3 Certainly not I, for the word falls short of the fact,  
  
4 So cruel and dire was her distress.

(112)

AND Troilus my clothes euerychon 778  
Shall blake be in tokenning herte swete  
That I am oute as of this worlde gone  
That wonte was you to sette in quiete 781  
And of my ordre ay till þe dethe me mete  
The obseruauns euer in youre Absens  
Shall sorwe be compleint & Abstinens 784

(113)

Myn herte & eke þe woofull goste þer in 785  
Be-queþe I with your spirite to compleine  
Eternally for they shall neuer twynne  
For þough in erthe I-twynned be with we twein 788  
Yet in the felde of pite out of peyne  
That hight Elesus shall we be in fer'  
Or Orpheus with erudice his fer' 791

(114)

THus herte myn for Anthenore Allas [leaf 76, back] 792  
I sone shalbe chaunged as I wene  
But how shall we doo in þis sorwefull cas  
How shall your tendr herte þus sustene 795  
But herte myn for-yete þis sorwe and tene  
And me Also for certainly to sey  
So ye welfare I reche not to dey 798

(115)

HOW might it euer yredde be or ysonge 799  
The compleinte þat she made in hire distres  
I nott but as for me my liteþ tunge  
Yef I discrevyn wolde hir heuynesse 802  
It shulde make hir sorwe seme lesse  
Than þat hit was and childisschly deface  
Hir compleinte & þere-for I hit pace 805

(95)

6 Pandarus came,

7 And went into the chamber,

8 There where she was making her piteous plaint.

(96)

1 He saw her on the bed, swathed

2 In sobs, in weeping, and in sighs ;

3 And saw all her breast and her face bathed

4 In tears, and her eyes in passions

5 Of weeping, and dishevelled,

6 Giving true sign of her poignant pangs.

7 Who, when she saw him, between her arms

8 For shame concealed her face.

(116)

PAndare whiche that sent from Troylus 806

Was to Cresseide as ye haue herd deuise

That fore the best it was accorded thus

And he fuht gladde to doo hym that seruice 809

Vn-to Cresseide In a fuht secrete wise

There as she lay in turment And in Rage

Come to hir' to telle alle hooly his message 812

(117)

ANd fonde that she hir' self gan to trete 813

Fuht pitously for with hir' salte teres

Hir' brest hir' face I-bathed was fuht wete

The mighty tresses of hir' sonnyssh heres 816

Vnbroyden hange a-boute hir' eres

Which yaued him verry signe all of martir'

Of dethe þe which hir' herte ganne desir' 819

(118)

WHan she him saugh she gan for sorwe a-noon 820

Hir' tery face atwixe hir' handes hide

For which þis Pandar' is so woo begonne

That in þe house he might vnnethis abide 823

As he that pite felte on euery side

For yif Cresseide hadde erste compleyned soor'

Tho ganne she pleyne a thousand tyme3 mor' 826

(119)

ANd in hir' aspre compleint þus she seid [leaf 77] 827

Pandar' first of Ioyes moore þan tuoo

Was cause causing vn to me Cresseide

That now transsmuen ben &amp; cruett woo 830

Wheider shal I sey welcome or noo

That Aldirfirst brougt vn-to seruice

Of loue allas þat endeth in such wise 833

- (98)
- 1 "But thou, my disconsolate sister,  
2 What art thou minded to do?
- 3 "Why undo thy beautiful person?  
5 Rise up, and turn round, and speak;  
7 And hear what I say,  
8 Being sent to thee by thy sweet friend."
- (99)
- 1 Then Chryseis turned, making  
2 A weeping such as could not be spoken;  
3 And she looked at Pandarus, saying:  
4 "Woe is me! what would my soul say,  
5 Whom I must abandon, weeping?  
7 Would he have sighs or tears, or what does he ask for?  
8 I have enough of them, if he sends for these."

TROYLUS.

26

- (120)
- ENDithe panne loue in woo ye or men lieth 834  
And all wordly blisse as thinketh me  
The ende of blisse ay sorwe it occupieth  
And who so troweth nat þat it so be 837  
Lete him vpon me woofull wrecche see  
That my selfe hate & ay my birth I curse  
Felyng alwey frome wikked y goo to wurse 840
- (121)
- WHO so me seeth he seyeth sorw al at ones 841  
Payne turment pleynte woo distresse  
Oute of my wooful body harm þer non ys  
As Anguisshe langor' cruell bittirnesse 844  
Anoy smerte drede furye & eke sikenesse  
I trowe Iwys frome heuen terys reyne  
For pite of myn Aspre cruell payne 847
- (122)
- AND ye my Suster' full of discomforte 848  
Quod Pandarus what thinke ye to doo  
Why ne haue ye to youre selfe somme desporte  
Why wilt ye þus your' selfe allas for-doo 851  
Leueth all þis werke And taketh soo  
That I shalt sey & herkyn with good entent  
The whiche by me your Troilus you sent 854
- (123)
- Turned hir þo Cresseide A woo makyng 855  
So grete þat it' A deth was for to see  
Allas quod she what wordes may ye bringe  
What wilt my dere herte sey to me 858  
Which that I drede neuer more to see  
Wil haue pleint & teres or þat I wende  
I have ynow yef he there-after sende 861

## (100)

- 1 She was such to look at in the visage  
 2 As is she who is carried to the grave ;  
 3 An l her face, made in paradise,  
 4 All all was seen transfigured.  
 5 Her loveliness and the delightful smile,  
 6 Fleeing, had abandoned her.

- 7 And round her eyes a purple ring  
 8 Gave true signal of her martyrdom.

## (101)

- 1 Which Pandarus seeing,  
 3 He could not restrain his sorrowful tears.  
 8 Pandarus first moderated his weeping,

## (102)

- 1 And said : " Lady, I suppose thou hast heard—  
 2 But indeed I am sure of it—how thou art demanded  
 3 By thy father ; and the resolve is already taken  
 4 By the king to restore thee.  
 6 And how distressful<sup>1</sup> a thing this is  
 7 To Troilus could not be fully said—  
 8 Who is wholly bent on dying in his grief.

## (103)

- 1 " And we have cried so much to-day, he and I,  
 2 That I marvel whence it [all] came.  
 3 Now at last, by my counsel,  
 4 He has somewhat abated his weeping,  
 5 And it seems he has a wish to be with thee.

<sup>1</sup> " *Molesta* "—as in Chaucer's line.

## (124)

- SH<sup>e</sup> was riȝt such to se in hir' visage [leaf 77, back] 862  
 As is þat wight þat men on bere bynde  
 Hir' face lyke of Paradise þe ymage  
 Was aȝt chaunged in An other kynde 865  
 The pley þe laughter men was wonte to fynde  
 In hir and eke hir' loyes euerychon  
 Ben fledde and þus lieth Cresseide A-lone 868

## (125)

- Aboute hir' eyen tuoo a purpur' ryng 869  
 Betrent in sothfaste tokenyng' of hir' peyne  
 That to beholde it was A dedly thing  
 For which Pandar' myȝht not restreyne 872  
 The teres from hir yen for to reyne  
 But natheles as he best myȝht he seide  
 From Troilus thes wordes to Cresseide 875

## (126)

- LO nece I trowe ye haue herd' aȝt how 876  
 The king with odir Lordes for the beste  
 Hath made þe chaunge of Anthenore & you  
 That cause is of þis sorwe & his vnreste 879  
 But how þis case dothe Troilus moleste  
 That may none erthely mannes tunge sey  
 As shortly he þat shapeth him to deye 882

## (127)

- FOR which we haue so sorwed he & I 883  
 That in-to litch bothe it hathe vs slawe  
 But purȝh my counseil' þis day finally  
 He sumwhat is frome weping' now withdrawe 886  
 And semeth me þat he desireth fawe  
 With you aȝt night for to deuise  
 Remedye in this yef ther' wer' in any wise 889



- 6 "Wherefore I, as he desired,  
7 Am come to tell it thee."

(104)

- 1 "Great is," said Chryseis, "my grief,  
2 As of one who loves him more than herself:  
3 But his is to me far greater,  
4 I hearing that on my account he longs for death.

(105)

- 1 "Heavy is to me my departure, God sees it;  
2 But more so is it to me to see Troilus afflicted,—  
3 And [this is] most insupportable, on my faith,  
4 So that I shall die of it without reprieve.  
7 Tell him to come when he likes."

(106)

- 1 And, saying this, she fell back supine,  
2 Then recommenced her weeping on her arms.  
3 To whom Pandarus said: "Ah me! poor thing,  
4 Now what wilt thou do? wilt thou not take some  
5 Comfort, reflecting that near  
6 Is now already the hour when he whom thou so much  
lovest  
7 Will be in thine arms? Rise up, readjust  
8 Thyself, that he may not find thee so squalid.

(128)

Thus shorte & pleine þe effecte of my message 890  
As ferforth as my witte can it *comprehende*  
For ye þat bene of turment in suche rage  
May to longe prolonge as now entend 893  
And herevppon ye may answer him sende  
And for the loue of god my nece dere  
So leue þis woo or Troilus be Here 896

(129)

GRete is my woo quod she & sight soore [leaf 78] 897  
As she þat felith dedly sharpe distresse  
But yet to me his sorwe ys moche moore  
That loue him better þan he him self as I gesse 900  
Allas for me hath he such heuynesse  
Kanne he so pitously compleyne  
I-wis þis sorwe doubleth all my payne 903

(130)

GREuous god wote to me is to twynne 904  
Quod she but yet harder is to me  
To se the sorwe whiche þat he is inne  
For wel I wote It wil my hane be 907  
And dey I wiþ certeyn quod she  
But bidde him come or deth þat þus me treth  
Dryue out þat gost which in my hert he beteth 910

(131)

THese wordes saide she on hir Armes tuo 911  
Fell grof & gan to wepe pitous'y  
Quod Pandarus allas why doo ye soo  
Sithen wel ye wot the tyme is fast by 914  
That he shal com Arise vp hastily  
That he you not bewepyn þus you finde  
But ye wiþ haue him wood out of his mynde 917

(107)

- 1 "If he knew that thou art doing thus,  
 2 He would kill himself, nor could any one  
 3 Restrain him; and, if I supposed  
 4 That thou wouldst remain thus, he should not put here  
 5 His foot, believe me.  
 6 For I know that trouble would hence ensue to him.  
 7 Therefore rise up, re-make thyself such

(106)

- 8 "That thou mayst alleviate and not increase his sorrow."

(108)

- 1 "Go," said Chryseis; "I promise thee,  
 2 My Pandarus, I will make the effort.  
  
 6 "I will keep all locked up in my heart."

(132)

- FOR wiste he that ye ferde in this maner 918  
 He wolde him self slee & yif I wende  
 To haue this fare he shulde nat com her'  
 For aȝ the good þat Priam may spende 921  
 For to what fine he wolde a-noon pretende  
 That knowe I weȝ & for-thi yet I sey  
 So leue þis sorwe for platly he wiȝ dey 924

(133)

- AND shapeth now his sorwe for to Abregge 925  
 And nat encrease Lefe nece swete  
 Beth rathir to him cause of flatte þan egge  
 And with sum wisdhum ye his sorwis bete 928  
 What helpeth it to wepe full A strete  
 Or þouȝ ye both with salt teres dreynt  
 Bettir is a tyme of care Ay þan of pleynt. 931

(134)

- I Mene þis that whan I him hider bringe [leaf 78, back] 932  
 Sith ye bene wise and bothe of oone assent  
 So shapeth you hou to desturbe your goyng  
 Or come A-gein sone Aftir þat ye ben went 935  
 Wommen ben wise in shorte auisement  
 And lett se now how your' witt shaft Availe  
 And þat I may helpe it shaft nat faile 938

(135)

- GOTHE quod Cresseide & vnclē truely 939  
 I shal doo alle my myght me to restreyne  
 From wepinge in his sight & besily  
 Him to comforte I shaft doo aȝ my peyn 942  
 And in myn herte seke euery veyne  
 Yef to his soore ther' may be founden saluo  
 Hit shaft nat faile certeyne vn my behaluo 945

(109)

1 Pandarus found Troilus brooding.

(136)

G<sup>O</sup>the Pandarus & Troilus he sought 946  
 T<sup>I</sup>H in A Temple he fonde him A-lone  
 As he that of his liff no more roughit  
 But to the pytous goddes euerychon 949  
 F<sup>U</sup>H tendirly he preyed & mad his mone  
 To doone hym sone out of þis worlde to pace  
 For weH he pouzte þere nas noon oþer grace 952

(137)

A<sup>N</sup>D shortly alle the sothe for to sey 953  
 He was so fallen in despeire þat day  
 That vtterly he shope him for to dey  
 For riȝt þis was his Argument alwey 956  
 He seid he nas but lorn welawey  
 For aH þat comth comth by necessite  
 Thus to ben Lorn it is my destine 959

(138)

F<sup>O</sup>R certainly this wote I wel he seide 960  
 That for sight of deuyne puruyauns  
 Hath seyn alwey me for to forgon Cresseide  
 Sith god seth euery þing oute of doughtauns 963  
 And him disposeth þurgh his ordinauns  
 In hir merites sothly for to be  
 As thei shul comen by predestene 966

(139)

B<sup>U</sup>T natheles Allas whom shal I leue [leaf 79] 967  
 For ther ben grete clerkes many one  
 That destyne þurgh argumentes preue  
 And som men seyn þat nedly þer nys noon 970  
 But that free choys is yeue vs euerychon  
 O welawey so alye were clerkes olde  
 That I not whiche opinion I may holde 973

## (140)

FOR som) men) seyn) yef) god seth) Albeform)	974
Ne god may nat deceyued ben parde	
Than) mot it fallen þou; men had it sworð	
That puruyauns hath seyn) be-form) to be	977
Wherfore I sey þat from) eterne yef he	
Hath wist beform) oure þought eke as your dede	
We han) no fre choys [as] þis clerkes rede	980

## (141)

FOR oþer þought nor other dede Also	981
Might neuer ben but such) as puruyaunce	
Whiche may not ben deceyued neuer moo	
Hath felid byform) with-outen ignoraunce	984
For yif ther might ben A variaunce	
To writen) oute fro goddes puruyng	
Ther wer) no prescient of þing connyng	987

## (142)

But it wer rather an opinion)	988
Vncertein & no stedfast forseying	
And certes þat were an abusion)	
That god shulde haue no perfit clere weting	991
More þan) we men) þat han) doutous wenyng	
But such) an errour vpon) god to gesse	
Were false & foule & wikked cursednesse	994

## (143)

EKe this is an opynion) of som)	995
That han) her) toppe ful high & smoth yshoor	
They seyn) rzt þis þat þing is nat to come	
For þat þe prescient hath seyn) byfore	998
That it shal come but þei seyn) þat þerfore	
That it shal come þerfore þe puruyaunce	
Wote it byform) with-oute ignoraunce	1001

## (144)

AND in this maner this necessite	[leaf 79, back]	1002
Retorneth in his part contrarie ageyne		
For nedfully behoueth it not to be		
That thilke pinges fallen in certein		1005
That ben puruyed but nedfully as þei sein		
Behoueth it þat pinges which þat fall		
That þei in certein ben puruyed all		1008

## (145)

I mene as þough I labored me in þis		1009
To enquern which þinge cause of which þing be		
As whethir þat þe prescient of god is		
The certein cause of necessite		1012
Of pinges þat to comen ben parde		
Or yef necessite of þinge comynge		
Be cause certein of the puruyenge		1015

## (146)

But nowe ne enforce I mene not in shewing		1016
How the ordre of causes stant but wel wote I		
That it behoueth þat the befallyng		
Of pinges wist before certainly		1019
By necessarye alle seme it not ther by		
That prescient put fallynge necessarye		
To þinge to come alle falle it foule or faire		1022

## (147)

FOR yef there sit A man yond on a se		1023
Than by necessite behoueth it		
That certes þin opinion soth be		
That wenist or comittist þat he sit		1026
And further ouer now a-yenward yet		
Lo riȝt so is it of the part contrarie		
As þus nowe herkenyth for I wil nat tarie		1029

(148)

I sey þat yif the opinion) of the	1030
Be soth for þat he sit þan) sey I þis	
That he mot sitten) by necessite	
& þis necessite in eythir is	1033
For in him nede of sittynge is Iwis	
And in þe nede of soth & þis for soth	
Ther mot necessite ben) in you bothe	1036

(149)

But þou maist seyn) þe man) sit not þerfore	[leaf 90] 1037
That þin) opinion) of þis sitting soth is	
But rather for the man) sit þer' before	
Therefore is þin) opinion) soth I-wis	1040
And I sey þough) þe cause of soth of þis	
Comth of his sittynge yet necessite	
Is enterchaunged both in him & in the	1043

(150)

THus in the same wise out of doutaunce	1044
I may wel maken as it semyth me	
My resonyng of goddes puruynge	
And of the þinges þat to comen be	1047
By whiche reson) men may wel I-see	
That þilke þinges þat in erthe falle	
That by necessite þei comen alle	1050

(151)

FOR all þough þat for þinge shal com) Iwis	1051
Therefore is it purueyd) certainly	
Nat þat it comth for it purueyd) is	
Yet nathelesse byhoueth it nedefully	1054
That thyng to come be purueyd) trewly	
Or ellis þinges þat purueid be	
That þei betyden by necessite	1057

(152)

**ANd** þis suffiseth riȝt Inough certeyn 1058  
 For to destroye oure fre choys euerydeȝ  
 But nowe is þis abusion to seyn  
 That fallynge of the thynges temporall 1061  
 Is cause of goddes prescient eternaȝ  
 Now truely that is a false sentence  
 That þinge to come shulde cause his prescient 1064

(153)

What myȝht I wene & I had such a þouȝt 1065  
 But þat god purueyth þinge þat is to come  
 For that it is to me & elles noght  
 So myȝht I wene þat þinges al & som 1068  
 That whilom ben by false & ouercom  
 Be cause of þilke souereyn purveyaunce  
 That forewitt al with-out ignoraunce 1071

(154)

**ANd** ouer al þis riȝht yet seye I more herto [leaf 89, back] 1072  
 That riȝt as whan I wot þer is A þing  
 Is wisse þat thing mote nedefully be soo  
 Eke riȝt so whan I wote a þinge comyng 1075  
 So mote it come & this þe befallyng  
 Off thinges þat ben wist before the tide  
 They mowe nat ben eschewed on noo side 1078

(155)

**THan** seide he þis Almyȝhty Ioue in trone 1079  
 That woste of alle þinge the sothefastnesse  
 Rewe on my sorwe & doo me dye or sone  
 Or bringe Cresseide and me fro þis detresse 1082  
 And while he was in alle þis heynesse  
 Desputynge with him selfe in this mater  
 Come Pandare & seide as ye may here 1085

- 4 And said to him : " Now art thou so dejected  
 5 As thou showest, courageous youth ?  
 6 Thy bliss is not yet parted from thee.  
 7 Why as yet dost thou so much distress thyself  
 8 That the eyes in thy head seem already dead ?

(110)

- 1 " Thou hadst lived long enough without her.  
 3 " Wast thou born into the world merely for her ?

(111)

Pandarus tells Troilus that Chryseis is still more afflicted than he: this evidence of her love may at least be some consolation.

(156)

- O myghty god quod Pandarus in trone 1086  
 Ey who sey euer a wise man fare soo  
 Why Troilus what pinkest þou to done  
 Haste þou suche lust to be þine ougne foo 1089  
 What parde yet nys nat Cresseide Agoo  
 Why liste þe soo þine self for-doo for drede  
 That in þine hed þine yheñ seme dede 1092

(157)

- Haste þou natt leued many A yeer byforn 1093  
 With-uten hir & ben full wel at ease  
 Arte þou for hir & for noon oper borne  
 Hath nature þe wrougt al onely hir to plesse 1096  
 Let be & pinke riȝt þus in þine disease  
 That vn the dyce riȝt as fallen chauns  
 Riȝt so in loue þer comen & gone plesauns 1099

(158)

- AND yet of þis I merueyle most of alle 1100  
 Whi þou þus sorwest siȝh þou knowest nat yet  
 Touching hir goyng hou þat it shaȝ falle  
 Ne yif she can hir self disturbyn it 1103  
 Thou hast nat yet assayed of hir wit  
 A man may alle be tyme his nekke bede  
 Whan it shaȝ of & sorwyn at þe nede 1106

(159)

- FOR-thi take hed of þat I shaȝ þe sey [leaf 81] 1107  
 I haue with hir spoken and long I-be  
 So as accorded was bytween vs twey  
 And euyrmore me þinketh þat she 1110  
 Hath sumwhate in hir hertes priuete  
 Wherwith she canne yif I shal ariȝt rede  
 Desturbe all þis of which þou art in drede 1113



(112)

- 1 "I have just arranged with her  
 2 That thou shalt go to her, and this evening  
 3 Be with her."  
 4 Troilus should explain his plans to her, and see how she  
   takes them  
 7 "Perhaps you will find out methods which  
 8 Will be great alleviations to your woes."

(113)

- 1 To whom Troilus replied sighing :  
 2 "Thou speak'st well, and thus will I do."  
 3 And many other things he said. But, when  
 4 It seemed to him time to be going,  
 6 He went off.  
 6 Chryseis comes to him in the wonted manner, bearing a  
   torch.

(114)

- 3 She came to him, and in her arms  
 4 Received him, and he her, seized  
 5 With heavy grief ; and dumb they both  
 6 Could not conceal their wounded heart.  
 8 They began a great and staunchless weeping.

(115)

- 1 Their sobs forbade utterance.

- 7 They drank the falling tears, without heeding  
 8 That they were bitter beyond their nature.

(160)

- FOR which my counseil is whan it is night 1114  
 Thou to hir' goo and make of þis an ende  
 And blisfulh Ioue þurgh þine grete myghit  
 Shal as I hope hir' grace to vs sende 1117  
 Myn herte seyth certeyne she shafl nat wende  
 And for-þi put þine herte awhile in rest  
 And holde þi purpose for it is the best 1120

(161)

- THIS Troilus answerd & sighed soore 1121  
 Thou seyst riȝt wel & I wil doo riȝt soo  
 And what him liste he seide to him moore  
 But whan þat it was tyme for to goo 1124  
 Fulh preuely him self' with-outene moo  
 Vn-to hir' come as he was wonte to done  
 And hou þei wrouȝt I shafl telle you sone 1127

(162)

- SO is þat whanne þei ganne first to mete 1128  
 So ganne þe peine her' hertes for to twiste  
 And neiþer of hem oper might grete  
 But hem in Armes toke & oper kiste 1131  
 The lasse woofulh of hem boþe I nyste  
 Wher' þat he was ne miȝt A worde oute bringe  
 As I seide erste for woo & for sobbyng 1134

(163)

- THE woofulh teres þat þei letyn fali 1135  
 As bitter wer' oute of teres kynde  
 For peyne as is ligne Aloes or gail  
 So bittir teres wepith nat as I fin le 1138  
 The wofulh Mirra þurgh þe barke & rynde  
 That in þis worlde þer nys so harde an herte  
 That nolde haue rewed on heir' peyne smerte 1141

(116)

- 1 But, when the outwearied spirits  
 3 Had returned into their places  
 4 By the slacking of the dolorous pangs,  
 5 Chryseis  
 7 Said with broken voice.  
 8 " ' Oh my lord ! who takes me from thee, and whither am  
     I going ? ' "

(117)

- 1 Then she fell back with her face on his breast ;  
 4 And the soul sought out means <sup>1</sup> to fly.

<sup>1</sup> " *Ingegnessi* " = wrought ingeniously, made efforts of ingenuity, tried hard.

(118)

- 3 Often kissing the tearful visage,

- 2 He placed her recumbent,  
 4 Seeking whether he could see in her  
 5 Any sign of life.  
 7 From life so disconsolate,  
 8 He said weeping, she had passed away.

(164)

- But whan heir wery woofull gostes tweyne [leaf sl, back] 1142  
 Returned ben pere as them ought duelle  
 And þat sumwhat to makyn ganne þe peyne  
 By length of pleynte & ebbe gan þe welle 1145  
 Of teres & þe herte vnsweñ  
 With broken voyse aȝ hors for shright Cresseide  
 To Troilus thes ilke wordes seide 1148

(165)

- O loue I crye & mercy I besheche 1149  
 Helpe Troilus & pere-with-aȝ hir face  
 Vppon his brest she leyde and loste speche  
 Hir woofull spirite frome his propre place 1152  
 Right with þe worde alwey A poynt to pace  
 And þus she lyth with hewe; pale & grene  
 That whilome freisch & fairest was to sene 1155

(166)

- THIS Troilus þat on hir ganne beholde 1156  
 Cleping hir name / and she lay as for dede  
 Withouteȝ answer and felte hir lymes colde  
 Hir yhen throwen vpward to her hede 1159  
 This sorwefull man can now no maner rede  
 But ofte tymes hir colde mouth he kiste  
 Wheither him was woo god him-silf it wiste 1162

(167)

- HE riste him vp & long streyte hir leyde 1163  
 For signe of lif for ought he can or may  
 Can he non finde in nothing on Cresseide  
 For whiche his songe is full ofte Welawey 1166  
 But whan he say þat specheles she lay  
 With soroufult herte & voyse of blisse alle bare  
 He seide how she was frome þe worlde I-fare 1169

(119)

- 5 Wherefore, after a very long lamenting,  
7 He wiped her face.

- 1 She was cold and without any sensation,<sup>1</sup>  
2 So far as Troilus discerned ;  
3 And this seemed to him a true argument  
4 That she had finished her days.  
7 He composed her body,  
8 As is usually done with dead things.

(120)

- 1 And, having done this, with bold spirit  
2 He drew his own sword from the sheath,  
3 Wholly resolved to take death,  
4 In order that his soul might follow  
5 That of the lady, with fate so mournful,  
6 And might dwell with it in hell,<sup>2</sup>—  
7 Since grievous Fortune and harsh Love  
8 Chased him forth out of this life.

(121)

- 1 But first he said, incensed with high wrath :  
2 " O cruel Jove, and thou dire Fortune,  
3 Behold, I come to that which ye will !  
4 Ye have bereft me of my Chryseis.

<sup>1</sup> " Sentimento "—as in Chaucer.

<sup>2</sup> " Inferno : " not perhaps implying more than we now mean by Hades.

(168)

- SO aftir þat he longe hadde hir' compleyned 1170  
His handes wrong' & seide that was to sey  
And with his teres salte hir' brest be-reigned  
He gan' þe teris wipe of fuh drye 1173  
And pitously gan' for the soule preye  
And seide O Lorde þat sett art in þi trone  
Rew eke on me for I shaþ folwe hir' sone 1176

(169)

- She colde was And withoute sentment (leaf 82) 1177  
For aught he wote brethe þan felte he non  
And þis was to him A preignant argument  
That she was furth oute of þis worlde A-gone 1180  
And whan he say þere was noon oþer wone  
He ganne hir' lymmes dresse in such maner  
As men done hem þat shalbe berid on ber' 1183

(170)

- Aftir þis with sterne & crueh herte 1184  
His swerde a-none oute of his sheth he twight  
Him self to sle how soore þat him smerte  
So that his sowle hire sowle folwe might 1187  
Ther' as þe dome of Mynous wolde it dight  
Sith loue & crueh fortune it ne wolde  
That in þis worlde he lenger lyue shulde 1190.

(171)

- THanne seide he þus fulfilled of high disdeyn 1191  
O crueh loue & þou fortune aduerse  
This alle & somme þat falsely haue ye slayne  
Cresseide & sith ye may doo me noo wurse 1194  
Eye vn your miȝtes and wekes so diuerse  
Thus Cowardly ye shal me neuer wynne  
Ther' shal no deth me from my lady twynne 1197

## (122)

- 1 "And I will quit the world, and will follow  
 2 Her with my spirit, since so it pleases you.  
 3 "' Perhaps there [beyond the grave] I shall have better  
 fortune with her, having respite from my sighs, if  
 there one can love—as I have erewhile heard say that  
 one can.'"  
 7 "Since ye will not see me in life,  
 8 At least place my soul with her.

## (123)

- 1 "And thou, city, which I leave in war,  
 2 And thou Priam, and ye dear brothers,  
 3 God be with you, for I am going underground.  
 5 "And thou, for whom woe so clutches me,  
 7 Receive me, Chryseis!"—he would have said,  
 8 Already with the sword at his breast, to die.

## (124)

- 1 When she, recovering consciousness,  
 2 Heaved a very great sigh, calling Troilus.  
 3 To whom he said: "My sweet desire,  
 4 Now dost thou still live?"  
 7 He comforted her.

- 5 He took her up in his arms.  
 7 And the strayed soul  
 8 Returned to the heart whence it had fled.

## (125)

- 2 And afterwards, seeing the sword,

## (172)

- FOR in pis worlde sithe ye haue slayn her þus 1198  
 Wil lete & folwe hir' spirite lowe or high  
 Shal neuer loue' sey þat Troilus  
 Dare not for fer' with his Lady dye 1201  
 For certeine I wil ber' hir' companye  
 But sithe ye wil nat suffre vs to lyue her'  
 Yet suffreth þat our soules ben' in fere 1204

## (173)

- AND þou Cite which þat I lyue in woo 1205  
 And þou Priam & brethern' alle in fere  
 And þou Moder Eccuba farewel for I goo  
 And Attropos make redy þou me her' ber' 1208  
 And þou Cresseid O swete herte dere  
 Receyue now my spiright wil I sey  
 With swerde at herte Al redy for to dey 1211

## (174)

- BT as god wolde A swogh þer-with she Abreide [leaf 82, back]  
 And ganne to sigh and Troilus she cried  
 And he answerd lady myn Cresseide  
 Lyue ye yett & lette his swerd' doune glide 1215  
 Ye herte myn þat thanked be Cipride  
 Quod she & ther-with-ah she soore sight  
 And he began to gladder as he myght 1218

## (175)

- HE toke hir' in his arme; tuo & kiste hir' ofte 1219  
 And hir' to gladde he dide ah his entent  
 For whiche hir goste þat fykered ay on lofte  
 In-to hir' woofuh herte ayen' it went 1222  
 But at the last as hir' ey glente  
 A-side A-non she gan' his swerde espie  
 As it lay bare and gan' for fer' to crie 1225

- 3 She began : "Why was that drawn  
4 Forth from the sheath ?" To whom Troilus, weeping,  
5 Related what his life had been.

6 Wherefore she said : "What is this I hear ?

- 7 "Then, if I had lingered yet awhile,  
8 Thou wouldst have slain thyself in this place !

(126)

- 1 "Ah woful me ! What hast thou told me ?  
2 I would never have remained in life  
3 After thee.

- 3 "But through my sorrowing breast  
4 I would have stuck it. Now we have much  
5 To thank God for. Let us now go to bed :  
6 There we will talk over our woes.

- 7 If I consider the waning torch,  
8 A great part of the night is already gone."

(127)

- 1 As otherwhile the close embracings  
2 Had been, so were they now ;  
3 But these were with bitter tears more  
4 Than they *had* been with sweetness.  
5 "Yet talk, pleasant and sad, began between them with-  
out delay."  
7 And Chryseïs began.

(176)

AND Asked him whi þat he hadde oute drawe 1226  
And Troilus a-non þe cause hir' tolde  
And how him self þer-with he wolde haue alawe  
For which Cresseide vppon him gan beholde 1229  
And gan him in armes fast folde  
And seide O mercy god Lo which A dede  
Allas hou ney were both dede 1232

(177)

THAN yif I ne had spoken as grace was 1233  
Ye wolde a slayne anon your silf quod she  
Ye douȝtles and she answerd allas  
For by þat ilke Lord that made me 1236  
I nolde A furlonge wey on lyue haue be  
After your deth to ha be crowned quene  
Of alle the londe þe sonne on shyneth shene 1239

(178)

But with þe same swerde which þat her' is 1240  
My silf I wolde haue slayne quod she too  
But Hoo for we haue riȝt I-now of þis  
And lete vs rise & streite to bedde goo 1243  
And þer lete vs speke of oure woo  
For by þe mortar which þat I see brenne  
Knowe I ful wel that day is nat ferre henne 1246

(179)

[leaf 88]

WHAN þei Wer in hire bedde in Armez foldyn  
Nat was it lik þe niȝtes her' beforne  
Ful pitously eche oþer gan beholden  
As þei þat hadden al bliȝse I-lorne 1250  
Be-wayling ay þe day þat þei wer borne  
Til at þe laste þis woofull wight Cresseide  
To Troilus þes ilke wordes seide 1253

## (180)

8 ' Nothing ever so much distressed me as this my departure.  
 Nevertheless, on second thoughts, some hope appears.  
 My father recalls me, and I shall have to go away  
 with Diomed.

TO herte myn wel wote ye þis quod she 1254  
 That yif a wight his woo alwey compleyne  
 And seketh nat hou helped for to be  
 It nys but fooly and encrease of peyne 1257  
 And sithe þat her' assembled be we tweyne  
 To fynde bote of wo þat we be Inne  
 It were alle tyme sone to be-gynne 1260

## (181)

I am a woman as full wel ye wote 1261  
 And as I am a-vised sodeinly  
 So wil I tell you sithe that it is hote  
 Me thinketh þat neyþer ye ne I 1264  
 Ought half þis woo make skilfully  
 For ther' is arte I-now for to redresse  
 That is amys and sle þis heynessee 1267

## (182)

SOthe is þe woo þe which we be Inne 1268  
 For ought I wot for no þing ellis ys  
 But for þe cause þat we shulde twynne  
 Considred aþ þer nys no more a-mys 1271  
 But what is þane A remedye vn-to þis  
 For we shape vs sone to mete  
 This alle & somme my dere herte swete 1274

## (183)

NOw þat I shaþ bring it wel aboute 1275  
 To comen a-yen sone aftir þat I goo  
 Thereof am I no maner þing in doute  
 For dredeles with-Inne A wooke or tuoo 1278  
 I shaþ be here & þat it may be soo  
 Be alle riȝt & in wordes fewe  
 I shaþ you wel an hepe of wyles shewe 1281

## (184)

**F**OR which I wil nat make longe *sermon* [leaf 83, back] 1282  
 For tyme ylostē may nat recouered be  
 But I wilȝ goo to my conclusion  
 And to the best in ought I can se 1285  
 But for the loue of god for-yeveth me  
 Yef I speke ought a-yens youre hertes reste  
 For treuely I speke it for þe beste 1288

## (185)

**M**AKing alwey A protestacion 1289  
 That now þes wordes which þat I shaȝ sey  
 Nys but to shewe you my mocyon  
 To finde vn-to your helpe þe best wey 1292  
 And taketh it non oþer wise I prey  
 For in effecte what so ye me comaunde  
 That wyȝ I doo for þat is no demaunde 1295

## (186)

**H**ERkenith now þis & ye wilȝ vndirstande 1296  
 My goyng graunted is by parlement  
 Soo ferforth þat it may nat be withstande  
 For al þis worlde as by my Iugement 1299  
 And sith þere helpeth noon auisement  
 To lete it lightly passe out of mynde  
 And lete vs shape a bettir wey to finde 1302

## (187)

Such is þis þe tw[i]nnynge of vs tweyne 1303  
 Wilȝ vs disease & cruelly anoy  
 But him behoueth some tyme to haue a peine  
 That serueth loue yif he wilȝ haue Ioye 1306  
 And siþe I shal no further oute of Troye  
 Than I may ride a-yen on halfe a morowe  
 It ought the lesse cause vs to sorwe 1309

(131)

8 'Peace will soon be concluded : then I shall return.  
Even if the prospect of peace fails, [I can come in time  
of truce'—(see the lines translated to compare with  
the *Troilus*, B. 4, St. 188, l. 5).]

(132)

8 'Such visits are permitted to women, and my relatives  
in Troy will be inviting me.'  
4 "In time of truce  
5 I shall have occasion to come hither.

(133)

1 "Then we shall be able to take some solace.

(131)

1 "Thou know'st that here are all my relatives  
2 Except my father ; and everything of mine  
3 Still remains here.

(188)

SO as I shaH not be hidde in mewe 1310  
That day be day myn ougne herte dere  
Sithe wel ye wot þat it is now trewe  
Ye shaH fulh wel of myn estate here 1313  
And or þat treus be doon I shalbe here  
And þan haue ye bothe Anthenor I-wonne  
And me Also beth glade now yif ye conne 1316

(189)

THenke riȝt þus Cresseide is now a-gone [leaf 84] 1317  
But what she shaH come hastely a-yen  
And whanne allas be god riȝt A noon  
Or dayes x þus dare I sauely seyne 1320  
And þan att erste shaH we best feyne  
So as we shaH to-gedir euer dueH  
That alle þis worlde ne might our bliȝse telf 1323

(190)

6 "Indeed, I see that, when we are in Troy, 1324  
7 We have to pass several days without seeing each other  
That for the beste oure counseil for to hide  
Ye spake nat with me ne I with you  
8 Sometimes, with tormenting pains. 1327  
In fourtenyȝht ne se you goo ne ride  
May ye nat x dayes A-bide  
For my honour in suche auenture  
I-wis ye mow ellis litelf endure 1330

(191)

YE knowe wel eke þat aH my kynne is her' 1331  
But þat onely it my fadir be  
And eke myn odir þinges aH in fer'  
And nameliche my dere herte ye 1334  
Whome þat I nolde leue to see  
For alle þis worlde as wyde as it ha'h space  
Or ellis se I neuer loue in his fac 1337



(134)

- 3 " My father now has this desire ;  
 4 And perhaps he fancies that I cannot remain here,  
 5 Because of his misdeed, without apprehension  
 6 Of violence, or of blame to be incurred by me.

(131)

- 5 " Peace is continually treated of  
 6 Between you and the Greeks ; and, if his wife  
 7 Is restored to Menelaus, I think you will have it.

(134)

- 1 " And, besides this, a greater hope  
 2 Of returning, whether peace or not, is born in me.

(135)

- 1 " And what to do should [my father] keep me among  
     the Greeks,  
 2 Who, as thou seest, are always under arms ?  
 8 Nor do I well see any one contrary to [my returning].

(192)

- WHy trowe ye my fadir on þis wise 1338  
 Coueited so to se me but for drede  
 Leste þat in þis towne folke me dispise  
 Be cause of him for his vnhappy dede 1341  
 What wot my fadir what lif þat I lede  
 For yif he wist in Troye how well I fare  
 Vs neded for my going not to care 1344

(193)

- YE see þat euery day eke moore 1345  
 Men trete of pes & it supposed is  
 That men the quene Eleyne shaft restor'  
 And Grekis restore vs þat is a-misse 1348  
 So þer' ner' comforte nat but þis  
 That men purposed on euery side  
 Ye may þe better at ese of herte Abyde 1351

(194)

- FOR yif þat it be pees myn herte der' [leaf 84, back] 1352  
 The nature of þis mote nedes dryue  
 That men musten entercomen in fer'  
 And to & froo eke ride & gone as blyue 1355  
 Ah day as thikke as been flien from an hyue  
 And euery wight haue liberte to beleue  
 Wher as him liste þ' best with-outen leue 1358

(195)

- AND þough so be þat pes þer' may be none 1359  
 Yett hider þouȝ pees neuer ne wer'  
 I must come for whider shulde y gone  
 Or how mischauns shulde I duelle ther' 1362  
 A-monge the men of Armes euyr in fere  
 For which as wisely god my sowle rede  
 I can not see wherof ye shulde drede 1365

(136)

1 "He is, as thou knowest, old and avaricious.

(196)

HAue her' an other wey yif it so be 1366  
 þat aH þis þing ne may you suffice  
 My fadir as ye knowen wel þarðe  
 Is old & age is full of couetise 1369  
 And I riȝt now haue founden alle the gise  
 With-outen nett wher'-with I shaH him hent  
 And herkenyth now yif þat ye wiH assent 1372

(197)

LO Troilus men say þat harde it is 1373  
 The wolfe full & þe wethir hoole to haue  
 This is to sey þat men full ofte I-wisse  
 Must spende part þe remenaunt for to saue 1376  
 For ay with golde men may þe herte graue  
 Of him that set is vppon Covetise  
 And how I mene I shal it you deuise 1379

(198)

2 "And here he has that which may make him hearken ;  
 3 Which, if he values it, I will tell him.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The rest of this passage takes, in Chaucer, a somewhat different turn from what it does in Boccaccio. In the Italian poem, Chryseis simply proposes to persuade her father that his property in Troy will be better looked after if he allows her to return thither.

The moeble which I haue in þis towne 1380  
 Vn to my fadir shaH I take & sey  
 That riȝt for trust & for sauacion  
 It sent is frome a frende of his or twey 1383  
 The which frendes feruently him prey  
 To sende aftir more & þat in hie  
 While that þis towne stant in Ieopardie 1386

(199)

AND þat shalbe an huge quantite [leaf 85] 1387  
 Thus shaH I sey but lest it folke espied  
 This may be sent by no wiȝt but by me  
 I shal eke shewe him yf pees betide 1390  
 What frendes I haue on euery side  
 Towardes þe Courte to doo þe wrathe pace  
 Of Priamus and make him stande in grace 1393

- 7 "And he, through avarice,  
8 Will be glad at my returning."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In the ensuing stanza 203 Chaucer avers that "written wel I fynde" that Chryseis made in good faith her protestations of love to Troilus, and of her resolution to return. He did not "fynde" this expressly and categorically set forth in the *Filostato*; but Boccaccio clearly implies as much.

## (200)

SO what for oo thing & for other swete	1394
I shal him so enchaunte with my sawes	
That riȝt in heven his sowle shaȝ he mete	
For aȝ appollo or his Clerkysshe lawes	1397
Or Calkelyng A-vayleth nat thre hawes	
Desire of gold shaȝ so his sowle blynde	
That as me list I shaȝ wel make an ende	1400

## (201)

AND he it wolde oute by his sorte to preue	1401
Yef þat I lye in certein I shaȝ fonde	
Desturbe him & plukke him by þe sleue	
Making his sorte or ber' him on honde	1404
He hath nat wel þe goddes vndirstonde	
For Goddes spekyn in Amphibologies	
And for A soth þe tell twenty lies	1407

## (202)

Eke drede fonde first goddes I suppose	1408
Thus shal I sey & þat his coward herte	
Made him a-mys þe goddes texte to glose	
Whan he for drede out of Delphos sterte	1411
And but I make him sone to conuerte	
And doo my rede with-in A day or twey	
I wil to you oblige me to dey	1414

## (203)

AND truely is wretyn wel I finde	1415
That al þis þing was seide of good entent	
And þat hir herte was trew good & kinde	
Towardes him & spakke riȝt as she ment	1418
And þat she sterue for wo ner' whan she went	
And was in purpos euer to be true	
þus write þei þat of hir werkis knewe	1421

## (137)

- 1 Troilus listened attentively to the lady ;
- 2 And her talk touched his mind,
- 3 And almost probable it appeared to him
- 4 That that which she said must certainly
- 5 Be so,—but, because he was much in love,
- 6 He still lent faith to it slowly.
- 7 Yet at the last, as it was his own wish,
- 8 Seeking within himself, he persuaded himself to believe it.

## (138)

- 1 Whence part of the heavy grief
- 2 Departed from them, and hope returned ;
- 3 And, then becoming less stern in will,
- 4 They recommenced the amorous dance.
- 5 And as the bird from leaf to leaf,
- 6 In the new time, takes delight
- 7 In his song, so did these,
- 8 Speaking to each other of many things.

## (139)

- 1 But, as it could not pass out of Troilus's
- 2 Heart that she would have to depart,
- 3 He began to speak in this wise :
- 7 " What life dost thou suppose
- 8 That mine will be if thou returnest not soon ?

## (140)

- 1 " Live as certain as of death
- 2 That I would kill myself, wert thou to delay
- 3 At all overmuch to return hither.

## (204)

- THis Troilus with herte & eres spradde [leaf 85, back] 1422  
 Herde alle þis þing deuised too & froo  
 And verily semyd þat he hadde  
 The self witte but yet to lete hire goo 1425  
 His herte mys-for-yaff him euer moo  
 But finally he ganne his herte wreste  
 To trustyn hire & toke it for the beste 1428

## (205)

- FOr which þe gret furye of his penauns 1429  
 Was queynte with hoope & þere-with hem betwen  
 Began for Ioye the Amerous dauns  
 And as þe briddes whann þe sonne is shene 1432  
 Deliten in her song in Leues grene  
 Right so þe wordes þat þei spake in fer'  
 Delited hem & mad hir hertes clere 1435

## (206)

- But natheles þe wending of Cresseide 1436  
 For aȝ þis worlde may nat out of his mynde  
 For which fult ofte ful pitously hir preid  
 That of hir heste he miȝt hir trew finde 1439  
 And seide hir certes yif she be vnkynde  
 That but ye come at day sett in to Troye  
 Shal I neuer haue hele honour ne Ioye 1442

## (207)

- FOr also soȝh as sonne vprist on morwe 1443  
 And god so wissely þou me wooful wreche  
 To rest bring out of þis cruell sorwe  
 I wil my self sle yif þat ye dreche 1446  
 But of my deth you liteȝ be to reche  
 Yet her þat ye me causyn so to smerte  
 Duellleȝ rather her myn ougne dere herte 1449

## (208)

FOR truely my ougne Lady der	1450
Tho sleighthes yet þat I haue herde you ster	
Ful shappely bene to faile alle in fere	
For þus men say þat one þinketh be er	1453
But aȝ an other þinketh þe leder	
Your sir is wise & siȝh it is oute of drede	
Men may þe olde ouer-renne & nat ouer-rēde	1456

## (209)

IT is ful harde to halte vn-espied	[leaf 86] 1457
Be-fore A Crepiȝh for he can þe crafte	
Youre Fadir is in sleighȝt as argus eyed	
For alle-be þat his mobles bene berafte	1460
He vndirstandeth / hou he is lafte	
Ye shaȝ nat blynde him for aȝ your womanhed	
Ne feyne a right & þat is aȝ my drede	1463

## (141)

1 " I know not whether peace will ever be made between  
us :

2 Whether peace or not,

5 [Considering] the infamy of his misdeed,

2 I scarcely

3 Think that Calchas will ever return hither :

8 That he should send thee back I scarcely credit.

## (210)

I Not yef pees shaȝ euermoore be-tyde	1464
But pees or noo for earnest ne for game	
I wote siȝhe Calcas on the Grekis syde	
Hath ones bee & loste so foule his name	1467
He Dare no more come her' a-yen for shame	
For whiche þis wey for ought þat I can spie	
To truste on is but fantesie	1470

## (142)

1 " He will give thee a husband among the Greeks :

4 He will cajole thee.

## (211)

YE shal eke se your fadir shaȝ you glose	1471
To be A wiff and as he canne wel preche	
He shaȝ some Greke so preyse & wel alose	
That rauisshe he shaȝ you with his speche	1474
Or doo you doone with force as he shaȝ you teche	
And Troilus of whom he niȝh haue routh	
Shal causeles so sterue in his trouth	1477

- 2 "And he will show thee that, in remaining besieged,  
3 There is danger of coming to a bad pass.

- 8 "I fear that thou wilt never return to Troy.

- 4 "He will cause that thou shalt be honoured  
5 By the Greeks.

(143)

- 1 "And this is to me so grievous to think . . .

- 8 "If thou leavest me, consider that I am dead.

(144)

- 1 'Let us then seek out some means of preventing your  
departure altogether.

- 3 "Let us go off to another region.

(212)

AND ouer all þis youre fadir' shal despise 1478  
Vs alle & sey þis Cite nys but Lorne  
And þat þe sege neuer shaft arise  
For whi þe Grekes haue it all I-sworne 1481  
Till we be slayne & doune our walles torne  
And þus he shaft you with his wordes fere  
That day drede I þat ye will be leue þere 1484

(213)

YE shaft eke se so many A lusty knyght 1485  
Amonge the Grekes full of worthines  
And ech of hem with herte witte & myght  
To please you do alle his besynesse 1488  
þat ye shaft duell of þe rudnesse  
Of us sely Troian but yif routh  
Remorde you or virtue of your trouthe 1491

(214)

AND þis to me so greuous to thinke [leaf 86, back] 1492  
That frome my brest it will the soule rende  
Ne dredeles in me ther' can' not synke  
A good opinion yef þat ye wende 1495  
For whi your fadres sleighthe will vs shende  
And yef ye gone as I haue tolde you yore  
So thinke I nam but dede with-outen more 1498

(215)

FOR which with humble trewe & pitous herte 1499  
A thousand tymes mercy I you prey  
So reweth on myne asperes peynes smerte  
And doth sumwhat as þat I shaft you sey 1502  
And lete vs stele A-vey bytwixe vs tway  
And pinke þat foly is whan a man may chese  
For Accidentes þe substauns ay to lese 1505

(145)

- 1 "Let us then flee hence secretly,  
2 And go thither together, thou and I.

- 7 "And this is the more secure.

(144)

- 6 "There are, afar from here,  
7 People who will gladly see us.

- 8 "'And who will even always acknowledge us as lords.'"

(145)

- 6 "This I would wish, & this is my desire,  
7 Wert thou to approve it."

(146)

- 1 Chryseis, sighing, replied to him :  
2 "Dear my bliss, and delight of my heart,  
3 All these things might come to pass,  
4 And even more, in the form thou hast said.

(216)

- I mene þus sithe we may or day 1506  
Wel stele a-vey and be to-gider soo  
What witte wer' it to putte it in Asay  
In case ye shulden to youre fadir goo 1509  
Yef that ye myght come a-yen' or noo  
Thus mene I þat it wer' a gret folie  
To put þat sikirnesse in leopardie 1512

(217)

- AND vulgarly to speke of subetauns 1513  
Of tresoure may we bothe with vs lede  
I-nough to lyue in honour & plesauns  
Til vn-to the tyme þat we shulbe dede 1516  
And þus we may eschewe aȝ this drede  
For euerych oper' wey þat ye canne recorde  
Myn hert I-wisse þer-with may nat accorde 1519

(218)

- AND hardily dredeth no pouerte 1520  
For I haue kynne and frendes ellis wher'  
That þough we comen in our' bare shirte  
Vs shulde nouȝir lakke golde ne ger' 1523  
But be honoured while we duelle ther'  
And goo we a-noon for as in myn entent  
This is þe best for vs and ye with assent 1526

(219)

- CResseid him with a sigh right in þis wise [leaf 87] 1527  
Answer? I-wis my dere herte trewe  
We may wel stele A-vey as ye deuise  
Or finde suche vnthrifti weys newe 1530  
But Aftirwarde it with vs full soore rewe  
And helpe me god so at my moste nede  
As causeles ye suffryn' aȝ þis drede 1533

- 7 "Commands, cajolements, or husband,  
8 Will never wrest my affection from thee.

- 5 "But I swear to thee by those amorous  
6 Darts which, for thee, have entered my breast.

(147)

- 1 "But what thou wast saying about going away.  
2 Is not a wise counsel, to my thinking. You must have  
some heed of yourself and your friends. Were we to  
go away, three ill-consequences might ensue—1st, The  
evil of broken faith.

(148)

- 1 "And thus would be in peril of thy family;  
2 For, if for a woman thou hadst left  
3 Them beyond aid and counsel . . .

(220)

- FOR þilke day þat I for cherisshing 1534  
Or drede of fadir or for other wight  
Or for estate delite or for wedding  
Be false to you my Troilus my knyght 1537  
Saturnes doughter Ioue þurgh hir' myght  
As woode as athamante do me duelle  
Eternaly in Stix þe pitte of helle 1540

(221)

- AND þis oon euery god celestia 1541  
I swere it yow & eke on eche goddes  
On euery Nimphe And deyte inferna 1544  
On statery & ferry more & lesse  
That halfe goddes bene of wildirnesse  
And Antropos my threde of lif þou breste  
Yef I be false now troweth me yef ye leste 1547

(222)

- AND þou Symoys þat as an arwe cler' 1548  
þurgh Troy rynneth ay downwarde to þe see  
Bere witnesse of þis worde þat seyde is her'  
That ilke day þat I vntrewe be 1551  
To Troilus myn ougne herte fre  
That þou retorne bakward to þin welle  
And I with body & sowle synke in to helle 1554

(223)

- But þat ye speke A-wey þis for to goo 1555  
And leue alle *your* frendis god forbede  
For any woman þat ye shulde soo  
And namely sith Troie hath such nede 1558  
Of helpe & eke of oo þing taketh hede  
Yef þis wer' wist my lif were in balauns  
And your' honour loste god shelde vs from myschauns 1561



- 4 'They would inspire others with fear of stratagems.  
You and yours would be much blamed, and the real  
8 truth of the matter would never be believed.

(149)

- 1 "And, if *any* time demands faith or loyalty,  
2 That of war appears to be it.

(150)

- 1 "On the other hand, what think'st thou among people  
2 Would be spoken of thy departure?  
3 They would not say that Love with his fervent  
4 Darts brought thee to such a decision,  
5 But fear and cowardice. Therefore forego  
6 Such a thought, were it ever to enter thy heart,  
7 If thy fame is in the least dear to thee,  
8 Which sounds so illustrious<sup>1</sup> of thy valour.

(151)

- 1 "Then reflect that my honour  
2 And my chastity, held as supreme,  
3 With what infamy they would be spotted.

(152)

'Besides, whatever is most securely possessed is least  
prized. Our loves derive half their charm from their  
secrecy.'

- 5 "Nor would they ever be upraised again  
6 By excuse, or by virtue  
7 Which I might work, whatever I might do,  
8 If I remained in life a hundred thousand years.

(154)

- 1 "Then take comfort, and conquer Fortune  
2 By turning thy back, and tire her out.  
  
3 "To her never succumbed any  
4 Person in whom she found a valiant soul.

<sup>1</sup> "Chiara"—the "clere" of Chaucer, or the Latin "clara."

(224)

AND yef so be þat pees here-after take [leaf 87, back] 1562  
As aȝday hapneth after anger game  
We lorde þe sorwe & woo þat ye wolde make  
That ye ne durste come a-yen for shame 1565  
And her' þat ye leoparten so your name  
Beth nott to hasty in þis hote fare  
For hasty man ne wanted neuer care 1568

(225)

WHate trowe ye eke þe people A-boute 1569  
Wolde of it sey it is fulȝ light to A-rede  
Thei wolden it sey & swere oute of dought  
That loue ne droffe yow to doo þat dede 1572  
But lust voluptuose and coward drede  
Thus Aȝ were loste I-wisse myn herte der'  
Your honour which þat shyneth so clere 1575

(226)

AND also þinketh on myne honeste 1576  
That floureth yett how fowle it shulde it shend  
And with what filth it spotted shulde be  
Yef in þis fourme I shulde with you wende 1579  
Ne þouȝ I lyued vn-to þe worldes ende  
My name shulde I neuer wynne  
Thus were I lost & þat were routh & synne 1582

(227)

And for-þi sle with reson alle þis hete 1583  
Men say þe sufferant ouercomth þe proude parde  
Eke who so haue þe life mote lete  
Thus maketh vertu of necessite 1586  
Be pacient & þinke þat lorde is he  
Of fortune Ay þat nought wiȝt of hire reche  
And she ne daunteth no wiȝt but a wreche 1589

- 7 "For on the tenth day,  
8 Without any fail, I will return hither."

(155)

- 1 "If thou," then said Troilus, "wilt be here  
2 By the tenth day, I am content.  
'Yet how will it be possible for me to get through the  
interval?

(156)

- 1 "Oh for God's sake find a way of remaining!"

(157)

- 1 "Ah me!" said Chryseis, "thou slayest me!  
3 And I see thou confidest not  
4 In my promise as much as I had supposed.  
  
5 "Ah my sweet bliss! why distrustest thou thus?

(159)

- 1 "To wait for the time is useful at whiles,  
2 In order to gain the time, my soul:  
3 I am not, as thou wouldst show, taken from thee,  
4 Through being given up to my father.

(228)

AND trusteth þis certes herte swete 1590  
Or Phebus suster Lucyna þe shene  
The Lyon passe oute of his ariete  
I wil be her' *with-oute* any wene 1593  
I mene as helpe me Ioue heuen quene  
The x<sup>th</sup> day but deth me assaile  
I wil you se *with-oute* any faile 1596

(229)

AND now so þis be soth quod Troilus [leaf 88] 1597  
I shaß wel suffre vn to þe x<sup>th</sup> day  
Sith þat I see þat nedes it muste be thus  
But for the loue of god yif it be may 1600  
So lete vs stele preuelye A-way  
For euyr in oone as for to lyue in reste  
Myn herte seith þat it witt be þe beste 1603

(230)

O Mercy god what lif is this quod she 1604  
Allas ye ale me þus for very tene  
I see wel now þat ye mistrusten me  
For be youre wordes it is wel sene 1607  
Now for the Loue of Cynthea þe shene  
Mis-trust me nat þus causeles for routh  
Sith to be trewe I you plight my trouth 1610

(231)

ME thinketh wel þat somme tyme it is witte 1611  
To spende a tyme a tyme for to wyne  
Ne parde lorne am I nat from you yett  
Though þat we ben A day or tweyne atwynne 1614  
Dryue out þe fantasies you *with-Inne*  
And trusteth me And leueth all your sorwe  
Or her' my trouth I witt nat lyue til to morwe 1617

(160)

5 "For, if thou knewest how it pains me,  
7 Thou wouldst regret it.

(158)

5 "For the soul within my heart weeps for it,

(160)

6 "To see the wailings and the so hard sighs  
7 That thou for this sendest forth.

(159)

5 "Nor fancy in thy heart that I am so silly  
6 As not to find out a mode and way  
7 Of returning to thee.

(161)

1 "For thee in joy and desire  
2 I hope to live, and to return soon.

(160)

1 "Wherefore I pray thee, if my prayer avails,  
2 Both by the great love thou bearest me,  
3 And by that which I bear thee, which is as great,  
4 That thou take comfort for this my going.

(161)

5 "So that I  
6 May have no more pain.

(162)

1 "And I pray thee,

(161)

8 My sweet repose,

(162)

1 While I shall be afar,  
2 That thou let not thyself be caught by the cheer  
3 Of any woman, or by roaming fancy.

(232)

FOR yif ye wist how soore it doth me smerte 1618  
Ye wolde sese of þis for god þou woste  
The pure spirite wepeth in myn herte  
To see you wepe þat I loue moste 1621  
And þat I moot goo to þe Grekes hoste  
Ye ner' it þat I wiste remedie  
To come a-yen) riȝt her' I wolde dye 1624

(233)

But certes I am nat so nyse A wight 1625  
That I ne can) ymagyne A way  
To come A-yen) þat day þat I haue hight  
For who may holde a þing þat wiȝt a-way 1628  
My fader not for aȝ his queynt pley  
And by my thurte my wending out of Troie  
A-noȝer day shal turne vs aȝ to Ioye 1631

(234)

WHerfore with alle myne herte I you beseke [leaf 88, back]  
Yef þat you liste done ought for my prayer  
And for þe loue of which þat I loue you eke  
That or þat I departe from) you her' 1635  
That of so good a comferte and chere  
I may you se þat ye may bring at reste  
Myn) herte which þat is in pointe to breste 1638

(235)

AND ouer alle this I pray you quod she thoo 1639  
Myn ougne hertes sothefast sufficiouns  
Sith I am youre aȝ with-outen moo  
That while I am absent no plesauns 1642  
Of other put me from) your remembrauns  
For I am euer a-gaste for whi men rede  
That Loue is a þing ay full of besy dred 1645

- 7 Wouldest thou leave me for another, knowing
- 8 That I love thee more than ever woman loved man?
- 4 For, were I to know it, thou mayst hold for certain
- 5 That I should kill myself like a mad woman."
- 6 Making complaint of thee beyond desert.

(163)

- 1 To this last portion, sighing,
- 2 Troilus replied: "If I wanted to do
- 3 That which thou now touchest on suspectingly,
- 4 I fail to see how I ever could.
- 5 'I will tell you why I love you so passionately. I was  
not captivated by beauty, nor yet by high birth.

<sup>1</sup> In Boccaccio, these words, and the remainder of the speech, are assigned to Troilus, not Chryseis.

(164)

- 5 "Nor yet any ornament, no riches,
- 6 Made me feel love for thee in my heart.<sup>1</sup>

(165)

- 2 "Although in all these you abound. 'But thy lofty  
and lordly demeanour, thy high spirit and chivalrous  
talk.'"

(236)

- FOR in þis worlde ther Leuyth lady noon 1646
- Yef þat ye wer' vntrewe as god defende
- That so be-trayed wer' or woo be-goon
- As I þat aȝ trouth to you intende 1649
- And doughtles yef þat I oþer wende
- I ner' but ded and or ye cause fynde
- For goddes Love so beth me nat vnkynde 1652

(237)

- TO þis answerd Troilus & seide 1653
- Now god to whome þer nys no cause ywrey
- Me gladde as wisse I neuer vn-to Cresseide
- Sithe thilke day I saugh hir' first with yhe 1656
- Was neuer false ne shaȝ til þat I dey
- At short wordes wel ye may me leue
- I can' no moore it shalbe founden at preue 1659

(238)

- GRaunt mercy god myne I-wisse quod she 1660
- And blisful Venus let me neuer sterue
- Or I may stonde of plesauns in degre
- To quite him wel þat so wel can' deserue 1663
- And while þat god my witte wiȝ me y-serue
- I shal so doo so trewe I haue you founde
- That ay honour to me warde shaȝ rebounde 1666

(239)

- FOR trusteth weȝ þat your estate Roiaȝ [leaf 89] 1667
- Ne veyne delite ne onely worthinesse
- Of you in guerre or tourney marciaȝ
- Ne pompe array nobley or eke riches 1670
- Ne made me to rew on your' destresse
- But moraȝ vertue grounded vppon trouth
- That was þe cause I first hadde on yow routh 1673

- 3 "Thy manners nobler than any one else,  
 4 And thy graceful ladylike disdain,  
 5 Whereby vile appeared to be to thee  
 6 Every lowbred<sup>1</sup> appetite and doing,  
 8 Set thee in my mind with love.

<sup>1</sup> "Popolesco"; Chaucer's word "peoplich."

(166)

- 1 "And these things years cannot take away,  
 2 Nor mobile Fortune."  
 3 'What solace shall I have when you are gone? None  
     but death.'

(167)

- 1 After they had conversed much,  
 2 And wept together, because the dawn was already nearing,  
 3 They left off,  
  
 7 Commending themselves each to other:  
 8 And thus they parted tearful.

(240)

Ekē gentil herte & manhod þat ye hadde 1674  
 And þat ye hadde as me þought in despite  
 Euery þing þat souned in to badde  
 As rudenesse and poepliss<sup>h</sup> Appetite 1677  
 And þat your<sup>h</sup> resounē bridede your delite  
 Thus made a-bouen euery creature  
 That I was your<sup>h</sup> & shal whil I may dur<sup>h</sup> 1680

(241)

And þis may length of yeres nat for-doo 1681  
 Ne resonable fortune to deface  
 But Iubiter þat of his might may do  
 The sorwefull to be gladde so yeue vs grace 1684  
 Or nightes x to mete in þis place  
 So that it may your herte & myn<sup>h</sup> suffice  
 And fareth now weþ for tyme is þat ye rise 1687

(242)

But After that þei longe compleined hadde 1688  
 And ofte I-kiste & streite in Armes folde  
 That þe day gan<sup>h</sup> rise & Troilus him cladde  
 And pitously his Lady gan<sup>h</sup> be-holde 1691  
 As he þat felte dethes cares colde  
 And to hir<sup>h</sup> grace he gan<sup>h</sup> him recomaunde  
 Wher<sup>h</sup> him was woo þis holde I no demaunde 1694

(243)

FOR mannes hed ymagyne ne can<sup>h</sup> 1695  
 Ne entendement considre ne tunge telle  
 The crueþ peynes of þis woofull man<sup>h</sup>  
 That passen<sup>h</sup> euery torment doune in helle 1698  
 For whan<sup>h</sup> he sawe þat she ne myght duelle  
 Whiche þat his sowle oute of his herte rent<sup>h</sup>  
 With-outen more oute of the chambre he went 1701

Explicit Liber quartus

[leaf 89, back]

## BOOK V.

## Et Incipit Liber Quintus.

[on leaf 60, back]

## Bk. ix. (1)

- 1 Now was approaching the dolorous fate,
- 2 The more heavy for him to bear
- 3 As the more glory had elevated him
- 4 Which made him be seen there victorious.
- 5 But thus of this world goes the state
- 6 That man is then more prone to fall,
- 7 And falls all the heavier, when aloft
- 8 He has the more mounted above the green enamel.

## Bk. ii. (1)

- 1 The sun had twice melted
- 2 The snows on the high hills, and as often
- 3 Zephyr had restored the leaves
- 4 And the fair flowers to the despoiled plants,
- 5 Since from Athens had departed
- 6 The rich ships, Africus [wind] blowing,
- 7 By which Theseus and his crew were carried
- 8 Into the conquered Scythian ports.

## Book V. (1)

- 1 That same day Diomed came.
- 3 Wherefore Priam gave him Chryseis,—
- 4 Of sighs, of plaints, and of woe,
- 5 So full as to distress those who see her.

## (1)

- A pprochin gan þe fataH destenye 1  
 That Ioue hath In disposicion  
 And to you Angurry parcas sustren) thre  
 Committed to done execucion) 4  
 For whiche Cresseide muste oute of the toun  
 And Troilus shaH dueH forth in pyne  
 TiH Latesis his threde no lenger twyne 7

## (2)

- THE Auricomus tressed Phebus hie on lofte 8  
 Thries had alle with his bemes shene  
 The snowes molten) & Zephirus as ofte  
 y-brouȝt A-yen) the tendre leues grene 11  
 Sith þat þe sone of Eccuba þe quene  
 Began) to loue hir firste for whom) his sorwe  
 Was aH that she departe shuld on morwe 14

## (3)

- FuH redy was at Prime Diomede 15  
 Cresseide on to þe Grekes oste to lede  
 For sorwe of which she felte hir herte blede  
 As she that nyst what was best to rede 18  
 And truely as men in bookes rede  
 Men wiste neuer woman) haue þe care  
 Ne was so lothe oute of A towne to fare 21

- 6 On the other side was her lover,  
 7 In such sorrow that nobody  
 8 Ever saw any one the like.

## (2)

- 1 True it is that by great force he hid  
 2 Wonderfully within his sorrowing breast  
 3 The great battle which he had  
 4 With sighs and with tears; and in his aspect  
 5 Nothing or little as yet was to be seen.

## (3)

- 5 And he said below his breath:  
 6 "O miserable woful, and why wail I longer?  
 7 Is it not better once to die  
 8 Than always live and languish in wailing?

## (4)

- 1 "Why do I not with arms perturb this pact?  
 3 'Why do I not cut my father in pieces, and challenge  
 4, 5 all my brothers?'  
 6 "Why in wailing and in woful outcry  
 7 Do I not plunge Troy?  
 2 Why do I not here slay Diomed?  
 7 Why do I not seize away  
 8 Chryseis now, and heal myself?"

TROYLUS.

80

## (4)

- THIS Troilus with-outen rede or Lore [leaf 90] 22  
 As a man that hath his Ioyes eke for-lore  
 Was waiting on his Lady euer-more  
 As she that was þe sothfast croppe & moor' 25  
 Of all his lust or Ioyes her' byfore  
 But Troilus now fareweht all þi Ioye  
 For shaH þou neuer se hir' ofte in Troye 28

## (5)

- SOthe is þat while he bode in þis maner 29  
 He gan his woo fult manly for to hide  
 That weht vnnethe it sen was in his cher'  
 But at þe yate þer' she shulde oute ride 32  
 With certeyn folke he hoked hir' to A-byde  
 So wo be-gooun he wolde him nat compleyne  
 That on his hors he sate vnneth for peyne 35

## (6)

- FOR Ire he quoke so ganne his herte gnawe 36  
 Whan Diomedé on horse gan him dresse  
 And seide vn to him self þis ylke sawe  
 Allas quod he þus foule A wrechednesse 39  
 Whi suffre I it whi nyH I it redresse  
 Wer' it nat beste at ones to deye  
 Than euer-more in langor þus to dreye 42

## (7)

- WHi nil I make at ones riche & poore 43  
 To have I-nough to doone or þat she goo  
 Whi niH I bringe alle Troie vppon Roore  
 Whi nil I sle þis Diomedé also 46  
 Whi nil I rather with a man or tuoo  
 Stele hir' away whi wiH I þis endure  
 Whi nil I helpe to myn ougne cure 49

(5)

- 6 But so fierce and audacious a scheme  
 7 Fear made him abandon, lest slain  
 8 Chryseis should be in such a fray.

<sup>1</sup> "Vallo;" Chaucer renders the word by "valeye;"—no doubt through a misapprehension, "valley" being "valle" in Italian.

(6)

- 4 She mounted the horse, and despiteously  
 5 Began saying to herself.  
 6 'Ah cruel Jove and Fortune, why sever me from Troilus?  
 I will not propitiate you with a single sacrifice till I  
 am restored to him.' "Then she turned indignantly  
 to Diomed, and said, 'Now let us go; we have been  
 showing ourselves sufficiently to these people—who  
 may well hope for relief from their troubles if they  
 look closely to the honourable exchange that thou hast  
 made; who hast, for a woman, restored so great and  
 so redoubted a king.'"

(9)

- 1 And, having said this, she gave her horse the spur.  
 3 Priam and his barons perceived her rage. She would  
 hear no one,  
 8 Nor look at any.

(10)

- 1 Troilus, in guise of a courtesy,  
 2 Mounted on horse with several companions,  
 3 With a falcon on his fist; and he bore her company  
 4 As far as beyond the whole rampart;<sup>1</sup>  
 5 And gladly the whole journey  
 6 Would he have gone up to her lodgement,  
 7 But it would have been too patent.

(11)

- 1 And already Antenor had come among them,  
 2 Given up by the Greeks; and with great greeting  
 3 And with honour had  
 4 The Trojan youths received him. And, although this  
 5 Return was to Troilus, within his heart,  
 6 Very vexatious, on account of Chryseis surrendered,  
 7 Yet he received him with a good face.

(8)

- But whi he nolde do soo cruelt A dede 50  
 That shal I sey & whi him list hit spare  
 He hadde in herte aȝt-vey a maner of drede  
 Lest þat Cresseide in rumor of þis fare 53  
 Shulde ha be slayne Lo þis was aȝt his care  
 And ellis certeyn as I seyde yoore  
 He had it doone without wordes moore 56

(9)

- Cresseide whan she was redy to ride [leaf 90, back] 57  
 Ful sorwefully she sighed & seide allas  
 But forthe she mote for ought þat may betide  
 The is noon oþer remedye in þis caas 60  
 And forth she ritte full soberly a pas  
 What wonder is þough þat hir soore smerte  
 Whan she for-goth hir ougne dere herte 63

(10)

- THIS Troilus in guise of curtesie 64  
 With hauke on honde & with an huge rowte  
 Off knyghtes roode & made hir companie  
 Passing aȝt the valley ferr' with-oute 67  
 And ferther wolde haue riden oute of doute  
 Ful fayne & woo was him to goo so soone  
 But retorne he must & it was eke to done 70

(11)

- RIGHT with þat was Anthenore I-come 71  
 Oute of þe Grekes hoost & euery wight  
 Was of it gladd & seide he was welcome  
 And Troilus aȝt ner his herte light 74  
 He peyned him with aȝt his fulle myght  
 Him to restreine from weping at leste  
 And Anthenore he kyste & made A feste 77



## (12)

- 1 And, being already at point of leave-taking,  
 3 They gazed into the eyes one of the other.  
 6 And then Troilus approached her so near.  
 5 And next they took each other by the right hand.  
 4 Nor could the lady withhold her tears.  
 7 She could hear him speaking under-breath,  
 8 And he said: "Return, make me not die."

## (13)

- 1 And, without any more, turning his courser,  
 2 All coloured in face, to Diomed  
 3 He spoke not at all; and of these doings  
 4 Diomed alone took notice.<sup>1</sup>  
 5 Diomed perceives their love; and, turning it over in his  
 8 thoughts he is smitten with Chryseis.

<sup>1</sup> In line 6 of this stanza, we find that Diomed "by the reyne hire hente." I think Chaucer must have misunderstood here the corresponding line in Boccaccio, "di colei si piglia"—supposing it to mean (which it might do, so far as the mere words are concerned) "he takes hold of her." The real signification is, "he gets taken by her—takes a fancy to her."

2nd of  
"marriage."

## (12)

- AND here with-a~~ll~~ he must his Leue take 78  
 And cast his yhe vpon hir' pitously  
 And nere he rode his causes for to make  
 To take hir' by the honde sobirly 81  
 And Lorde so she gan wepe tendirly  
 And he fut softe & sely gan hir' sey  
 Now holdeth youre day & lete me not dey 84

## (13)

- Withe his courser turned he A-boute 85  
 With face pale and to Diomed  
 No worde he spake ne noon of a~~ll~~ his route  
 Of which þe sone of Tideus toke hede .i. Diomed 88  
 As he þat coude moore þan þe crede  
 In such crafte & by þe rene hir' hent  
 And Troilus to Troie homewarde he wente. 91

## (14)

- THIS Diomed þat ledde hir by þe bridett [leaf 91] 92  
 Whan that he saugh the folke of Troye A-way  
 Thought alle my labour shal nat be ydel  
 Yef þat I may for sum what sha~~ll~~ I say 95  
 For at þe werste it may yet shorte your wey  
 I haue herd seyde eke tyme twyes twelve  
 He is a fole þat wil~~l~~ for-yete hym selue 98

## (15)

- But natheles þus þought he wel~~l~~ ynowe 99  
 That certainly I am a-boute nought  
 Yef þat I speke of loue or make it tough  
 For doughtles yef she haue in hir' þought 102  
 Him þat I gisse he may nat be oute brought  
 So sone A-way but I sha~~ll~~ fynde A meane  
 That she nat wete as yet sha~~ll~~ what I mene 105

## (16)

THis Diomedē as he þat coude his good	106
Whan tyme was gan falle forth in speche	
Of þis & þat And axed whi she stode	
In such di[s]ease & hir' ganne be-seche	109
That yef he encrease might hir' eche	
With any þing hir' ease þat she shulde	
Comaunde it him & seide he done it wolde	112

## (17)

FOR truely he swore hir' as A knyght	113
That þer' nas þing with which he might hir' please	
That he wil done his herte & all his might	
To done it for to doo hir' herte & ease	116
And preide she wolde hir' sorwe appease	
And seide I-wis we Grekes can haue Ioye	
To honoure you as wel as folke of Troye.	119

## (18)

HE seide eke þus I wote þat you pinkeþ straunge	120
No merueyle is for it is to you new	
The acqueintauns of þes Troiaunes to chaunge	
For folke of Grece þat ye neuer knewe	123
But wolde neuer god but yef as trewe	
A Greke ye shulden a-monge vs alle finde	
As any Troian is and eke as kynde	126

## (19)

AND by cause I swore Loo you right now	[leaf 91, back] 127
To be youre frende & helpe to my might	
And for the more aqueintauns eke of you	
Haue I hadde þanne an oþer straunge wight	130
So frome þis furth I pray you day & night	
Comaundeth me hou soore þat me smerte	
To doo alle þat may like vn to youre herte	133

## (20)

And ye me wolde as youre brother trete	134
And taketh nat my frendshipe in despite	
And þough <i>your</i> sorwes be for þinges grette	
I knowe not <i>withoute</i> more respite	137
Mine hert hath for to amende it gret delite	
And yef I may nat youre harmes redresse	
I am riȝt sory for your heuynesse	140

## (21)

For þough ye Troiauns <i>with</i> vs grekes wroth	141
Haue many A day be alwey yet parde	
One god of loue In sothe we <i>serue</i> both	
And for the loue of god my lady dere	144
Whom so ye hate be nat wroth <i>with</i> me	
For truly þer can noo wight you <i>serue</i>	
That halfe so Loth <i>your</i> wreth wolde deserue	147

## (22)

And ner' it þat we be so nigh þe tente	148
Of Calcas which þat se vs bothe may	
I wolde of þis you telle alle myne entent	
But þis ensealled to an other day	151
Yef me your hand I am & shalbe ay	
God helpe me so while þat my lif may dur'	
Yours ougne A-boue euery oþer creature	154

## (23)

Thus seide I neuer or nowe to woman borne	155
For god as wissely myne herte gladde so	
I Loued neuer woman her' by-forne	
As <i>paramours</i> ne neuer shall none moo	158
And for the Loue of god be nat my foo	
Alle I can nat to you my Lady dere	
Compleine a-right for I am yet to Lere	161

## (24)

AND merueileth nat myn ougne Lady briȝt [leaf 98] 162  
 Though þat I speke of Loue to you þus blyue  
 For I haue herde of or þis full many A wight  
 Hath loued thing he neuer ere say his lyue 165  
 Ne I am nat of power for to stryue  
 A-yeu þe goddes of Loue but hem obey  
 I wiȝt aȝ-vey & mercy I you prey 168

## (25)

THER' bene so worthi knyghtes in þis place 169  
 And ye so faire þat euerych of hem alle  
 Wiȝt peyne hem to stonde in youre grace  
 But myȝht me so fair' a grace befall 172  
 That ye me for your seruauȝt wolde calle  
 So louly ne so truely you serue  
 Niȝt noon of hem as I shaȝt tiȝt I sterue 175

## (26)

CRESSEID vn-to that purpos litiȝt answerd 176  
 As she þat was wiȝt sorwe oppressed soo  
 That in effecte she nought his tales herde  
 But her' & þere now her' A word or tuoo 179  
 Hire þought hir sorwefull hert' brest in tuoo  
 For whan she gan hir fadir' to espie  
 Wel nye doune of hir hors she gan to sye 182

## (27)

But natheles she þanked Diomede 183  
 Of alle his Trauayle & his good chere  
 And þat him liste his frendshipe to bede  
 And she accepte hit in good maner 186  
 And wiȝt do fayne þat is him lefe & der'  
 And truste she wolde & wel she might  
 As seid she & frome hir horse she lighȝt 189

## (14)

- 1 Her father received her with great welcoming.  
 3 She remained silent and modest.  
 4 Her heart was still faithful to Troilus—but not long to  
 8 continue so.

## (15)

- 1 Troilus to Troy, sad and anguished  
 2 As ever man was, returned,  
 3 And in his face felon and iniquitous.<sup>1</sup>  
 5 Here dismounting,  
 8 He entered his chamber alone.  
 6 He brooked not  
 7 That anything should be said to him by anybody.

## (16)

- 1 Here to the woe that he had restrained  
 2 He gave large place, calling on Death.  
 3 It was a chance that his outcries were not heard in the  
 4 palace.

## (17)

- 4 His state became still worse at night.  
 5 He blasphemed the day that he was born,  
 6 And the gods, and the goddesses, and nature.

## (18)

- 3 He bitterly regretted not having carried off Chryseis—or  
 8 else at least asked for her in marriage, and possibly  
 with success.

## (19)

- 1 And, turning himself here and now there  
 2 In his bed, without finding a spot.

<sup>1</sup> "Fellone e iniquitoso." I have translated literally, so as to compare with Chaucer. "Fell and dangerous" might come nearer to the true sense.

- 3 He said within himself at whiles, weeping :

## (28)

- Hire fadir hath hir' in Armes I-nome 190  
 And twenty tymes he kiste his doughter swete  
 And seid O dere doughter myne wel come  
 She saide eke she was fayne with him to mete 193  
 And stode furth meuyth myld & mansuete  
 But her' I leue hir' with hir' fadir' duelle  
 And furth I will of Troilus you telle 196

## (29)

- TO Troye is comen þis woofull Troilus [leaf 92, back] 197  
 In sorwe abouyn) all sorwes smerte  
 With Lyon) looke with face despitous  
 Thoo soodeinly down) from his horse he sterte 200  
 And thurgh his palley) with A swollen) herte  
 To Chaumbre he went of no ping toke he hede  
 Ne noon) to him durste speke A worde for drede 203

## (30)

- AND þer' his sorwe þat he spared hadde 204  
 He yane an issue large & deth he cried  
 And in hise throwes frentik & madde  
 He cursed Ioue Appollo & eke Cupide 207  
 He cursed Cerus Bachus and eke Cipride  
 His birthe him-self his fate and eke nature  
 And saue his Lady euery creature 210

## (31)

- TO bedde he goth and waileth þere<sup>1</sup> and turneth 211  
 In fury as doth þe Ixion) in hell [or þrie]  
 And in his wise heuyer tilth day so sojourneth  
 But thoo by-ganne his herte A litell vnswett 214  
 Thurgh teres whiche þat gonnen vp weþ  
 And pitously he cried vpon) Cresseide  
 And to him self right þus he spake & seide 217

6 "The white breast  
7 The mouth, and the eyes, and the beautiful face, did I  
kiss.  
4 What a night is this, having regard  
5 To the past one (if I understand  
6 What hour it is)!

(20)

3 "Now I find myself alone, alas! and weeping.  
5 Now I go embracing  
6 The pillow.

(21)

1 "What then shall I do, wretched, wobegone?  
2 I will wait, if only I *can* do so."

(18)

1 He also cursed himself,  
2 That he had thus let her depart.

(24)

4 "O sweet my bliss, O my dear delight,  
5 O beauteous lady to whom I gave myself!<sup>1</sup>  
8 Oh seest thou not that I die, and thou help'st me not?

(25)

1 "Who sees thee now, sweet lovely soul?  
2 Who sits with thee, heart of my body?  
  
4 "Who now listens to thee, who speaks with thee?  
5 Ah me, wretcheder than other! not I!

(21)

1 "But, if thus my mind desponds  
2 At her departing, how  
3 Can I hope to be able to endure?

<sup>1</sup> In Boccaccio, these words form part of the speech addressed by Troilus to Pandarus (the latter having come in, in st. 22). There seems to be something of a quaint touch of fidelity to his original, in the transfer made by Chaucer of this and succeeding outpourings of Troilus, from his speech to Pandarus, into his earlier soliloquy. In st. 26 of the *Filistrato*, Troilus says to Pandarus: "As thou now hearest me, Pandarus, the like have I done all night." Accordingly Chaucer, by thus transferring the utterances, shows us that the forlorn lover really *did* the like.

(32)

WHere is myn ougne Lady lefe & dere 218  
Wher' is her' white brest wher' is it wher'  
Where lyn' hir' armes & hir' yen' cler'  
That yister night pis tyme with me wer' 221  
Now may I wepe A-lone many a tere  
And graspe A-boute I may but in pis place  
Sause a pillowe I fynde nought to embrace 224

(33)

HOW shal I doo whan' shaH I come A-yen' 225  
I note allas whi lete I hir' goo  
As wolde god þat I hadde be slayn'  
O herte myn Cresseide O swete soo 228  
O lady myn' þat I loue & no mou  
To whome for euer-more my herte I endowe  
Se hou I dey ye niH me nat rescowe 231

(34)

WHO seeth you now my riȝt Lode-sterr' [leaf 93] 232  
Who sitte riȝt now or stant in your presence  
Who can' comforte now your hertes werre  
Now I am gone whom' frome your' audiens 235  
Who speketh for me riȝt now in myn Absens  
Allas noo wight & þat is aH my care  
For weH I wote as yueH as I ye fare 238

(35)

HOW shulde I þus x dayes ful endur' 239  
Whan' I þe furst nyȝt haue aH þis tene  
How shaH she doo eke sorwefuH creatur'  
For the tendirnesse how shaH she eke sustene 242  
Such' woo for me O pitous pale & grene  
Shalbe your' freissH womanly face  
For longyng or ye retourne vn-to þis place 245

## (26)

- 4 "Or else, if any sleep in my languishing  
 5 Has found place,<sup>1</sup>  
 6 I dream of fleeing,  
 7 Or of being alone in dreadful places,  
 8 Or in the hands of raging enemies.

## (27)

- 4 "And oftentimes a tremour seizes me,  
 5 Which shakes and wakens me,  
 2 And such panic is in my heart:  
 6 Love,  
 7 Along with Chryseis, I call on aloud.  
 5 And it makes to seem  
 6 That I am falling from aloft downwards.

## (28)

- 2 "And I have pity of myself.  
 4 "I confess  
 5 That I ought still to hope for aid.  
 7 But the heart, which loves her,  
 8 Permits me not, and ever calls on her."

<sup>1</sup> See the preceding note. This again is, in Boccaccio, what Troilus relates to Pandarus of his past night; but, in Chaucer, the events of the night are narrated directly by the poet.

## (36)

- AND whan he felt in Any slomeringes      246  
 A-none he shulde be-gynne for to grone  
 And dreme of þe dredfullest þinges  
 That might be as dreme he were a-lone      249  
 In place horrible makinge ay his mone  
 Or mett þat he was a-monge alle  
 His ennemyes and in-to her handes falle      252

## (37)

- AND þer-with-aȝ his body shulde sterte      253  
 And with the sterte aȝ sodeinly A-wake  
 And such A tremour felt a-boute his herte  
 That of þe fere his body shulde quake      256  
 And þer-with-aȝ he shulde a noyse make  
 And seme As þough he shulde falle depe  
 From his A-lofte & þan he shulde wepe      259

## (38)

- AND rewe vn himself so pitously      260  
 That meruaile was to here his fantasie  
 Another tyme he shulde mightly  
 Comforte him self & sey it was foly      263  
 So causeles suche drede for-drye  
 And ofte begynne his Aspre peynes newe  
 That every man might vn his sorwes rewe      266

## (39)

- WHoo coude telle a riȝt or full descriue [leaf 98, back]      267  
 His woo his pleint his Langour & his pyne  
 Not alle the men þat haue or ben A lyue  
 Thou reder maist þi self fulle wel deuynne      270  
 That suche A woo my witte ne can diffine  
 Vn ydeȝ for to write it shulde y swynke  
 Whan þat my witte is wery on hit to þinke      273

(22)

3 He soon had him [Pandarus] called.

1 Pandarus had not been able in the day to go  
2 To him, nor [could] any one else.

6 And well could he guess  
7 What he [Troilus] had done that night,  
8 And also what he wanted.

(23)

1 "O my Pandarus!" said Troilus.

(40)

ON heuene yet þe sterres wer' ysen 274  
Al-pough fuh pale ywaxen) was þe mone  
And whiten) gan) þe Orisent shene  
AH Estwarde as hit wonte is to done 277  
And Phebus with his rosy char' sone  
Gan) after þat to dresse him vp to far'  
Whan) Troilus hath sent After Pandar' 280

(41)

THIS Pandar' þat of alle þe day be-forne 281  
Ne might haue come Troilus to see  
AH-pough in his hed he had it sworne  
For with the king Priam ah day was he 284  
So that it lay nott in his liberte  
Nower' to goo but on) þe morwe he went  
To Troilus whan) þat he for him sent 287

(42)

FOR in his herte he coude wel devyne 288  
That Troilus ah night for sorwe woke  
And þat he wolde telle hym of his pyne  
This knew he wel I-nowh with-uten booke 291  
For which to Chambre streyte þ' wey he toke  
And Troilus þoo sobirly he gret  
And vn þe bedde ful sone he gan) him sett 294

(43)

MY Pandarus quod Troilus þe sorwe 295  
Which þat I drye I may no lenger endur'  
I trowe I shall nat lyue til to-morwe  
For which I wolde alwey on auentur' 298  
To deuise on my sepulture  
The fourme & on my moeble þou dispone  
Right as þe semyth beste is to done 301



## (44)

But of the fire and flawme funeraff	[leaf 94]	302
In which my body brenne shaft to golde		
And of the feste and pleies palestraff		
At my vigile I prey þe take good hed		305
That þat be wel & offre Marce my sted		
My swerd myn helme & leue broþer der		
My shelde to Pallas yif þat shineth cler		308

## (45)

THE pouder in which myn herte brent shal turne		309
That prey I þe þou take & hit conserue		
In A vessel þat men clepe an vrne		
Of golde & to my Lady þat I serue		312
For loue of whom þus pitously I sterue		
So yeue hit hir & do me þis pleasauns		
To prey hir kepe hit for A remembrauns		315

## (46)

FOR I wel fele by my malady		316
And by my dremes now & yoor a-goo		
That certeyn þat I must nedis dey		
The Oule eke which þat hete eschaphilo		319
Hath after me shrighit all þes niȝtes tuoo		
And god mercurye of me woofull wreche		
The soule guide & whan þe lest it feche		322

## (29)

4 He said: "Pray tell me, Troilus.

## (47)

PAndare Answerde & seide Troilus		323
My dere frende as I haue told þe yore		
That it is A folye for to sorwe þus		
And causeles for which I can no more		326
For who so wil nat trowe rede no lore		
I can nat se in him no remedye		
But let him worth with his fantasie		329

6 "Think'st thou not that the amorous stroke  
 7 Was ever felt by others than thyself,  
 8 Or that others have had to go through a parting?

(30)

1 Verily there are others as much in love  
 2 As thou art, by Pallas I swear to thee.  
 5 And yet they did not wholly give themselves up,  
 6 As thou dost, to so wretched a life.

(29)

5 "This melancholy is to have an end.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This line occurs in a somewhat different connexion in Boccaccio, and the phrase is put hypothetically, "*If* this melancholy," &c.

(31)

1 "And thou ought'st to do the like.  
 4 "This is not so long a sojourning.  
 2 Thou say'st that she hath by the tenth day  
 3 Promised thee to return hither.

(48)

But Troilus I pray þe telle me now 330  
 Yef þat þou trowe or þis þat any wight  
 Hath loued paramour as wel as þou  
 Ye god wote frome many A worþi knyght 333  
 Hath his Lady gone A fourtenyght  
 And he nat yet made haluendel þe fare  
 What nede is þis þe to make alle þis care 336

(49)

Sythe day be day thou maist þin seluen see [leaf 94, back] 337  
 That frome his loue or ellis frome his wif  
 A man) mote departe of necessity  
 Ye þough he loue hir as his ougne liff 340  
 Yet nyȝt he with him self make strif  
 For wel þou woste my leue brother dere  
 That alwey frendes may nat ben in fere 343

(50)

How done thes folkes þat sene hir' loues wedded 344  
 By frendes might as it be-tidde ful ofte  
 And sene hem in her' spouses bedde ybedded  
 God wote þei take it wisely faire & softe 347  
 For whi good hope halte vp hir' hertes on lofte  
 And for þei can a tyme of sorwe endure  
 As time hem hurt tyme doth hem cure 350

(51)

So shuldest þou endur & let alyde 351  
 The tyme & fonde to be gladde & light  
 X dayes nys so longe to A-byde  
 And siȝt she to þe come a-yen) hath hight 354  
 She niȝt hir' behest breke for no wight  
 For-drede þe nat þat she niȝt fynde wey  
 To come a-yen my lif þat durste y ley 357

## (32)

- 1 "Chase away dreams and panics :  
 2 Let them go to what they are—the winds.  
 3 They proceed from melancholia.
- 8 "They make neither much nor little to the future.  
 6 Dreams and auguries, which silly people  
 7 Look to, are not worth a bean.

## (52)

- THi sweuenes eke and aȝ pi fantesie 358  
 Driue out & bett hem fare to mischauns  
 For pi procede malencolie  
 That doth the fele in slepe aȝ pis penauns 361  
 A strawe for alle sweuenys significauns  
 God helpe me soo I counte hem natt at a bene  
 Ther wote no man a-riȝt what dremes mene 364

## (53)

- FOr prestes of þe temple telle þis 365  
 That Dremes bene the reuelaciouns  
 Of Goddes and aswel þei telle I-wisse  
 That þei bene infernall illusions 368  
 And leches seyne þat of complexions  
 Proceden þei or faste or of glotenye  
 Who wote in soth þus what þei signifie 371

## (54)

- 4 "And they make thee see that which thou drestest. EKe other sey that sorwe impressions [leaf 96] 372  
 As yef A wight hath faste a þinge in mynde  
 That þerof come such A-visions  
 And other seyne as þei [in] bokis fynde 375  
 That After tymes of þe yer by kynde  
 Men dreme & þat þe effect goth by þe mone  
 But leue no dreme for it is nat to done 378

## (55)

- WEH worth of dremes ay these olde wiffes 379  
 And truely eke Augurrie of þes foules  
 For fer of which men wene lese hir liffes  
 As Raunes qualme or shrikyng of þes oules 382  
 To trowe on it bothe false & foule is  
 Allas allas so noble a creatur  
 As is man shaft drede such ordur 385

## (33)

1 "Then, for God's sake, pardon thyself.<sup>1</sup>

4 "Rise up, lighten thy thoughts;

<sup>1</sup> "A te stesso perdona." "*Spare* thyself" would be the more idiomatic English equivalent (though less energetic): but would not compare so closely with Chaucer's line.

<sup>2</sup> Chaucer's "not hennes but a myle" has no equivalent in the present line of the *Filosttrato*: but in st. 40 we are told that Troilus and Pandarus arrived at Sarpedon's lodgment "after perhaps four thousand paces." Sarpedon had been taken prisoner along with Antenor (*Troilus*, B. 4, st. 8); and neither Boccaccio nor Chaucer tells us how he had already got back to Troy.

5 "And talk with me of past pleasures,

6 And to the future ones address thy lofty soul,

7 For they will very shortly return:

8 Then take comfort, having good hope.

## (34)

1 "This city is great and delightsome;

2 And now it is in truce, as thou knowest.

3 Let us go to some pleasant part.

## (38)

2 "Let us go to Sarpedon.<sup>2</sup>

## (34)

5 "And thy distressful

6 Life thou wilt spend along with him,

7 Till the term passes which the beautiful lady has fixed,

8 Who has wounded thy heart.

## (35)

1 "Pray do this, I implore thee: rise up!

2 It is not a magnanimous act to sorrow

3 As thou dost, and to be still lying flat.

6 "And people would say that thou for the adverse times,

7 Like a coward, and not for love, art weeping,

8 Or that thou feignest to be sick."

## (56)

FOR whiche with aȝ myne hert I þe beseche 386

Vn-to þin self þat þou aȝ þis for-yene

A-rise now vp with-oute more speche

And lete caste hou furth may be dreue 389

This tyme & eke hou freissȝly we may leue

Whan þat she comȝ þe which shalbe riȝt sone

God helpe me so þe beste is þus to done 392

## (57)

RIse lete vs speke of Lusty liff in Troye 393

That we haue ledde and furth þe tyme drive

And eke of Tyme comyng vs reioye

That bringe shal our blisse now so blyue 396

And langour of þes twies dayes fyue

We shal þerwith so for-yete oure oppresse

That weȝ vnnethe vs done shaȝt duresse 399

## (58)

THIS towne is full of Lordes al Aboute 400

And trewes lasten al þis meane while

Goo we pley vs in somme lusty route

To Serpedon nat hens but A myle 403

And þus þou shalte þe tyme weȝ beguile

And dryue it furth vnto þat blisful morwe

That þou hir see þat cause is of þi sorwe 406

## (59)

NOw rise my dere brother Troilus [leaf 98, back] 407

For certes it non honour is to the

To wepe and in thi bedde to Iouke thus

For truely of oo thing truste me 410

Yef þou lye þus A day tuoo or thre

The folke wil sey þat þou for Couardise

The feynest sike And þat þou darste nat Arise 413

## (36)

2 "Nor can he know it who has not experienced it.  
1 Alas! he who loves much weeps greatly.

4 "Therefore I ought not to be blamed  
5 If I never did anything else but weep.  
3 What that bliss is which I have let go<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> By looking at the numbering of these lines of the *Filistrato*, the reader will see the true sequence of this expression.

6 "But since thou, friend, hast prayed me,  
7 I will comfort myself to the best of my power.

## (37)

1 "May God soon send me the tenth day!  
4 Never was rose in sweet spring  
5 So beautiful as I am disposed to return  
6 When I shall see the fresh cheer  
7 Of that lady returned to Troy,  
8 Who is to me the cause of torment and woe.

## (38)

1 "But whither can we go for pastime,  
2 As thou say'st?<sup>2</sup>  
3 'Yet how can I stay there, haunted by the notion that possibly Chryseis may have returned meanwhile, and I not to know it?' Pandarus replies: 'I will leave some one to attend to that sole matter, and to give us notice if anything happens.'

## (40)

3 They arrived where Sarpedon was.

## (41)

1 This man, as he who was of high heart  
2 More than others in everything,  
6 [Honoured them] always with sumptuous  
7 Grandeur of banquets, such & so many

<sup>2</sup> Next comes the phrase "Let us go to Sarpedon," already extracted on p. 97. These words appear, in the *Filistrato*, to be spoken by Troilus, not Pandarus.

8 That their equal had never been held in Troy,

## (60)

THIS Troilus answerd O brother myn 414  
This knowen folke þat haue suffred pyne  
That þough he wepe & make sorweful cher  
That felith harme & smerte in euery veyne 417  
No merueyle is and þouȝ I euer pleyne  
Or allewey wepe I am no þing to blame  
Sith I haue lost the cause of alle my game 420

## (61)

But sith of fyne force I mote a-rise 421  
I shaft a-rise as sone as euer I may  
And God to whon my herte I sacrifice  
So sende vs hastely þe x day 424  
For was þer neuer foule so fayne of may  
As I shalbe whan she comth in to Troye  
That cause is of my turment & myn Ioye 427

## (62)

But whedir is þine counseil quod Troilus 428  
That we may pley vs best in all þis toun  
Be god my counseil is quod Pandarus  
To ride & pleye vs with king Serpedoun 431  
So longe of þis þei speken vp and doune  
Tith Troilus gau at þe laste assent  
To rise & furthe to Serpedoun þei went 434

## (63)

THIS Serpedoun as he þat honorable 435  
Was euer his liff & full of hie largesse  
With all that might be serued on table  
That deynte was all coste it gret richesse 438  
He fedde hem day be day þat such noblesse  
As seiden boþe þe most & eke þe leste  
Was neuer or þat day wiste at any festa. 441

6 With songs and music,—

4 Now with graceful feast

5 Of ladies beautiful and of high rank.

(42)

1 But what availed these things to the loving

2 Troilus, who had not his heart upon them?

3 He was there whither often the desire

4 Formed in his thought drew him;

5 And Chryseis, as his god,

6 He alway saw with the eyes of his mind,—

7 Imagining now one thing now another.

(43)

1 Every other lady was painful to him to see.

3 Every pastime, every sweet song,

4 Was troublous to him, not seeing her

5 In whose hands Love had placed the key

6 Of his piteous life.

(44)

1 And there passed not evening nor morning

2 That he cried not with sighs,

3 "O beautiful light!"

6 Calling her that she should salute him.

(64)

NE in this worlde pere nys non Instrument [leaf 96] 442

Delicious purgh wynde or touche of corde

As ferre as any wight hath euer went

That tunge telle or hert may recorde 445

That at þe feste it nas weþ herde accorde

Ne of Ladies eke so faire A Cumpanie

On dauns or thoo nas neuer sene with ye 448

(65)

But what auaieth þis to Troilus 449

That for his sorwe noo þinge of þat roughþ

For euer in oone is his herte pitous

Fuþ besily Cresseide his Lady sought 452

On hir was euer aþ þat his herte þought

Now þis now þat so faste ymagening

That comforte I-wisse can him noon þing 455

(66)

THes ladies eke þat at þis feste bene 456

Sithe þat he saugh his Lady was A-wey

It was his sorwe vpon hem to sene

Or for to her an instrument so pley 459

For she þat of his herte kepith þe key

Was Absent Lo þis was his fantasie

That no wight shulde make melodie 462

(67)

NE ther hour in aþ þe day or night 463

Whan he was ther as no man might him her

That he ne seide O Louesom Lady bright

How haue ye faren siþe þat ye wer here 466

Wel come I-wisse myn ougne Lady dere

But welawey aþ þis nas but a mase

Fortune his ougne entendeth bette to glase 469

(45)

- 6 The letters sent to him by her  
7 He turned over full a hundred times a day.<sup>1</sup>

(46)

- 1 They had not stayed there three days  
2 When Troilus began to say to Pandarus :

(47)

- 1 Then Pandarus : " Now did we for fire  
2 Come hither ?  
5 Whither now wilt thou go, and to what place  
  
6 In which thou canst make a cheerfuller stay ?  
4 " To go away now would seem a slight.

<sup>1</sup> The next exquisite line of Chaucer  
" Refigurynge hire shape, hire wommanhede,"  
differs from Boccaccio's

" Tanto di rivederle gli piace "—  
i. e. " so much did he like to re-see *them* [the letters]." But I  
suspect that Chaucer got his line out of Boccaccio, through mis-  
reading " rivederla " (" to re-see *her* ") instead of " rivederle."

<sup>2</sup> " Accomiatati "—dismissed with a goodbye : exactly cor-  
responding to Chaucer's " forth congeyen."

- 7 " Do let us remain two days yet : then we will go."

(68)

- THE lettres eke þat she of olde tyme 470  
Hadde him sent he wolde allone rede  
An hundred sithes betwixe none and prime  
Defiguring hir' shappe hir' womanhede 473  
Within his herte & euery worde & dede  
That passed was & þus he draff to an ende  
The first day & seide he wolde wende 476

(69)

- AND seid Leff Brother Pandarus [leaf 96, back] 477  
Entendest thou þat we shaft her' be-leue  
Til Serpedoun wil furth conueien vs  
Yet wer' it fairer' þat we toke our' Leue 480  
For Goddes Loue lete vs sone at eue  
Oure Leue take & homward lete vs turne  
For truely I wil nat þus her' sojourne 483

(70)

- PANDAR' answerd be we comen' hider 484  
To feche fire & renne home a-yen  
God helpe me soo I can nat telle wheder  
We might gone yef I shaft sothely seyn 487  
Ther' any wight is of vs more fayne  
Than Serpedon & we hens hie  
Thus sodeinly I holde it vilanye 490

(71)

- Sythe we seide þat we wolde beleue 491  
With him A wooke & now þus sodeinly  
The first day to take of him oure leue  
He wolde wondre on it truely 494  
Lete vs holde oure purpose fermelie  
And sithen þat ye highten him to Abide  
Holde forward now & after lete vs ride 497

## (48)

- 1 Although Troilus stayed against his will,  
 2 Still he remained in his wonted thoughts.  
 4 But, taking leave after the fifth day,  
 6 They returned to their homes,—  
 7 Troilus saying on the road: "O God!  
 8 Shall I find my love returned?"

## (49)

- 1 But Pandarus said within himself otherwise:  
 4 "This thy longing, so fiery and fierce,  
 5 May hap to cool:"  
 2 As he who knew entire  
 3 The intention of Calchas at full.

## (50)

- 1 When they had returned home,  
 2 They both entered a chamber together.  
 4 And they talked much of Chryseis

- 7 Troilus saying: "Let us go, & so we shall see  
 8 The house at least, since we can no more."

## (72)

- THus Pandarus with alle peyne & woo 498  
 Made hym to duelle and at þe wookes ende  
 Of Serpedoun þei toke hir leue thoo  
 And on hir wey / þei spedde hem to wende 501  
 Quod Troilus now god me grace sende  
 That I may finde at my home comyng  
 Cresseide comen & þerwith gan he sing 504

## (73)

- YE haseth wode þought þis Pandar 505  
 And to him self full sobrelly he seide  
 God wote refroyden gan þis hote fare  
 Or Calcas sende Troilus Cresseide 508  
 But natheles laped he þus & pleyde  
 And swore I-wisse his herte him wel be-hight  
 She wolde com as sone as euer she might 511

## (74)

- WHan thei vnto the Paleis were y-comen [1045] 512  
 Of Troilus þei doune of horse light  
 And to the Chambre here wey haue þe nomen  
 And vn-to tyme þat it ganne to nighte 515  
 They spake of Cresseide the bright  
 And after þis whan þat hem bothe leste  
 Thei spedde hem from the soper vnto reste 518

## (75)

- ON morwe assone as day by-gan to clere 519  
 This Troilus be-gan of his slepe to Abreide  
 And to Pandar his ougne broþer der  
 For loue god full pitously he seide 522  
 As goo we see the Paleis of Cresseide  
 For sithe we may haue no more feste  
 Yett lete vs goo se hir Paleis at þe leste 525



## (51)

- 4 And he feigned various causes with the others  
5 That were with him.

## (52)

- 1 It seemed to him that his heart was bursting,  
2 When he had seen the door locked up,

- 3 And the windows.

- 6 And in his face all changed

- 7 He would have given manifest sign hereof  
8 To any one who might at once have looked on him.

## (53)

- 3 Then he said :

- 3 "Alas ! how luminous  
4 And delightful was the place !  
7 Now, without her, thou remainest dark !  
8 Nor know I whether thou art ever to have her again."

## (76)

- AND þerwith all his meyne for to blende 526  
A cause he fonde in town for to goo  
And to Cresseides house þei gan to wende  
But Lord þis sely Troilus was woo 529  
He þouȝt his sorweful herte berste on tuoo  
For whan he saugh hir doores spered alle  
Wil nye for sorwe a doune he gan to falle 532

## (77)

- THere-with whan he was war and gan beholde 533  
How shitt was euery wyndowe of the place  
As firste him þouȝt his herte gan to colde  
For with chaunged duft & pale face 536  
With-uten worde he furth by-gan to pace  
And as god wolde he gan so faste ride  
That no wist of his countenans espide 539

## (78)

- THan seide he þus O Paleis desolate 540  
O house of houses whilom best yhighit  
O Paleis empty & disconsolate  
O lanterne of which queint is þ' light 543  
O Paleis whilome day þat now art night  
Wel oughtest þou to falle & I to dye  
Sith she is went þat wonte was vs to guie 546

## (79)

- O Paleis whilom Known of Housen AH [leaf 97, back] 547  
Enlumined with sonne of Alle blisse  
O ring frome which þe ruby is oute fah  
O cause of woo þat cause hast bene of hisse 550  
Yett sithe I may noo bett fayne wolde I kisse  
Thy colde doores durste I for þis route  
And farewel shryne of whiche þe seint is out 553

- 1 Then to Pandarus, as he best could, sorrowful  
 2 He spoke of his new<sup>1</sup> anguish.

(54)

- 1 Hence he went riding through Troy,  
 2 And every place brought her back to his mind.

(55)

- 1 "There she stood when she took me  
 2 With love, by her beautiful and charming eyes.

(54)

- 4 "Here I saw her laugh joyously;  
 7 Here in high spirits

- 6 "Here she saluted me graciously.

<sup>1</sup> "Sua nuova angoscia." Here "nuova" (new) means most probably—as it frequently does in old Italian—"unprecedented, strange, extreme:" but Chaucer takes the epithet literally, and speaks of "His newe sorwe, & ek his joyes olde."

- 8 "Here I saw her pitiful to my sighs."

(80)

Ther<sup>with</sup> he caste on Pandarus his yee 554  
 With chaunged face & pitous to beholde  
 And whan he myght his tyme a-ryt espie  
 Ay as he rode to Pandarus he tolde 557  
 His newe sorwe & eke his Ioyes olde  
 So pitously & with so dede an hewe  
 That euery wight myght on his sorwe rewe 560

(81)

FRome thens-furth he rideth vp & doun 561  
 And euery þing come him to remembrauns  
 As he roode so by þe Paleis in þe Toune  
 In which he had whilom all his plesauns 564  
 Lo yender saugh I laste my Lady dauns  
 And in þat temple with hir yen clere  
 Me caught first my ryt Lady dere 567

(82)

AND yonder haue I herde full lustilye 568  
 My dere herte laughit & yonder pley  
 Saugh I here oones eke full blisfully  
 And yender oones to me gann she sey 571  
 Now good swete Loue me wel I prey  
 And yonder so goodly ganne she me byholde  
 That to þe deth myn herte is to hir holde 574

(83)

AND at þe corner in þe yonder house 575  
 Herde I myn alderleuest lady dere  
 So womanly with voyce melodyous  
 Sing so wel so goodly & so clere 578  
 That in my sowle me þinketh I it here  
 The blisful sounne & in þe yonder place  
 My lady firste me receyued vnto hire grace 581

## (56)

- 1 Then, thinking this, he proceeded :  
 2 " O Love !  
 4 Well does memory repeat to me the truth of it.<sup>1</sup>  
 2 Long hast thou made the story of me.  
 6 Full a thousand signs of thy victory  
 7 Do I discern, which thou hast had triumphal  
 8 Over me, who once jeered every lover.

## (57)

- 1 " Well hast thou avenged thine injuring,  
 2 Lord potent & greatly to be feared !  
 3 But, since the soul has set itself to serve thee  
 4 Wholly, as thou mayst clearly see,  
 5 Let it not die disconsolate.  
 8 " So that she may return, to put an end to my woes,

- 7 " Strain Chryseis as thou dost me."

<sup>1</sup> See the Prefatory Remarks, p. 11, for the true sequence of this line.

## (58)

- 1 He would sometimes go up on the gate  
 2 By which his lady had issued.  
 3 " Hence issued she who comforts me !

## (84)

- THanne þouȝt He þus O blisful Lorde Cupide [leaf 95] 582  
 Whan þe proces I haue in my memorye  
 How þou hast me weryhed euery side  
 Men miȝt A boue make of it like A story 585  
 What nede is the to seke on me victorie  
 Sith I am þin & hooly at þin wiȝ  
 What Ioye hast þou þin ougne folk to spille 588

## (85)

- WER hast þou Lorde y-vengeð on me þ<sup>m</sup> Ire 589  
 Thou miȝty God & dredful for to greue  
 Now mercy Lord þou wost wel I desire  
 Thi grace moste of Alle Lustes leue 592  
 And lyue & die I wiȝ in þine be-leue  
 For which I ne Axe in guerdon but A bone  
 That þou Cresseide a-yen me sende sone 595

## (86)

- Distreyne hir' herte as fast to retorne 596  
 As þou hast myn to longen hir' to se  
 That wote I wel þat she niȝ nat sojourne  
 Now blisful Lorde so cruell þou ne be 599  
 Vnto þe blood of Troye I pray þe  
 As Ioue was vnto þe blode Thebane  
 For which folke of Thebes caught hir' bane 602

## (87)

- AND aftir þis he to þe yates went 603  
 Ther' as Cresseid oute roode A fulȝ good pace  
 And vp & doune þer made he many a went  
 And to him self ful ofte he seide allas 606  
 From hens rode my blisse & my solas  
 And wolde blisful god now for his Ioy  
 I miȝt her' se come A-yen in to Troy 609

- 5 "Up to that place I escorted her;  
6 And here I parted from her.

(59)

- 5 "Oh! shall I see thee  
6 Ever return, with thy lovely ways,  
7 To rejoice me?"

(60)

- 1 And it seemed, even to himself, that in face  
2 He was less coloured than his wont;  
3 And for this he had a fancy  
4 That he was sometimes pointed out with finger,  
5 As if people were saying: "Why so quelled  
6 And so bewildered has Troilus become?"  
7 It was not they who pointed him out;  
8 But he suspects who knows the thing true.

(61)

- 1 Wherefore it pleased him to show in verse  
2 Who was the cause of it.  
  
4 Giving as it were some respite to his sorrow.  
  
6 With low voice he went singing.

(88)

- AND to þe yonder' hiȝ I gan' hir' guide 610  
Allas & þer' I toke of hir' myn' Leue  
And yender I saugh' hir' to hir' fadir ride  
For sorwe of which myn' herte wiȝt to-cleue 613  
And hedir home I come whan' it was eue  
And her' I duelle oute caste from' alle Ioye  
And shal tiȝ I may se hir' ofte in Troye 616

(89)

- AND of him self ymagined He ofte [leaf 98, back] 617  
To be deffet & pale & waxe lesse  
Than' he was wonte & þat men seide softe  
What may it be who can' the sothe gesse 620  
Whi Troilus hath alle þis heuynes  
And all þis nas but his malencolie  
That he hadde of him self' suche A fantasie 623

(90)

- AN oþer tyme ymagynyn' he wolde 624  
That euery wight þat went by þe weye  
Hadde of him routh & þat þei shulde  
I am right sory Troylus wiȝt dey 627  
And þus he droff a day yett forth or tweye  
As ye haue herd riȝt such A lif' gan' he lede  
As he that stode betwen' hope & drede 630

(91)

- FOR which him lyked in his songes shewe 631  
The entencioun of his woo as he best might  
And made A songe of wordes but A fewe  
Somwhat his woofull herte for to light 634  
And whan' he was from euery mannes sight  
With lofte voice he of his Lady dere  
That Absent was ganne syng as ye may her' 637

## (62)

- 1 "The sweet sight and the beautiful soft glance
  - 2 Of the most beautiful eyes that ever were seen,
  - 3 Which I have lost, make seem so heavy
  - 4 My life that I go heaving groans.
  - 7 I have longings for death."<sup>1</sup>
  - 8 'O Love! Why didst thou not kill me from the first?
- Let me die now, so that my disembodied soul may fly  
into the arms of my Chryseis!

## (67)

- 1 When he had thus said in song,
- 2 He returned to his old sighing.

## (69)

- 4 Wherefore he often said to himself:
- 5 "When this [moon] shall have become,
- 6 With her new horns, such as she appeared
- 7 When our lady departed,
- 8 Then shall my soul be returned hither."

## (68)

- 1 The days long, and the nights longer,
- 2 Appeared to him beyond the wonted mode.
- 5 He said: "The sun has entered into new errors."

<sup>1</sup> "Disil porto di morte"—i. e. "io porto disil di morte." From the peculiar nautical turn which Chaucer gives to his phrase, I think it pretty clear he had misunderstood Boccaccio, and supposed him to say "io disio porto di morte" = "I desire the port (or harbour) of death."

(92) (*Troilus's Lament for Cresseida.*)

- O Sterre of which I loste haue al þe light 638  
With herte son wel ought I to be-waile  
That euer derke in turment nyght & nyght  
Toward my deth with wynde & ster' I sayle 641  
For whiche þe tenthe nyght yef þat I faile  
The guiding of þi bright bemes an houre  
My shipe & me Caribdis wil denoure 644

## (93)

- THIS songe whan he þus sungen had sone 645  
He felt A-yen vnto his sikes olde  
And euery nyght as was he wonte to done  
He stode þe bright mone to beholde 648  
And alle his sorwe he to þe mone tolde  
And seide I-wisse whan þou art horned newe  
I shalbe glad yef alle þe worlde be true 651

## (94)

- I Saugh pine Hornes olde by þe morowe [leaf 99] 652  
Whan þat frome hens rode my right Lady dere  
the cause is of my torment & sorwe  
For which O bright Latona þe clere 655  
For Loue of god renne faste aboute þ' spere  
For whan þin hornes new gynnyn spring  
Than shall ye come þat may my blisse bring 658

## (95)

- THE day is more & lenger euery night 659  
Than þei were wonte to be him þouȝt þou  
And eke þat þe sonne wente his course vnriȝt  
By lenger wey þan it was wonte to goo 662  
And seide I-wisse me dredeth euer moo  
The sonnes sone Phiton be yett on lyue  
And þat his fadres carte amys he dryue 665

## (70)

- 1 He gazed on the tented Greeks—  
 7 Saying often :  
 8 "Or here or there is my lovely lady."

## (71)

- 1 In such wise, and in many other ways,  
 2 He passed the time, sighing.  
 3 And with him was for ever Pandarus,  
 4 Who often encouraged him to do this :  
 5 And into converse cheerful and gay  
 6 He sought to draw him, to the best of his power,—  
 7 Giving him always good hope  
 8 Of his charming and excellent love.

## (1)

- 1 On the other side, on the shore of the sea,  
 2 With few women, among the armed men,  
 3 Was Chryseis.

## (6)

- 4 "Wherefore my heart is beggared of joy,  
 5 And for comfort I in vain ask for death.  
 3 I fled the bad, and followed after the worse."

## (96)

- Vppon þe walles faste eke wolde he walke 666  
 And on þe Grekes ofte a wold a sec  
 And to him self right þus he wolde talke  
 Lo yender is myn ougne Lady fre 669  
 Or elles yender þer þe tentes be  
 And thens comth þis eir þat is so swote  
 That in my sowle I fele it doth me bote 672

## (97)

- AND hardely þis wynde þat more & more 673  
 Thus stoundemele encreaseth in my face  
 Is of my Lady depe sikes soore  
 I preue it þus for in noon oþer space 676  
 Of aȝ þis town saue onely in þis place  
 Fele I no wynde þat souneth so lyke peyne  
 It seith allas whi twynned be we tweyne 679

## (98)

- THIS long tyme he dryueth forth riȝt þus 680  
 Tiȝ fully passed was þe ix<sup>th</sup> night  
 And ay beside was þis Pandarus  
 That besily dede aȝ his ful might 683  
 Him to comferte & make his herte lighȝt  
 Yeuyng him hope alwey þe x<sup>th</sup> morwe  
 That she shal come & stynte alle his sorwe 686

## (99)

- Vppon þat other side eke was Creseide [leaf 99, back] 687  
 With women fewe a-monge þe Grekes stronge  
 For which fulȝ ofte A day allas she seide  
 That I was borne wel may myn herte Longe 690  
 After my deȝh for nowe lyue I to Longe  
 Allas I ne may it nat amende  
 For now is worse þan euer yet I wende 693

## (100)

MI fader wiȝ for no þinge do me grace 694  
 To gone a-yen for aȝht I can hym queme  
 And yef so be þat I my terme pace  
 My Troilus shal in his herte deme 697  
 That I am false & so it may wel seme  
 Thus shall I haue vn-thanke on euery side  
 That I was borne so welawey the tide 700

## (101)

ANd yef þat I me put in Ieopardie 701  
 To stele a-wey be night & it be-falle  
 That I be caught I shalbe holden espie  
 Or ellis Lo this drede I moost of aȝ 704  
 Yef in the handes of somme wrech I faȝ  
 I nam but lost albe myn herte trewe  
 Now al-mighty god þou on my sorwe rewe 707

## Book VI. (1)

- 6 Her fresh and delicate cheeks  
 7 Had become pallid and thin.
- 3 And in bitter tears  
 4 The nights were consumed by her.

## (2)

- 1 She wept, murmuring to herself  
 2 The once-passed pleasure with Troilus.  
 4 And the whole of the words  
 5 She went recollecting all to herself.

## (102)

Fuȝ pale waxen was hir bright face 708  
 Hir lemes lene as she þat aȝ þe day  
 Stode whan she durst & loked on þe place  
 Ther she was borne & þer she duellid ay 711  
 And aȝ þe night weping Allas she lay  
 And þus despeired oute of alle cure  
 She ladde hir lif þis woofuȝ creature 714

## (103)

Fuȝ ofte a day she sihed eke for distresse 715  
 And in hir sowle she went ay portering  
 Of Troilus þe grete worthinesse  
 And aȝ his goodly wordis according 718  
 Sith first þat day hir loue be-gan to spring  
 And þus she sett hir woofuȝ herte a fire  
 Thurgh remembrauns of þat she gan desire 721

## (3)

- 1 Nor would any one have been so pitiless  
 2 That, hearing her plain sorrowfully,  
 3 He could have forborne weeping with her.  
 4 She wept so bitterly :
- 7 And what wrought her the worst of all  
 8 Was that she had no one to mourn with.

## (4)

- 1 She looked on the walls of Troy,  
 2 On the palaces, towers, and fortresses,  
 3 And said to herself: "Ah me! how much joy,  
 4 How much pleasure, and how much sweetness,  
 5 Had I once within there! And now in sad annoy.<sup>1</sup>  
 7 Ah me, my Troilts! what dost thou now?  
 8 Is there yet in thee any memory of me?

## (5)

- 1 "Ah woe is me! now had I but consented to thee,  
 2 And we both would have gone together!  
 4 For now these pains would not be felt  
 5 By me.  
 7 And who would afterwards have spoken ill of me  
 8 For having gone away with such a man as he?

## (6)

- 1 "Ah, woe is me! late do I discern . . .

<sup>1</sup> The next line in Boccaccio runs—"I here consume my dear beauties;" giving the speech a new turn, which Chaucer does not follow.

## (104)

- IN AH this worlde þer nys so crueþ herte [leaf 100] 722  
 That hir' had herd compleyne in hir sorwe  
 That nold haue wepte for hir' peynes smerte  
 So tendirly she wepte bothe eue & morwe 725  
 Hir' neded no teris for to borwe  
 And þis was yett þe werst of aþ hir' peyne  
 Ther was no wight to whom she durst compleine 728

## (105)

- Fuþ ruefully she loked vpon Troye 729  
 Byhelde þe towres hie & eke þe halles  
 Allas quod she þe pleasauns & þe Ioye  
 The which þat now turned in-to galles 732  
 Haue I hadde ofte with-Inne yonder' walles  
 O Troilus what doste þou now she seide  
 Lord wheþir þou þinkist yet vpon Cresseide 735

## (106)

- Allas I me hadde trowed on your Lore 736  
 And went with you as ye me radde or þ<sup>is</sup>  
 Than had I now nat siked half so soore  
 Who might haue seide þat I had done amys 739  
 To stele a-wey with such oon as he Is  
 But al to late comth þe letuarie  
 Whan men þe corps vnto graue carie 742

## (107)

- TO late is now to speke of þat mater 743  
 Prudens allas oon of þine yen' three  
 Me lakked alwey or þat I come her'  
 One tyme passed wel remembred me 746  
 And present tyme eke coude I wel see  
 But future tyme or I was in þe snare  
 Coude I nat se þat causeth now my care 749



(7)

- 1 "But I will do my utmost to flee hence,  
 3 "And return to thee.  
 7 I had rather that  
 8 Whoever chooses should be able to speak and bark  
 about this."

(8)

- 1 But from so high and great intent  
 2 A new lover soon turned her,  
 6 And in brief space expelled [from her heart]  
 7 Troilus and Troy.

- 3 Diomed was employing every argument  
 4 That he could to enter her heart;  
 5 Nor, in its own time, did his expectation mislead him.

(108)

- But natheles betide what be-tide 750  
 I shaȝt to morwe by Este or west  
 Oute of þis hoste stele by *somme maner* side  
 And goo *with* Troilus wher' as him leste 753  
 This *purpos* wil I holde & þis is beste  
 No fors of wikked tungen *langellarie*  
 For euer vn Loue han wrechis had envye 756

(109)

- FOR who so wil of *euery* worde take hede [leaf 100, back] 757  
 Or reule him *Aftir euery wighȝtes* witte  
 Ne shaȝt he *neuer* thriue out of drede  
 For þat that somen blamen euer yett 760  
 Lo other maner folke comaundyn hitte  
 And as for me for alle suche variauns  
 Felicite clepe I my *sufficiauns* 763

(110)

- FOR which *with-uten* any wordes mo 764  
 To Troye I wilȝt as for conclusion  
 But god it wote or fully monethes tuo  
 She was full ferre frome þat entencion 767  
 For bothe Troilus & Troie toun  
 Shal knottles oute of hir herte glide  
 For she wilȝt take *purpos* for to abyde 770

(111)

- THIS Diomede of whom telle I gan 771  
 Goth now *with-Inne* him self aye Arguing  
 With alle þe sleight & all þat euer he can  
 How he may best *with* shortest taryeng 774  
 In To his nette Cresseides herte bring  
 To þis entent he coude *neuer* fyne  
 To fissȝh hir he leide oute hoke & lyne 777

## (10)

- 1 And he said to himself at first view :
- 2 "A vain labour, I think, is mine :
- 3 This lady is sorrowful for love of another.
- 7 "'Ah me! I went, amiss for myself, to Troy, when I brought her away!'"

## (11)

- 5 "I ought to be too sovereign an artist,
  - 6 If I would expel thence the first,
  - 7 To enter there myself."
- 1 But, as being of great daring
  - 2 And of great heart, he resolved in himself,
  - 3 If he had for certain to die from it,
  - 4 Since he had come to this pass, to show her the sharp assaults
  - 5 Which Love made him feel for her.

## (33)

- 1 He was tall and handsome in person ; young, fresh, and most pleasing.
- 3 Strong and bold, as is related ;
- 4 And had the gift of the tongue as much as any Greek whatsoever.

## (112)

- |   |     |
|---|-----|
| But natheles wel in his herte he pouȝt                | 778 |
| That she nas [nat] <i>with</i> -outen a loue in Troie |     |
| For neuer sithe he hir pens brouȝt                    |     |
| Ne coude he sene hir laugh or make Ioie               | 781 |
| He nyste how beste hir herte to accoy                 |     |
| But for to assaie he seide it not ne greuith          |     |
| For he þat nouȝt assaieþ nouȝt acheueth               | 784 |

## (113)

- |  |     |
|--|-----|
| YEt seide he to him self vppon a night | 785 |
| Now am I nat a fore þat wote wel how   |     |
| Hir woo is for loue of an other knyȝht |     |
| And her-vppon to goo & assaie her now  | 788 |
| I may wel wete it wil nat be my prowē  |     |
| For þes folke in bokes it expresse     |     |
| Men shal nat wowe A wight in heuynesse | 791 |

## (114)

- |  |     |
|--|-----|
| Bvt who so might wynne such A flour' <small>[leaf 102]</small> | 792 |
| From him for whom she morneth niȝt & day                       |     |
| He might sey he wer' A conquerour                              |     |
| And riȝt A-noon as he þat bolde was ay                         | 795 |
| Though in his herte happen how happyñ may                      |     |
| AH shulde I dey I wiȝh her herte seche                         |     |
| I shal no more lese but my speche                              | 798 |

## (115)

- |  |     |
|--|-----|
| THis Diomede as bookes declare           | 799 |
| Was in his nedes preste & coragious      |     |
| With sterne voice & mighty lemnes squar' |     |
| Hardy testy stronge chynalrous           | 802 |
| Of Dedes lyke his fader Tideus           |     |
| And some men seine he was of tunge large |     |
| And heir' he was of Calidoigne & Arge    | 805 |

(116)

CResseide mene was of hir' stature 806  
 Ther-to of shappe of face & eke of chere  
 Ther' might be none fairer' creature  
 And ofte tymes þis was hir' manere 809  
 To goo vntressed *with* hir' heres clere  
 Doune by her' coler at hir' bakke behinde  
 Which *with* a threde of golde she wolde bynde 812

(117)

ANd saue her' browes Ioyned in fer' 813  
 Ther' nas no lakke in ought I can' espieñ  
 But for to speke of yen' clere  
 Loo truely þei writen' þat hir' syen' 816  
 That paradise stode *fourmed* in hir' yen'  
 And *with* hir' riche beute euer-more  
 Stroofo loue in hir' ay which of hem was mor' 819

(28)

8 The lucent eyes and angelic face.

(11)

7 Discerning, wise, honourable, and high-bred.<sup>1</sup>

(118)

SHe sobre was eke simple & wise *with*-aH 820  
 The best I-nurished eke þat might be  
 And goodly of hir' speche in generaH  
 Cheritable estalich lusty fre 823  
 Ne neuermore ne lakked hir' pite  
 Tendre herted slyding of Corage  
 But truely I can' nat tell hir' Age 826

(119)

ANd Troilus wel waxe was on Hight [leaf 101, back] 827  
 And complete *fourmed* by *proporcion*  
 So wel þat Kinde it nough a-mende might  
 yong freisshe stronge & hardye as a lyoun 830  
 Trewe as stele in eche condicion  
 One of þe best entached creatur'  
 That is or shal while þe worlde may dur' 833

<sup>1</sup> "Acoorta, savia, onesta, e costumata." I have given English equivalents as nearly as I can select them; but not one of them realizes exactly and completely the shade of meaning which the mind catches in the Italian words.

- (9)
- 1 She had not been there the fourth day
  - 2 After the bitter departure, when
  - 3 A fair pretext for going to her was found
  - 4 By Diomed, who
  - 5 Found her alone, sighing.
  - 6 He marvelled to find her so altered.
- (11)
- 7 And, taking a seat.
- (12)
- 1 And first he entered upon speaking with her
  - 2 Of the fierce war between them and the Trojans ;
  - 3 Asking her what she thinks about it.
  - 5 Hence he next came down to asking
  - 6 Whether she thought the ways of the Greeks strange.

(120)

AND certainly in story as it is founde 834  
 That Troilus was neuer vn-to no wight  
 As in his tyme in no degre secounde  
 In doying þat longeth to a knyght 837  
 All might a geaunt passe him of might  
 His herte ay with the firste & with þe laste  
 Stod peregall to doo what þat him caste 840

(121)

But for to tell furth of Diomede 841  
 It fille þat After þe x<sup>th</sup> day  
 Sith þat Cresseide oute of þe Cite yede  
 This Diomede as freissþ as braunch in may 844  
 Come to the Tente þere as Calcas lay  
 And feyned him with Calcas haue to done  
 But what he ment I shal you telle sone 847

(122)

CResseide at shorte wordes for to telle 848  
 Welcomed him & doune him by hir sett  
 And he was ethe I-nowþ to make dueþ  
 And after þis with-oute lenger lett 851  
 The spices & þe wyne men furth hem fett  
 And forth þei speke of þis & þat in fer'  
 As frendes done of which some shal ye her' 854

(123)

HE gan first falle on þe werr' in spech 855  
 Betwixe hem & þe folke of Troy toun  
 And of þe assege hens gan hir eke bysech  
 To telle him what was hir' opinion 858  
 From þat demaunde he descended doun  
 To Aske hir' yef hir' strong þouzt  
 The Grekes guise & werkis þat þei wrouzt 861

8 Why Calchas delayed to give her in marriage.

(13)

- 1 Chryseis, who still had her soul
- 2 In Troy set upon her dear lover,
- 5 Answered Diomed.
- 3 She did not perceive his device.
- 6 Her speech often pained his heart, yet sometimes encouraged him.

(14)

- 1 Who, when he had got on easy terms with her
- 2 By conversing, began to say :
- 3 " Youthful lady, if I have well looked on you.
- 7 " From the day when we left Troy up till now,
- 5 That [countenance] I seem to see transformed
- 6 By painful anguish.

(15)

- 1 " Nor know I what the cause can be,
- 2 If it be not love ; which, if you are wise,
- 3 You will cast away.

(16)

- 1 " Nor imagine that any one who is inside
- 2 Will find pity from us for evermore.

(124)

ANd whi her' fader taried so Longe [leaf 102] 862  
 To wedde hir to some worthi wight  
 Cresseide that was in hir peynes stronge  
 For loue of Troilus her ougne knyght 865  
 As ferforth as she had konnyng and might  
 Answerid him tho but as of his entent  
 He semyd natt she wist whate he ment 868

(125)

But nathelesse pis ilke Diomede 869  
 Gan in him self assure & þus he seide  
 yef I a-right haue taken of you hede  
 Me thinketh þus O Lady myn Cresseide 872  
 Sith þat I first haue on your brideþ leyde  
 Whan ye oute of Troye come by þe morwe  
 Ne coude I neuer se you but in sorwe 875

(126)

CAnne I nat sey what may þe cause be 876  
 But yef for loue of sum Troiane it wer'  
 The which right soore wolde for-thynke me  
 That ye for any wight þat duelled ther' 879  
 Shulde spille a quarter of I tere  
 Or pitously so your self be-guile  
 For dredles it is nat worth þe while 882

(127)

THE folke of Troie as who seith all & somme 883  
 In prisoun bene as ye your self se  
 Neuyr thens shal nat one on lyue come  
 For alle the golde betwixe sonne & see 886  
 Trusteth well & vnderstandeth me  
 Ther' nat oone to mercy go on lyue  
 All wer' he lorde of worldes twyes fyve 889

6 "Either here among the living, or among the dead in hell.

5 "A most signal example shall be to [any man]  
7 The punishment that we will bestow upon Paris.

(17)

1 'Were there twelve Hectors and sixty brothers.'

3 "If Calchas with word-juggles<sup>1</sup> and delusions

4 { Does not here hoodwink us.  
We would triumph over them.

7 "Which will be in brief.

(18)

1 "And do not suppose that Calchas would have  
2 Re-demanded you with so much urgency,<sup>2</sup>  
3 If he did not foresee that which I say.  
4 'I discussed the whole matter with Calchas before he  
7 took it upon him to redemand you.  
8 He took counsel to get you back here.

(19)

1 'I encouraged his resolve, hearing of your great excellences.  
4 And I offered myself as negociator; which Calchas accepted, knowing my good faith. The labour was a  
8 pleasure to me, for your sake.

<sup>1</sup> "Ambage." Chaucer has taken the word direct from Boccaccio; and then (not over-artistically, it must be admitted) has to devote two succeeding lines to the explanation of it.

<sup>2</sup> A different line (st. 19, v. 3) corresponds still more closely with the wording of the one in Chaucer—"And I, hearing him give Antenor for you."

(128)

Such wrecch of hem for fettyng of Eleyne 890  
Ther' shalbe taken or we hennes wende  
That manes which þat Goddes bene of peine  
Shalbe a-gaste þat Grekes wiþ hem shend 893  
And men shal drede vnto þe worldes ende  
From hensforth to rauissch any quene  
So cruell shaft our wrecche on hem besene 896

(129)

AND but Calcas Lede vs by Ambages [leaf 102, back] 897  
That is to sey wiþ double wordes alie  
Suche as men clepe A worde wiþ tuo visages  
Ye shal wel knowe that I nat lie 900  
And all þis thing riȝt se it wiþ your ye  
And that a-none ye nil nat trowe hou son  
Now taketh hede for it is for to done 903

(130)

WHat wene ye your wise fader wolde 904  
Haue yeuen Antenore for you A-non  
Yef he ne wiste þat þe Cite shulde  
Destroied be we nay so mote y gone 907  
He knewe full wel þer shal nat scape one  
That Troiane is & for the grete fere  
He durste nat ye duelle no lenger þer 910

## (20)

- 1 "Wherefore I would say,<sup>1</sup> fair and dear lady,  
 2 Leave the fallacious love of the Trojans :  
 3 Chase away this bitter hope.  
 5 And recall the splendid beauty.  
 7 For to such a pass is Troy now come  
 8 That every hope men have there is lost.

## (21)

'The Trojans, with their king, and his sons, are mere  
 barbarians and brutes, compared to the Greeks.'

## (22)

- 1 "And think not that among the Greeks love  
 2 Is not,—far higher and more perfect  
 3 Than among the Trojans.  
 6 'Your angelic beauty will easily find here a worthy lover.'  
 7 "And, were it not to displease you, I will be the man,  
 8 More gladly than now king of the Greeks."

## (23)

- 1 And, having said this, he turned scarlet  
 2 Like fire in the face, and his speech  
 3 Somewhat trembling. He drooped his lids to earth,  
 4 Turning away his eyes from her a whit.  
 5 But next, with a sudden thought, he became again  
 6 More prompt than he had been.  
 6 And with rapid  
 7 Speech he pursued : "Be it to you no annoy,  
 8 I am as gentle<sup>2</sup> as any man in Troy.

<sup>1</sup> "Chè vo' dir dunque"—i. e. "Perchè io voglio dir dunque." But in a cursory reading one might naturally suppose the phrase to stand for "Che vuoi tu dir dunque"—What wilt thou then say—strictly corresponding to Chaucer's "What wol ye moore?" and it is obvious that the English poet made this mistake. The proof that Boccaccio really meant "voglio," and not "vuoi," lies

## (131)

- WHAT with ye more lousom lady der' 911  
 Let Troie & Troiane from *your* herte passe  
 Dryue out þe bitter hope & make good cher'  
 And clepe A-yen þe beute of *your* face 914  
 That ye with salte *Teres* so deface  
 For Troie is brougt in such a *leopardie*  
 That it to saue is now noo remedie 917

## (132)

- AND þinketh þat ye shal in Grekes fynde 918  
 A more perfite Loue or it be night  
 Than any Troiane is & more kynde  
 And bettir to *serue* you wiþ do his miȝt 921  
 And yef ye vouche saue my Lady bright  
 I wil be he to *serue* you my silf  
 ye Leuer þan þe kyng of Greces twelue 924

## (133)

- AND with þat worde he gan to wex rede 925  
 And in his speche A liteȝ while he quoke  
 And caste A-side A littel wight his hed  
 And stynte A while & Afterwarde he wooke 928  
 And sobrelly on hir he caste his Loke  
 And seide I am aȝ be it you no Ioy  
 A Gentil man as any wight in Troie 931

in the fact that Diomed addresses Chryseis, throughout this scene, in the second person plural—"you"—instead of the more intimate "thou." Chryseis (it may be added) responds with "thou"—not, evidently, as any unseemly familiarity, but as using the privilege of a lady to her "servant."

<sup>2</sup> "Gentil"—noble, high-born.

(24)

- 1 "If my father Tydeus had been living,  
 3 Of Calydon and Argos I should have been  
 4 King, as I intend yet to be.  
 2 He was slain fighting at Thebes.

(25)

- 2 "Me  
 4 Take as your servant."  
 6 "'I will be such as your dignity, and the exalted beauty  
 which I see in you beyond all others, demand; so that  
 you also will hold Diomed dear.' Chryseis had  
 answered few words and timidly; but now counted  
 his audacity great.

(26)

- 7 So much could Troilus yet in her.  
 6 Looking askance at him displeased,  
 8 And thus she spoke with subdued voice.

(27)

- 1 "I love, Diomed, that city  
 2 In which I grew and was brought up.

(134)

- FOR yef my fader Tideus He seide [leaf 103] 932  
 I-lyued had I had ben or þis  
 Of Calidoigne & Arge A king Cresseid  
 And so hope I þat I shal yet I-wisse 935  
 But he was slayne allas þe harme is  
 Vnhappely at Thebes aȝ to rathe  
 Polymites & many a man to scathe 938

(135)

- But herte myn siȝthe þat I am your man 939  
 And bene þe firste of whom I seke grace  
 And serue you as hertely as I can  
 And euer shal while I to lyue haue space 942  
 Soo or I departe oute of this place  
 That ye me graunte þat I may to morwe  
 At better leiser telle you my sorwe 945

(136)

- WHAT shulde I telle his wordes þat he seide 946  
 He spake ynough for oon day at þe meate  
 Hit proued wel he spake soo þat Cresseide  
 Graunted on þe morwe at his request 949  
 For to speke with him at þe Leste  
 So that he nolde speke of such matier  
 And þus to him she seid as ye may her 952

(137)

- AS she þat had hir hert on Troilus 953  
 So faste þat þer might non it a-race  
 And straungelie she spake & seide thus  
 O Diomede I loue þat ilke place 956  
 Ther I was borne & Ioue for hir grace  
 Deliuer it sone of aȝ þat doȝh it Care  
 God for þi might so leue it wel to fare 959



## (28)

- 1 "Well I know that the Greeks are of lofty valour,  
 2 And well-mannered, as thou sayest :  
 3 But yet of the Trojans not less is  
 4 The high virtue.

<sup>1</sup> "Femminella."

<sup>2</sup> Chaucer employs nearly the same phrase close afterwards—  
 at 142, l. 1.

## (29)

- 1 "I have not known love since he died  
 2 To whom loyally I observed it,  
 3 As to my husband and lord.  
 4 Neither Greek nor Trojan did I ever heed  
 5 In that way, nor have I a wish  
 6 To heed any, nor shall it ever happen to me.  
 7 That thou art descended of royal blood  
 8 I fully believe, and have well heard it.

## (30)

- 1 "And this gives me great marvel—  
 2 That thou canst set on a chit of a woman<sup>1</sup>  
 3 Of slight condition, as I am,  
 4 Thy soul.  
 5 I am in tribulation,<sup>2</sup>  
 6 Nor am I disposed to such an announcement.

## (138)

- THat Grekes wolde heir' wreth on Troie wreke 960  
 Yef þat þei miȝt it knowe wel y-wisse  
 But it shaʔ nat befallē as ye speke  
 And god to forne & ferther ouer þis 963  
 I wote my fadir wise & redy is  
 And þat he me hath bounte as ye me tolde  
 So der' I am þe more vnto him beholde 966

## (139)

- THat Grekes ben of high condicion [leaf 108, back] 967  
 I wote eke wel but certeyn men shaʔ fynde  
 As worthi folke withInne Troie towne  
 As connyng as perfitē & as kynde 970  
 As bene betwen Orchades & ynde  
 And þat ye coude wel your Lady serue  
 I trowe it wel hir' þanke for to deserue 973

## (140)

- But As to speke of Loue I-wisse she seide 974  
 I hadde A Lorde to whom I wedded was  
 The woos myn herte Aʔ was vnto he deyð  
 And oþer loue as helpe me now Pallas 977  
 Ther-Inne myne herte nys ne neuer was  
 And ye be of noble and hie kynred  
 I haue wel herde it telle oute of Drede 980

## (141)

- ANd þat doth me to haue so grete A wondr' 981  
 That ye wiʔ scorne any woman soo  
 Eke god wote Loue & I bene ferre A-sondr'  
 I disposed am better' so mote I goo 984  
 Vnto my deth to pleyne & make woo  
 What I shal after doo can I nat sey  
 But truely as yet me luste nat pley 987

(31)

- 1 "The time is evil, and ye are in arms.  
 2 Let the victory come which thou expectest,  
 3 Then I shall know much better what to do.  
 4 Perhaps delights will please me much more  
 5 Than now they do—

- 5 "And thou mayst speak to me again;  
 6 And peradventure thy words will be dearer to me  
 7 Than they are now.

(30)

- 7 "Not for this do I say that I am sorry  
 8 At being loved by thee, certainly."

(31)

- 8 "'A man must look to time and season when he wishes  
 to capture any one.'" Diomed augured well from  
 these last words, and protested himself ever hers.

(32)

- 8 Nor said he more, and after this he went.

(142)

- MYne Herte is now in tribulacion 988  
 And ye in Armes bene besy day be day  
 Here-after whan ye haue wonnen þ<sup>e</sup> toun  
 Paraventure þan so it happen may 991  
 That whan I see þat I neuer say  
 Than shal I werch þat I neuer wrouȝt  
 This worde to you I-nough suffice ought 994

(143)

- TO morwe eke wiȝ I speke wiȝ you fayne 995  
 So þat ye touch nat of þis matier  
 And whan ye list ye may come her ayen  
 And or ye goon thus much I sey you her 998  
 As helpe me Pallas wiȝ hir here clere  
 yif þat I shulde on any Greke haue routh  
 It shulde ben on your self by my trouȝh 1001

(144)

- I Sey nat perfor þat I wil you Loue [leaf 104] 1002  
 Ne sey nat nay but in conclusion  
 I mene wel be god þat sitte A-boue  
 And therwithaȝ she kiste her yen doun 1005  
 And gan to sike & seye O troie toun  
 Yet prey I god in quiete & in reste  
 I may þe see or do my herte breste 1008

(145)

- But in effecte & sobrelȝ for to sey 1009  
 This Diomede al freissȝ new a-yen  
 Gan prese on and faste hir mercy prey  
 And aftir þis þe soȝh for to seyne 1012  
 Hir gloue he toke of which he was ful fayne  
 And finally whan it waxe eue  
 And aȝ was wel he roose & toke his Leue 1015

(33)

- 1 "He was tall and handsome in person ; young, fresh, and most pleasing."  
 5 "And his nature was prone to love. (See p. 260.) Which things Chryseis, in her sorrows, he being gone, pondered over—hesitating whether to approach or to flee him. These things made her cool down in the ardent thought that she had of returning ; these snapped her upright will towards Troilus, and dragged back her desire ; and a new hope somewhat dissipated her fierce torment. And thus it was that, moved by these causes, she kept not her promise to Troilus."

(146)

THE briȝt Venus folowed & ay taught 1016  
 The wey þer broode Phebus down alight  
 And Cinthea hir chare horse ouer raught  
 To whirle oute of the lyoun yef she might 1019  
 And signifer his Candell shewed Light  
 Whan þat Cresseide vnto hir rest went  
 With-Inne hir fadres faire bright tent 1022

(147)

REtournyng in hir soule ay vp & doune 1023  
 The wordes of þis sodein Diomede  
 His grete estate & perille of þe toun  
 And þat she was alone & had nede 1026  
 Of frendes helpe & þus began to brede  
 The cause whi þe sothe for to tell  
 That she toke purpos fully for to duelle 1029

(148)

THE morwe come & gostely for to speke 1030  
 This Diomede is comen vnto Cresseide  
 And shortlye lest þat ye my tale breke  
 So weþ for him self he spake & seide 1033  
 þat all hir sikes sore a-doun he leyde  
 And finally þe sothe for to seyne  
 He rafte hir all the grete of hir peyne 1036

(149)

AND after þis the story tellith vs [leaf 104, back] 1037  
 that she him yafe þe fair bay stede  
 The which he ones wanne of Troilus  
 And eke A broche & þat was litell nede 1040  
 That Troilus was she yafe Diomede  
 And eke the bette frome sorwe him to releue  
 She made him wer a pensell of hir sleue 1043

## (150)

I fynde ek in stories elles wher	1044
whan þurgh þe body hurte was Diomede	
O Troilus þoo wepte she many A tare	
Whan þat she saugh his wide woundes blede	1047
And þat she toke to kepe him good hede	
And for to helpe him of his sorwes smerte	
Men sey I note she yafe him her herte	1050

## (151)

But truely þe story tellith vs	1051
Ther made neuer woman more woo	
Than she whan þat she falsed Troilus	
She seid allas for now is clene a-goo	1054
Any name of trouth I leue for euer-moo	
For I haue falsed one þe gentilleste	
That euer was and one þe worthieste	1057

## (152)

Allas on me vn-to þe worldes ende	1058
Shal neuer be y-wretyn ne y-songe	
No goode word for thes bookes wil me shende	
O yrolled shaf I be on many A tunge	1061
Thurgh-oute þe worlde my belle shalbe runge	
And women moste wiþ hate me of alle	
Allas þat suche a cas me shulde be-falle	1064

## (153)

THEi wiþ me sey in as much as me Is	1065
I haue hem done dishonour welawey	
Albe I nat þe furste þat dede A-mysse	
What helpeth þat to done my blame a-wey	1068
But sith I se noo bettir wey	
And to late it is now for to rewe	
To Diomede al gate I wilbe trewe	1071

## (154)

But Troilus sith I no bettir may	[leaf 106]	1072
And sithe þat þus departen ye & I		
yet prey I god to yeue you right good day		
As for the gentillest truely		1075
That euer I sey to serue feiȝtfully		
And best can ay his Ladies honour kepe		
And with þat worde she berste anone to wepe		1078

## (155)

ANd certes you haten shal I neuer		1079
And frendes Loue þat shal ye haue of me		
And my good wurde al might I lyue euer		
And truly I wiȝt sory be		1082
For to se you in aduersite		
And gilteles I wote wel I yow leue		
But all shal passe & þus take I my Leue		1085

## (156)

But truely hou longe it was betwen		1086
That she forsoke him for þis Diomedes		
Ther' is non auctour telleth it I wene		
Take euery man now of his bookes hede		1089
He shal no terme finde oute of drede		
For þough he began to loue hir sone		
Or he hir wan yet was þer more to doone		1092

## (157)

NE me ne liste þis sely woman chide		1093
Further þan þe story wiȝt deuise		
Hir' name allas publiſshed is so wide		
That for hir' gilt it ought I-nough suffice		1096
And yif I might excuser in any wise		
For she so sory was for hir' vntrought		
I-wisse I wolde excuser for pite & routh		1099

## (1)

- 1 Troilus, as has been said above,
- 2 Was passing the time, expecting the appointed day.

<sup>1</sup> As "he went *alone*," we must suppose that he picked up Pandarus on the way.

- 5 He went alone towards the gate,
- 6 Talking much with Pandarus about this :<sup>1</sup>
- 7 And they went on looking towards the camp,

- 8 If they could see any one coming to Troy.

## (2)

- 1 And every one who was seen by them
- 2 To come towards them, alone or in company,
- 3 Was supposed to be Chryseis,
- 4 Until he had neared them so close
- 5 As to be openly known.
- 6 And thus they remained till past noon,
- 7 Often fooled by their credulity.

## (3)

- 1 Troilus said : " Before meal-time
- 2 She would not now come, as far as I can guess :
- 3 She will have great trouble in getting quit
- 4 Of her old father—more than she would wish.
- 8 [She would have come] if she had not stayed to eat with him."

## (158)

- |  |      |
|--|------|
| THis Troilus as I be-fore haue tolde           | 1100 |
| Thus driueth forth as well as he miȝt          |      |
| But ofte was his herte hote & colde            |      |
| And namely þat ilke ix <sup>the</sup> night    | 1103 |
| Which on þe morwe she hadde him behight        |      |
| To come A-yen god wote full liteȝ reste        |      |
| Had he þat night ne no ping to slepe him leste | 1106 |

## (159)

[leaf 106, back]

- |   |      |
|---|------|
| THE Laurer Laurgerus crowned Phebus with his hete | 1107 |
| Gann in his course ay vpward as he went           |      |
| To warme of þe Est see þe wawes wete              |      |
| And nisus doughter songe with freisch entent      | 1110 |
| Whan Troilus his Pandar after sent                |      |
| And on þe walles of þe towne þei pleide           |      |
| To loke yif þei can se ought of Cresseide         | 1113 |

## (160)

- |  |      |
|--|------|
| Tyȝ it was none þei stoden for to se           | 1114 |
| Who þat þer come & euery maner wight           |      |
| That come frome ferr' þei seide þat it was she |      |
| Tiȝ þat þei coude knowe hem A-right            | 1117 |
| Now was his herte dulle now was it light       |      |
| And thus be-iaped stonden for to stare         |      |
| A-boute nouȝt þis Troilus & Pandar             | 1120 |

## (161)

- |   |      |
|---|------|
| TO Pandarus þis Troilus seide             | 1121 |
| For ought I wote be-fore none sikerly     |      |
| In-to þis towne ne comȝ nat hir Cresseide |      |
| She hath ynough to do hardelye            | 1124 |
| To wynne from hir fader so trowe I        |      |
| Hir olde fader wil yet make hir dyne      |      |
| Or that she goo god yeue his herte pyne   | 1127 |

## (4)

- 1 Pandarus said : " I think thou speakest the truth.  
 2 So let us go, and then we will return."  
 3 Troilus consented, and so in fine they did.  
 5 They returned : but their surmise deceived them,  
 6 As it turned out, and they found it in vain.

## (5)

- 1 Troilus said : " Perhaps  
 2 Her father will have prevented her, and will want her  
     to stay  
 3 Up to the twilight, and therefore her return  
 4 Will be late. Now let us stay outside,  
 5 So that she may have her entry expedited ;  
 6 For often these wardours  
 7 Are wont to keep in talk those who come,  
 8 Without making a distinction of befitting persons."

## (6)

- 1 Twilight came, and then came evening.

## (7)

- 1 Wherefore he turned to Pandarus, saying :

## (8)

- 1 " Therefore do not mind waiting,  
 2 My Pandarus.

TROYLUS.

35

## (162)

- PAndar' answerde it may wel be certeyn 1128  
 And for-þi lete vs dyne I the beseche  
 And at after none þan maist þou come a-yen  
 And home þei gone with-oute more speche 1131  
 And comen A-yen but longe mough þ' seche  
 Or þat þei fynden þat þei after gape  
 Fortune hem thinketh bothe for to Iape 1134

## (163)

- Quod Troilus I see wel now þat she 1135  
 Is taried with hir' olde fader soo  
 That or she come it wil ner euyn be  
 Come furth I wiht vn-to the yate goo 1138  
 Thes Porters bene vnconnyng euer moo  
 And I wil doo hem holde vp þe yate  
 As nought ne wer' al-pough she come late 1141

## (164)

- THE day goth faste & Aftir þat comth eue [leaf 106] 1142  
 And yet comth nat to Troilus Cresseide  
 He loked forth by hegges by tre by greue  
 And ferr' his hed ouer þe walt he leyde 1145  
 And at the laste he turned him & seide  
 By god I wote hir' menyng now Pandar'  
 AH-moste I-wisse ah new was my care 1148

## (165)

- NOW doughtles this Lady can hir' good 1149  
 I wote she menyth to ride preuily  
 I comende hir' witte be myn hoode  
 She nil nat make þe people nicely 1152  
 Gaure on hir' whan she comth but softly  
 By night in to þe town she thinketh ride  
 And dere brother thenke nat longe to Abide 1155

- 3 "We have now nothing else to do.  
 5 And, if I err not, I think I see her!  
 6 Pray look down! Oh dost thou see what I do!"
- 7 "No," said Pandarus, "if well I unbar my eyes,  
 8 "What thou showest me seems to me a cart."

(9)

- 1 "Alas! thou say'st true," said Troilus.  
 2 The sun had now set, and some stars were perceptible.  
 6 "There comforts me  
 7 In my desire I know not what sweet thought.
- 8 "Hold for certain that now she is to come."

(10)

- 1 Pandarus  
 6 Made a show  
 7 Of believing him.  
 1 To himself, but under-breath,  
 2 He laughed at what Troilus said.  
 7 And he said: "From Ætna  
 8 The poor fellow expects a wind."  
 (11)  
 6 "But Troilus made them delay more than two hours."

- 1 The wardours  
 2 Were making a great noise on the gate,  
 3 Calling withinside citizens and strangers.  
 5 Also all the country-people with their beasts,  
 4 Whoever did not want to remain outside.  
 7 At last, the sky being all starry,  
 8 He returned inside with Pandarus—

(166)

- WE haue nat ellis to doo I-wisse 1156  
 And Pandarus wiþ þou trowe me  
 Haue her' my trouþ y see hir' yonde she is  
 Heue vp þine yen' man maiste þou nat see 1159  
 Pandar' answerd nay so mote I the  
 AH wrong be god what seest þou man' wher' art  
 That I se yonde nys but A soory carte 1162

(167)

- Allas þou seyest full sothe quod Troilus 1163  
 But hardely þis nys nat for nought  
 That in myn herte I now reioyse þus  
 It is A-yen' somme good I haue a þought 1166  
 Knowe I nat howe but sithe þat I was wrouȝt  
 Ne felte I such A comferte sothe to seyne  
 She comth to night my lif durste I leyne 1169

(168)

- Pandare answerd it may wel be I-nough 1170  
 And helde with him of aþ þat euer he seide  
 But in his herte he þouȝt & softe Lough  
 And to him self' ful sobrelly he seide 1173  
 From' hasiþ woode þer' looly robyn' pleyde  
 Shat come al þat þou abidest here  
 Ye farwel aþ the snowe off' feurerer 1176

(169)

- THE wardeine of the yates ganne to calle [leaf 169, back] 1177  
 The folke þe which þat withoute þe yates wer'  
 And bad hem dryue in her' bestes aþ  
 Or aþ þe night þei muste beleue ther' 1180  
 And ferr' with-inne þe night with many a ter'  
 This Troilus gan' homeward for to ride  
 For wel he seeth it helpeth nat to a-byde 1183



(12)

- 7 Saying: "We are fools  
8 For having expected her to-day.

(13)

- 1 "She told me she would stay ten days  
2 With her father, without staying there the least longer,  
3 And then would return to Troy.

(14)

- 1 "To-morrow morning betimes we must return,  
2 Pandarus." And so they did:  
3 But little availed the looking upward and downward.  
7 It being already night, they returned within:  
8 But this to Troilus was too too bitter.

(15)

- 1 And the glad hope he had had  
2 Almost had no longer what to fasten on:  
3 Whereof he much condoled with himself,  
4 And began strongly to murmur  
5 Both at her and at Love; nor did it seem to him  
6 That for any cause she ought so much to delay  
7 To come back—having promised to him  
8 Her return, on her faith.

(16)

- 1 But the third, and the fourth, and the fifth, and the  
sixth day,  
2 After the tenth day already past,  
3 Hoping and not hoping for her return,  
4 Was expected with sighs by Troilus.  
7 And all in vain—she still returned not.

(170)

- But natheles he gladeth him in this 1184  
He pouȝt amys he compted had his day  
And seide I vnderstande I haue aȝ a-mysse  
For thilke night I laste Cresseid say 1187  
She seide I shaȝ be her' yef þat I may  
Or þat þe mone O der' herte swete  
The Lioun passe oute of his Ariete 1190

(171)

- For which she may yett holde at hir' behest 1191  
And on þe morwe vn-to þe yate he went  
And vp & doun by weste & eke by Est  
Vpon þe walles made he many A went 1194  
But al for nouȝt his hope alwey him blent  
For which at night In sorwe & sikes sore  
He went him home withouten any moor' 1197

(172)

- His Hope al clene oute of his herte fledde 1198  
He ne hath wher' on lenger for to honge  
But for þe peyne him pouȝt his herte bledde  
So wer' his throwes sharpe and wonder strong' 1201  
For whan he saugh þat she abode so long'  
He nist what he ymagin of hit might  
Sithe she hath broken þat she him behight 1204

(173)

- The thr'dde fourth v' & þe sexte day 1205  
After the x dayes of which I tolde  
Betwixe hope & drede his herte Lay  
Yet somewhat trusting on hir' hestes olde 1208  
But whan he say she nolde hir' term' holde  
He canne nat se non oþer remedie  
But for to shape him sone for to dye 1211

(18)

- 3 And the fell  
4 Spirit of Jealousy—heavy affliction . . .

(19)

- 1 He scarcely ate or drank.  
7 And every feast and every company  
8 In like wise he shunned to his utmost.

(20)

- 1 And he had become such in his semblance—  
2 "He looked more like a wild beast than a man."  
3 Nor would any one have recognized him,  
4 So pallid and wobegone was his aspect :  
5 All vigour had abandoned his body.

<sup>1</sup> In Boccaccio, it is Priam *only* who does this—the line about the brothers and sisters being taken (as the reader sees) from a later stanza.

(21)

- 1 Priam,

(22)

- 2 Paris, and his other brothers and sisters,

(21)

- 2 Sometimes called him in,<sup>1</sup>  
3 Saying : "My boy, what dost thou feel ?  
4 What thing is it that so weighs thee down ?"

(22)

- 1 "Hector said the like to him."  
5 To all of whom he said that at his heart  
6 He felt pains.  
7 But he never explained what the pains were.

(23)

- 1 Troilus had one day, all melancholy  
2 For the broken faith, disposed himself to sleep.  
5 It appeared to him that, within a shadowy wood,  
3 In dream he saw the perilous  
4 Misdeed of her who made him languish.  
7 He seemed  
8 To see a great wild-boar that ranged.

(174)

Therwith the wikked spiriȝte þer god vs blisse [leaf 107] 1212  
Which þat men clepe woode Ielousie  
Ganne in him crepe in aȝ his heuynesse  
For whiche cause he wolde sone dye 1215  
He ne Ete ne Dranke for his malencolie  
And eke from euery companie he fledde  
This was þe lif þat al þe tyme he ledde 1218

(175)

HE so defete was þat no maner man 1219  
Vnneth him miȝt knowe þer he went  
So was he Lene & þerto pale & wanne  
And feble þat he walked by A potent 1222  
And with his Ire he þus him-self shent  
But who-so axed him wher him smerte  
He seide his harme was aȝ aboute his herte 1225

(176)

PRiam ful ofte & eke his moder der' 1226  
His Bretheryn & his susters gan him freyn  
Whi sorweful He was aȝ in his cher'  
And what þing was þe cause of his peyn 1229  
But al for nought he nolde his cause pleyñ  
But seide he felte a greuous malady  
A-boute his herte & fayñ wolde he die 1232

(177)

SO on A day he leide him doun to slepe 1233  
And so be-fel þat in his slepe he thought  
That in A forest faste he walked to wepe  
For Loue of hir þat him þis peine wrouȝt 1236  
And vp & doun as he þe foreste sought  
Him mett he say a boore with tuskes grete  
That slepte a-yen þe bryȝt sonnes hete 1239

## (24)

- 1 And then afterwards he seemed to see  
 2 Beneath his [the boar's] feet Chryseis, from whom  
 3 He with his claws tore the heart.  
 4 Chryseis did not seem distressed at it, but rather to  
 enjoy it.  
 7 Which was so fierce a rage to him  
 8 That this broke his feeble slumber.

## (25)

- 1 On waking up, he thought he clearly saw the meaning  
 of the dream.  
 5 And quickly he had called to him  
 6 Pandarus; who being come to him,  
 7 Weeping he began: "My Pandarus,  
 8 My life pleases God no longer.<sup>1</sup>

## (26)

- 1 "Thy Chryseis, alas! has deceived me,  
 2 In whom I trusted more than in woman else:  
 3 She has given her love to another.  
 5 'The gods have shown it to me in dream.'  
 6 And hereupon he narrated all his dream to him.

## (27)

- 4 'The crest of Diomed and his family is the boar.

## (28)

- 1 'Diomed is now accepted by her: he alone is the cause  
 of her not returning.

## (29)

- 1 "Alas me! Chryseis, what subtle wit,  
 2 What new delight, what alluring beauty,  
 3 What grudge against me, what just indignation,  
 4 What misdeed of mine, what dire strangeness,<sup>2</sup>  
 5 Have been able to draw thy lofty soul to another object?  
 6 Alas me, firmness!  
 7 Alas promise! alas faith and loyalty,  
 8 Who has cast ye out of my beloved?

<sup>1</sup> i. e. God clearly wills that I should die.

<sup>2</sup> "Qual fiera stranezza." I understand Troilus to mean "What strange or outrageous conduct on my part." Chaucer's "fel experience" is a vaguer expression, but perhaps intended in the same sense, substantially.

## (178)

- AND by þis Boor' faste in Armes folde 1240  
 Lay kissing ay his Lady briȝt Cresseide  
 For sorwe of which whan he þat can beholde  
 And for despite oute of his slepe he breide 1243  
 And Loude he cried on Pandarus & seide  
 O Pandarus now knowe I croppes & roote  
 I name but dede ther is non other boote 1246

## (179)

- My Lady bright Cresseide hath me traied [leaf 107, back] 1247  
 In whom I trusted moste of any wight  
 She elleswher hath now hir heste a-paied  
 The blisful goddes purgh her grete miȝt 1250  
 Hauē in my dreame y-shewed it fulȝ riȝt  
 Thus in my dreame Cresseide haue I beholde  
 And aȝ þis þing to Pandarus he tolde 1253

## (180)

- O my Cresseid allas what subtilte 1254  
 What newe liste what bewte what sciens  
 What wrath of iuste cause haue ye to me  
 What gilte of me what felt experiens 1257  
 Hath from me refte allas your advertens  
 O truste O feight O depe assurauns  
 Who hath me rafte Cresseid my plesauns 1260

(30)

- 1 "Alas! why did I ever let thee go?  
 2 'Why did not I carry Chryseis off? Then she would not  
 8 be false, nor I miserable.'

(31)

- 1 "I believed thee, and hoped for certain  
 2 That thy faith was sacred, and that thy words  
 3 Were a truth most sure and overt,  
 4 More than to the quick the light of the sun:  
 5 But thou spokest ambiguously and covertly.

(32)

- 1 "What shall I do, Pandarus? I feel a fire  
 2 Lit anew fiercely in my mind,  
 3 So that I find no space within my thought.  
 4 I will with my hands take death,  
 5 For to stay longer in such a life were no pastime.  
 6 Since Fortune to so wretched a fate  
 7 Has brought me, to die will be a delight,  
 8 Whereas living would be pain and despire."

(33)

Troilus seized a knife, and would have pierced his breast, had not Pandarus arrested his hand. Troilus implored his friend to loose him, and not baulk him of his purpose; then threatened to wound Pandarus first, and next kill himself. Pandarus would have been unable to resist his frantic efforts, had not Troilus been greatly reduced in strength. At last he succeeded in disarming him, and made him sit down.

(37)

- 1 [Pandarus], after bitter weeping, towards him  
 2 Turned pitiful, with these words.  
 3 'I always thought your friendship for me was so perfect that, had I bidden you to do so, you would have slain yourself: yet now you will not *live* at my beseeching! You seem to have conceived the idea that Chryseis is in love with Diomed; for no other reason than your dream.

(40)

- 1 "I have told thee erewhile that folly  
 2 It was to look too much into dreams.  
 3 There has been none, nor is, nor ever will be,  
 4 Who can for certain well interpret  
 5 What, when a man sleeps, fantasy  
 6 Can show forth with various forms.

(43)

- 1 "Wert thou to find it true that thou for another  
 2 Hast been abandoned by Chryseis,  
 3 Thou oughtst not . . . . .

(181)

- Allas whi lett y you fro me hens goo 1261  
 For which wiȝt nye oute of my witte I breide  
 Who shal now truste on any othes moo  
 God wote I wend O Lady briȝt Cresseide 1264  
 That euery word was gospell þat ye seide  
 But who may bettir begile A manȝ yif him list  
 þan he on whome men wene best trist 1267

(182)

- WHat shal I doo my Pandarus allas 1268  
 I fele now so sharpe a new peyne  
 Sithe that þer lieth no remedie in þ<sup>e</sup> case  
 That bettir wer it I with my handes tweyne 1271  
 My self sloo alwey þan þus to pleyne  
 For thurgh þ<sup>e</sup> deth my woo shulde haue an ende  
 Ther' euery day with liff my self I shende 1274

(183)

- Pandar' answerd & seid allas þe while 1275  
 That I was borne haue I nat seid or þis  
 That dremes many a maner man be-guile  
 And whi for folke expoune hem A-mysse 1278  
 How darste þou sey þat false þi Lady is  
 For any dreme right for þine ougne dred  
 Let be þis þought þou canst no dremes rede 1281